

The Outlook

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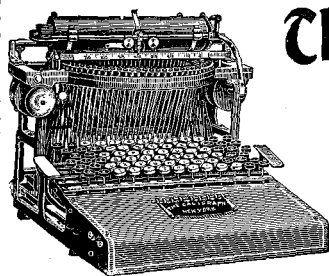
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THE situation in Crete remains substantially unchanged, and the outlook for the future is even more uncertain and ominous than it was a week ago. Lord Salisbury has submitted to the Great Powers and to Turkey and Greece a proposition for the establishment of administrative autonomy in Crete, the island to remain a part of the Turkish Empire, and, in case of the refusal of either Turkey or Greece to accept this settlement, for its enforcement by the Great Powers. Lord Salisbury added that under this arrangement the Greek troops would be compelled to retire first, leaving the Turks to police the island for a time. The Turkish idea of policing is too well understood to need explanation. If this arrangement could be honestly carried out, and real autonomy secured for Crete, it would be very likely the most practical solution of the situation; but there is small likelihood that it will be accepted by either Turkey or Greece. The question then arises, Shall it be enforced? Will the English people, for instance, permit the English fleet to drive the Greek forces out of Crete, and put that island once more at the mercy of the Turks? There is very strong evidence that they will not. The shelling of Crete Christians engaged in battle by an English man-of-war last week was in direct violation of the almost unbroken tradition of English policy, and has awakened the deepest feeling of indignation in Great Britain. There is some reason to believe that Lord Salisbury could not carry through the policy of coercing Greece, for the English people are still sore at the thought of the connivance of their Gov-

ernment with the Porte in the slaughter in Armenia.



In France and Italy there appears to be the same strong popular feeling against putting Crete again at the mercy of the Turk, and that feeling is likely seriously to hamper either Government if an attempt is made to coerce the Greeks. The line of natural division between the Great Powers, recently pointed out by the London "Spectator" and commented upon in these columns last week, has become singularly clear during the past two weeks. The Governments of Germany, Austria, and Russia, being largely independent of public opinion, and committed by their very structure to oppose popular movements, are apparently determined that not a foot of soil shall be taken from Turkey; while the Governments of England, France, and Italy, being dependent on public opinion, are apparently very reluctant to turn their forces against the Greeks. In all these countries public opinion is decidedly with the brave people who are disposed to aid Crete in its endeavor to free itself from Turkish rule. This feeling is so strong that the Governments of these three countries will find themselves facing a serious home crisis if they adopt the line of coercion. If they do not adopt it, the problem remains unsolved. The unknown factor in the situation is the real attitude of Russia. Another week is likely to clear up the situation. The crisis is too acute to last long.



The excited debate last week in the Senate on Cuban affairs, in the course of which Senator Frye and Senator Morgan

clamored for war-ships to be sent to Havana, was brought to a tame and rather ludicrous end by the announcement that Spain had already pardoned Sanguily, whose imprisonment had aroused the martial ardor of these Senators. As similar cases are said to exist or may arise at any time, it is worth while to bear in mind that the fact that a person engaged in fighting against a foreign nation has been naturalized in the United States does not give him the right to expect that this country should demand his release. This is a primary principle of international law, but the utterances of certain Senators show that it is sometimes quite forgotten. What an American citizen—native or naturalized—has a right to expect is that his country will see that he is not maltreated, or punished without due trial, or deprived of the right of counsel. No Government undertakes to protect its citizens while committing illegal acts, and for a citizen of this country to engage in war against Spain is illegal.



In Sanguily's case the fact of his being an active Cuban revolutionist is not denied. Senator Hoar went further and showed that, if the report of this case made by the Committee on Foreign Affairs was accurate, Sanguily's naturalization papers must have been obtained by fraud and perjury, as he had not lived the requisite time here. To this Senator Frye replied, with some show of reason, that the certificate of the United States Court which granted the papers was final, and that it was not competent for our Government to go behind its own act of naturalization. The incident impresses the much-needed lesson that our system of naturalization should be more carefully guarded and administered. Furthermore, it may be said that where it is clear by subsequent acts of a naturalized citizen that he has taken out his papers, not with a genuine intention of residence and citizenship, but as a cloak and protection for acts hostile to a foreign government, his case requires circumspect dealing, and, to say the least, does not call for haste or bluster. American sentiment will justify our Government in firmly maintaining all its citizens abroad in their rights; this is one of the special duties of the State De-

partment, and it is only fair to credit that Department with wise and judicious action until the contrary is shown. Judging from last week's exhibition in the Senate, the National Legislature would do well to leave diplomacy to diplomats.



The passage of the Immigration Bill, which has not yet been signed by the President, has called forth a great deal of excited discussion among the Canadians, as well as a strongly worded protest from the American residents of British Columbia. The cause of this protest was, of course, the Corliss amendment forbidding the employment in this country of persons who retain their legal residence in Canada. The British Columbian protest was passed at a very largely attended meeting at Rossland, the center of mining operations in that Province, and assumed to speak for the 25,000 American residents, most of whom have crossed the border within the last few years. The resolution was telegraphed to President Cleveland. As far the greater share of the mining industry in British Columbia is in the hands of American residents, and there is certain to be a vast increase of American capital and enterprise there in the near future, this protest may have considerable weight. Pressure is being brought to bear on Mr. Laurier to introduce a retaliatory measure at the session of the Dominion Parliament which is to open in a few days, and in case the law recently passed by Congress should receive the President's signature there is little doubt that such retaliatory action will be taken. The more thoroughly the alien labor law question is examined, whether from an American or a Canadian standpoint, the more clearly is it seen that, like the bonding privilege, the present condition of affairs reveals reciprocal benefits and privileges which repressive legislation on either side of the line would only abrogate or destroy. A great deal of fault has been found with the reports and evidence on which the Corliss amendment was based, and it is alleged that there is not a one-sided influx of Canadian non-resident laborers into the lumber regions on our side of the line. Migration is both ways, Canadians going into the Michigan woods and Americans into the Canadian woods in almost

equal numbers. At certain points on the frontier, especially in Northwestern Ontario, the number of Americans employed is greater than the number of Canadians employed at corresponding points on our side. This feature of the Immigration Bill is distinctly a backward and ignorant piece of legislation. It disturbs interests which have grown up in accordance with economic laws, and which demand the most generous and equitable consideration by the statesmen of both countries.



It appears to us that the Senate has done wisely in so amending the Indian Appropriation Bill as to make temporary provision for contract schools for Indian children. The contract system was un-American, and inevitably led to a partnership between the Federal Government and the churches which was corrupting to the churches and unjust to the people. But under this system schools were organized which could neither be at once taken up and supported by the churches nor at once transformed into Government schools. Now that both the Government and the churches—with the possible exception of the Roman Catholic Church—have declared themselves opposed to the continuance of this system, those who are most in favor of its abolition may wisely allow time for the necessary reform in order that those evils may be avoided which an instant revolution would produce. We think also that the bill creating a Board of Indian Commissioners, one of whom shall be an army officer not below the grade of Major, to have charge of Indian affairs under the Secretary of the Interior, instead of our present Commissioner of Indian Affairs, is, upon the whole, a wise measure. It ought to have the effect to render the Bureau independent of politics, which it never has been, and independent of ecclesiastical control, which it has not always been, and also to secure, in dealing with the Indians, a continuity of policy which it is impossible to secure under a system which gives a new administrative head at every Presidential election.



It is to be hoped that the victory of the Roman Catholic candidate in the Roman Catholic constituency of St. Boniface,

Manitoba, will not reopen the school agitation which had been calmed by the Laurier-Greenway settlement. The result of the election was a foregone conclusion in such a constituency. The Archbishop had said to the faithful:

"You cannot in conscience vote for a man who will accept this settlement. You cannot in conscience support a man who is in favor of giving this settlement even a temporary trial. You cannot in conscience vote for a man who recognizes for his chief a man who would impose this settlement upon you."

According to the dispatches, the priests seem to have bettered their instructions:

"It is said that the clergy made an unceasing house-to-house canvass, using all their power of persuasion, stating that if an adverse vote to Mr. Lauzon was given, the crucifix would be taken from the wall, the confessional closed, and burial in consecrated ground refused. In fact, all the consolations of religion would be denied."

The issue in the election was whether or not the people approved the school settlement—namely, the present non-separate-school law, with the modifications agreed upon between the provincial and federal Governments. These modifications, providing equally for Catholic and Protestant religious training, have been entirely fair to the Roman Catholic minority in Manitoba. Yet Archbishop Langevin and his priests are unwilling to stop this side of separate schools. As between State and Church education, they say, there is no choice. The result of the latter form is well seen in the Province of Quebec, where the Roman Catholic Church has well-nigh complete dominion over the education of Catholics, and where secular instruction has been greatly neglected. There is a large proportion of illiterates in the Province; ecclesiastical meddling in common schools inevitably conduces to such conditions.



The Supreme Court of the United States, by a vote of five to four, has upheld the validity of the Ohio law under which telegraph, telephone, and express companies are taxed on their real estate, their gross receipts, and their personalty as measured by Ohio's share of the entire value of their stock. The division of the Court was probably due to the provision for the taxation of gross receipts, for such taxes levied on corporations engaged in inter-State commerce are in a measure

restraints upon such commerce. But this was not the part of the Ohio law which the corporations really cared to overthrow. What they objected to was the provision that the value of their property in Ohio should be assessed by ascertaining Ohio's proportion of the total value of their stock. Because of this provision the assessment of the Western Union's property in Ohio has been increased from less than \$500,000 in 1893 to over \$2,000,000. Inasmuch as the market value of the property of the Western Union is nearly \$100,000,000, it is evident that the corporation is not yet being taxed upon more than Ohio's proportion of its vast wealth. The gain, however, is so great that the decision upholding this law again calls attention to the method by which personal property may be made to bear its share of taxation. The daily papers from time to time find fault because the personality of the members of the Gould family is hardly taxed at all at their homes in Lakewood, N. J., or on the Hudson. But why should the personality of this family be taxed at their homes? Practically no part of the property of the Western Union Telegraph Company is located at Lakewood, N. J., and there is no more reason why it should be taxed there than that Mr. Gould's foreign real estate should be taxed there. If, however, Ohio taxes her share, and Pennsylvania hers, and other States theirs, Mr. Gould's personality will be taxed as heavily as his realty, and the tax will go where it belongs—to the States from which the property derives its income.

If the Greater New York is to be a Better New York, concerted action by good citizens cannot begin too soon. The formation of the Citizens' Union, announced last week, is a long step in the right direction. In November next will be held the first municipal election under the new State Constitution; it will be separate from State elections, and at it will be chosen Mayor, County Clerk, District Attorney, Comptroller, Register, Aldermen, and President of the Board of Aldermen; or, if consolidation is then an accomplished fact, there will be elected the Mayor of Greater New York, members of the Assembly, and other officers designated by the Charter. The basic princi-

ple of the Citizens' Union is that because this election is solely and purely municipal, State and National politics should be ignored, and that an independent ticket should be put in the field which should stand for good government, and for that alone. The Committee of the Citizens' Union will include at least two hundred and fifty men who have been prominent in urging municipal reforms, without regard to party. We mention only a few representative names attached to the announcement of the formation of the Union: James C. Carter, Joseph H. Choate, Francis S. Bangs, Nicholas Murray Butler, W. B. Cutting, R. F. Cutting, John Claflin, W. H. Draper, M.D., Horace E. Deming, Dorman B. Eaton, E. R. L. Gould, Charles S. Fairchild, Henry E. Howland, W. B. Hornblower, E. G. Janeway, M.D., J. Pierpont Morgan, G. Haven Putnam, James B. Reynolds, Elihu Root, Charles Stuart Smith, Wager Swaine, J. Kennedy Tod, E. P. Wheeler, C. F. Wingate, Wheeler H. Peckham, Carl Schurz, Simon Sterne, Spencer Trask, F. D. Tappen, W. H. Tolman. The City Club, the Social Reform Club, the University Settlement Society, the Good Government Clubs, and the City Vigilance League are all represented in the Citizens' Union, while leaders of the Labor Unions, bankers, manufacturers, members of the Stock, Produce, and Real Estate Exchanges, lawyers, doctors, and merchants, are upon the Committee. In short, the movement embraces almost all classes of citizens, and is as far removed as possible from being narrow, partial, partisan, or visionary.

A declaration of principles and objects put forth by the Citizens' Union is so important that we give all the provisions, in condensed form. Approving the principle, now to be applied for the first time in the State, that municipal elections should be separate from State and National elections, the Citizens' Union demands local officers chosen solely for their qualifications, and candidates nominated upon their character and record; impartial enforcement of Civil Service Reform methods; ownership by the city of its franchises, grants to be for limited periods, with stringent supervision of gas and rail-

road companies; rapid transit at once; adequate school accommodations and improved educational methods; eight hours' labor and ordinary trades' wages for city employees; more small parks, baths, lavatories, and good pavements in densely peopled districts; tenement-house reform at once; the continuance of efficient street-cleaning. This is a platform which it would be hard to better. Against it Tammany will probably put a demand for lower taxes, and the citizens will know that behind that demand follow inefficiency, barter of offices, dirt, disgrace, corruption, and cheap politics. There should be only two tickets in the field. We believe that most of the Republican voters who are not "in politics" would be glad to vote a non-partisan, anti-Tammany ticket, if the movement should be wisely conducted.



The New York Trust investigation concluded last week with an inquiry into the affairs of the American Tobacco Company and the Anthracite Coal Combination. The officers of the American Tobacco Company showed the utmost unconcern as to how much the Committee learned, and the result was that it learned a good deal—however little it may be able to do about it. It was frankly admitted that the Trust had issued stock to five times the value of the property of the companies consolidated, and had paid dividends varying from eight to twelve per cent. on this inflated capitalization, besides accumulating a surplus. In 1896, it is true, a dividend was passed, but this procedure followed the issue of an additional stock dividend of 20 per cent. in 1895. In that year the Trust, upon property worth \$5,000,000 before the consolidation, issued a regular dividend of \$2,000,000, a stock dividend of \$3,000,000, and accumulated a surplus of \$1,400,000. Naturally, the stock rose to a high figure on the exchanges, and promptly fell to a low one when, a few months later, the Board of Directors voted to pass a dividend. The testimony of President Duke upon this point illustrated the observation we made last week, that the listing of Trust securities on the exchanges, instead of furnishing a means of widening the distribution of wealth, furnishes a means of still

further enriching the managers of the Trusts. With reference to the great fluctuations in the price of Tobacco Company stock, the following dialogue took place:

"Don't you speculate in the stock of your company?"

"I think that is a private matter that should not be inquired into. I will say, however, that I have a heap more of the stock now than I had before."

"Isn't that because you sold when it was at 117, and bought in all you could when it was at 63?"

"I didn't say that."

The fact that there are now between two and three thousand stockholders in the American Tobacco Company, as against from forty to sixty-five in the original companies, simply means a widening of the facilities for gambling, without any guarantee that the game is fairly conducted. The American Tobacco Company makes over 4,000 million cigarettes yearly. It sells to dealers under a contract that they must forfeit their rebates if they handle the goods of competing companies. From the officers of the anthracite coal roads little was learned except that they tried last year to advance the price of coal \$1 per ton—or \$40,000,000 in all—but were not entirely successful. Just how far they did succeed was left uncertain. In case the United States Senate decides to investigate Trusts, it should begin with the coal combination.



A movement against the big department stores has gathered astonishing headway in Chicago. It started among the small retailers, but many of the large merchants handling a single line of goods have come to its support. The Board of Aldermen has passed resolutions indorsing it. Governor Tanner has given it his approval, and the Cook County Republican Committee apparently proposes to make it the chief issue of the approaching municipal campaign. The grievances against the department stores are stated as follows, in the resolutions adopted by the recently organized Cook County Business Men's Association:

"Whereas, there is in this community a widespread and general depression in business and industrial circles caused by the maintenance of large department stores, where are employed thousands of minors of both sexes; and such

establishments, compared with non-department stores, require and make more demand on the police, fire, and other municipal aids, while at the same time they fail to pay their just, fair, and equal burdens of maintaining the city, county, and State; and such establishments, by massing fifty and more classes of goods under one management and control, are enabled to advertise goods, wares, and merchandise in such a manner as to operate unfairly and unjustly against single-line merchants, and are further enabled at times to perpetrate fraud by false and misleading representation in such a way as to deceive the public."

The tangible legislative remedy proposed is the progressive taxation of large stores handling more than a single line of goods. Superficially the movement resembles that against Trusts, in that the department stores, like the Trusts, are largely in the hands of great capitalists. Essentially, however, the two movements are widely different, for the Trusts are modern inventions to get rid of competition, while the department stores are modern inventions by which competition is increased. The result is that, while the Trust raises prices to the consumer, the department stores lower them. We do not assert that there are no abuses connected with department stores; if they employ more child labor than other stores, if they are taxed less than other stores, the law should interfere. But there is no more reason why the law should antagonize the organization of big stores than that it should antagonize the erection of big factories. In so far as the department store introduces more economical methods of handling goods, it is to be welcomed. Resistance to it is like resistance to the introduction of labor-saving machinery. However natural it may be on the part of those who feel the stress of the new competition, it is resistance to progress, and certain to prove futile.



The past week in the business world has shown additional evidences of general improvement. This is especially noticeable in the iron and steel industry. According to the "Iron Age," those departments which are close to the raw material are recording moderate advances. The total tonnage thus far placed must be heavy when it is considered that large orders were booked during the halcyon days of the billet pool and that now this has been swelled by the volume of business

done in track material. Close upon the heels of the announcement that 100,000 tons of our steel rails had been engaged for export, the fact was made known that the Canadian Pacific Railway had placed an order with one of our companies for 65,000 tons of steel rails. English comment on the orders given from abroad is to the effect that they are made possible only by the breakdown of the Steel Pool, by the depression in trade here, and by the belief that there are cheaper methods of making iron and steel than those generally adopted in England. To whatever cause the orders were due, the significant fact remains that we can send rails across three thousand miles of ocean and, in part, one thousand miles of land, and deliver them at less price than that of the English product. Steel has only followed our iron in an invasion of Great Britain. The English correspondent of the "American Manufacturer" says that steel billets are being sold in England in considerable quantities at prices which the English makers cannot meet, and that "tin bars" (steel bars for rolling into plates for galvanizing) are being imported by sheet-iron makers, especially by the largest concern of the kind in the world. Home orders for steel continue to increase, and during the past three weeks a total of nearly 1,500,000 tons of steel has been booked. This should place about \$35,000,000 in circulation. Many employees have been added in the manufacture and handling of the product. This activity is extending to allied industries, and will materially help general trade.



During the last four weeks the sales of wool have mounted to over 38,000,000 pounds, as against 23,000,000 for the same time in the largest previous year, 1893. Our stock and bond market has been only slightly influenced by events connected with the Cretan question and in connection with the revival of the Cuban discussion in Washington last month, but the security markets abroad have continued in a state of nervousness, prices of all classes of securities being depressed. Greek and Turkish bonds have, of course, fallen most heavily. The Berlin Bourse has been specially distressed, since Germany holds nominally \$90,000,000 worth

of Greek loans upon which the interest has not been paid, and the Germans feel that the possession of Crete would burden Greece still more. In the transportation world on this side of the Atlantic the rumor has been persistently revived that President Hill, of the Great Northern, has obtained control of the Northern Pacific system through purchases of stock by Europeans. In New York State there is a fight over canal traffic in progress, it being desired to abolish the law which prohibits any navigation of the canals of New York State by a company having a capital stock exceeding \$50,000. In order to carry on the great business contemplated, the new company organized to carry grain and flour from Lake Superior ports to the seaboard must have a capital far exceeding \$50,000. Canal interests across the border have been aroused by the promoters of the Ottawa River and Georgian Bay Canal, who are endeavoring to obtain the Government's aid for its immediate construction. Trade returns for Canada during 1896, just published, show the largest exports since Confederation. Imports have increased over those of the previous year, but are lower than in any year of the five preceding. It is interesting to note that Canadian exports to Great Britain amount to four times as much as those to this country. The exports are chiefly in raw material.



The "Twentieth Century Club" of Boston has organized a series of free public organ recitals in various churches of that city, some of which have already been given, while the others will take place in March and April. The purpose of these recitals is to furnish the public with larger opportunities of hearing good music, and the prospectus of the series and programme of the first recital, which lie before us, indicate that this commendable purpose is being accomplished. Several Boston parishes and well-known organists are co-operating in the work, and it cannot fail to awaken the interest of all those who are interested in the development and progress of municipal life in Boston and in other American cities. The experiment has been successfully tried in Birmingham, Manchester, and other English towns; indeed, in Mel-

bourne, Australia, there was, a few years ago, and probably is still, a "city organist," who, being a regularly elected or appointed municipal officer, gave weekly recitals on the fine organ of the Melbourne town hall. These recitals were well attended, and it may easily be believed that they contributed not only to the pleasure, but to the intelligence, civic pride, and therefore to the good citizenship, of the inhabitants of Melbourne. The Boston concerts are participated in by such musicians and organists as Messrs. B. J. Lang, G. E. Whiting, S. B. Whitney, and Arthur Foote, all men of National reputation. The churches of a hundred American towns and cities might well co-operate in following the example thus set. Why does not the "American Guild of Organists" take up the work in New York?



For three years the American artist, Mr. John S. Sargent, has been an Associate of the London Royal Academy. He has now, in a surprisingly short time, been made a Member. His election is notable, not only because of his nationality, but because that deservedly popular painter, Mr. Benjamin Williams Leader, had been generally talked of as the new Academician. Mr. Sargent deserves his new distinction. As has been well said, he has beaten his master, M. Carolus-Duran, on his own ground. He has surpassed Romney in a painter's skill, while his vivacity is hardly equaled by Millais. Though an American, Mr. Sargent has passed most of his time abroad. He was educated in Italy. When he became of age, he went to Paris and entered the studio of M. Carolus-Duran, and for years afterward lived in France. For the past eleven years he has lived in London. He has frequently visited the United States, and is entirely American in spirit—indeed, the portraits of no painter show such a nervous, subtle, energetic, "all-round" character. From the time when he astonished France by the excellence of his Carolus-Duran portrait to these latter days, when the exhibition of his Carmencita portrait attracted international interest, Mr. Sargent has forged steadily ahead. His mural painting for the new Boston Public Library is of great merit, and is appropriately seen near the equally remarkable work of Mr.

E. A. Abbey, who has been an Associate with Mr. Sargent. Mr. G. H. Boughton is also an Associate, and has been so since 1879. He is a native of England, but made his reputation in this country. Mr. Alfred Parsons, an Englishman, who has just been elected an Associate, has done so much illustration in this country that he has become peculiarly identified with our artists. Mr. J. J. Shannon, however, elected with Mr. Parsons, is an American by birth.



President Cleveland

It would be idle to attempt, at this early day, to anticipate the verdict of history on the administrations of President Cleveland; it is possible only to characterize the man and his policy as they disclose themselves to those among his contemporaries who wish to judge him fairly and dispassionately. The Outlook has often differed from him on important questions, and has criticised him freely, though always with that respect which is due to the great public position he held; The Outlook is able, therefore, to speak of him both frankly and generously; to approve and condemn without reference to party prejudices.

It is one of the penalties which a public man pays for the possession of a resolute will and a strong personality that he should be hated as heartily as he is admired and loved; and Mr. Cleveland has succeeded in awakening antagonisms as relentless as any man of his time has encountered. Much of this fierce animosity has been greatly to his credit; and no small share of his claim upon the confidence of those who have admired him has been due to the enemies he has made.

Mr. Cleveland is, in the truest sense, a man of the people, without special opportunities of position, means, or education; a man who has made his way to the front without brilliant gifts of any kind, simply by sheer force of integrity, industry, independence, and robust good sense. The fact that so many attempts have been made to explain his success by calling him an accident is the best evidence that the secret of that success lies in the man and not in his conditions. He

stubbornly refuses to be explained away, and the gentlemen of the press who have devoted their talents to this ingenious effort have wasted time and thought. Mr. Cleveland is a man with a strong sense of reality and a rudimentary imagination; in that fact lies his strength and his weakness. No man ever came to great place by more transparent means—means so obvious that many of his critics overlook them in the endeavor to discover something magical or accidental in his career. He has twice filled the highest office in the gift of the people by virtue of the same qualities which give men in small communities weight, influence, and authority. He is in no sense a man of genius, but he possesses in uncommon degree and unusual harmony certain fundamental qualities of character and mind which, in their combination, have made him a commanding figure for almost two decades. In an epoch of political bosses and machines he has twice secured the Presidency in the face of the bitter antagonism of the politicians of his party. He has not been above using the methods of the politician, but he has owed nothing to the politicians, and he has never concealed the fact. His career has conspicuously illustrated the fact that a strong man can always burst the bonds of selfish and tyrannical organization if he takes the brave and independent course, and that, even in a State which is ruled alternately, or possibly in combination, by a Hill and a Platt, there is room enough for the young man who goes into public life for the public good.

Mr. Cleveland has had the courage which comes from a clear aim to serve the public and from a robust sense of moral and political realities. He has great directness and simplicity. When he was beginning to be a National figure, a gentleman who stood very near him was asked in what lay his strength. His answer was clear and decisive. "Mr. Cleveland would be able," he said, "to decide the question of the ownership of all the railroads in New York, if it were submitted to him, as simply as if he were called upon by two neighbors in the country to settle a disputed title to a wood-pile. Vast sums of money and the presence of hosts of eminent counsel to argue the matter would make no impression on his

imagination. His mind would go straight to the main point, and be entirely unaffected by the accidents and incidents of the property." This quality of simple directness has been evident in his administration of affairs. His position might be wrong, but there has never been a moment's doubt about it.

And this quality, in connection with his courage, has made him a real force in the Government, and not the mere head of a party or registrar of the popular will. His integrity has never, so far as we know, been questioned; nor has the sincerity of his desire to serve the people. But he does not believe in the "hired man" view of the Presidency; he believes that the real servant of the people is he who has no fear of them and who does not hesitate to speak plainly to them when occasion requires. He has set a fine example in his absolute freedom from that demagoguery which is the bane of public life in a democratic community. He has never fallen into the vice which corrupts so many public men—the vice of saying flattering things to the people and cynical things about them. He has paid the American people the compliment of treating them like a self-respecting people. Here his lack of imagination serves him well, and it is doubtless true that he does not feel the temptations which beset many men of more sensitive organization. At a time when there was a fierce outcry against him, and strong influence was brought to bear on him in the endeavor to persuade him to change his policy, a gentleman expressed to one of the members of the Cabinet a fear that the President would break down under the strain. The Secretary smiled. "Don't worry about the President," he said; "he doesn't know what pressure is."

Such a man will leave a very distinct impression on his time, and his blunders will be as honest and transparent as his successes. In a general way Mr. Cleveland's first administration was more successful than his second administration, although it ought to be added that during the past four years he has fallen upon times which would have made the path of any chief executive difficult and perilous. In home affairs he has been consistent from the start, with the exception of his use of patronage. He struck the

note of tariff reform in his earliest speeches, in his first Presidential message, and he forced the issue definitely on his party and the country by his direct and plain-spoken message of December, 1887. No word from the White House ever carried greater consternation into Congress than did that famous communication. The Democratic party was in a fairly comfortable position, and there was every prospect of his re-election in the following year if things were only left alone, and the old-time double-dealing and evasion policy permitted to go on. But Mr. Cleveland believed that because the party was committed to a definite course of action it was morally bound to adopt that course and follow it to the end. He forced his party to make a clear and clean issue; he went to the country on that issue, and was defeated.

The politicians instantly declared that this was the end of him. But they were mistaken; four years later he was re-elected, and his first and foremost thought was to give tariff reform a fair trial. A bill was prepared which may have been unwise and radical, but which was consistent; the Democrats in Congress were afraid of it; they compromised, evaded, and traded until the tariff measure finally adopted was a monstrous hybrid which meant nothing and settled nothing except the fate of the party. That was foregone from the moment when the country saw that its war against the tariff had become a sham fight, and that its convictions on the matter were merchantable. From that hour the Democratic party ceased to stand for either principle or policy. It is often said that Mr. Cleveland has deserted his party; it ought to be said that his party not only deserted him, but its historic platform and its historic principles. In the future Mr. Cleveland's name will be associated with the first serious endeavor to change the tariff policy of the country from protection to a tariff for revenue only.

In his earlier speeches and messages the reform of the civil service was urged with great earnestness, and the declaration that "public office is a public trust" became a phrase of inspiration to those who hoped for the substitution of an American method for the inherited feudal tradition of a distribution of spoils, and a

phrase of derision among the machine politicians. It fixed also a standard by which Mr. Cleveland was judged. A full account of his course in dealing with this matter will be found in another column; it may be said, in brief, that while, in violation of the principle he laid down with so much emphasis, he made use of patronage to support and strengthen his position at a time when he stood almost alone in his endeavor to keep the currency on a gold basis, he has done far more than any of his predecessors to substitute American for mediæval methods in the regulation of the public service; and that, as a result of his use of his power to extend the operation of the Civil Service Law, the great reform is practically accomplished. And whatever may have been his incidental violations of the spirit of the reform, the substantial gain must always stand to his credit.

The Outlook has differed often and widely from Mr. Cleveland's financial policy, and, in its judgment, he has failed to read the signs of the times and discern the drift of the most enlightened popular opinion. With his determination to keep gold and silver at a parity The Outlook was in full accord; from his methods it differed strenuously. It must be said, however, that his course has been one of consistent monometallism; that he urged the discontinuance of the purchase of silver under the Sherman Act from the start; and that he fought openly and frankly on behalf of gold monometallism. The fact that his party deserted him did not affect his position in the least; and it will be remembered, however the future may judge his position, that he sustained the credit of the Government in a great crisis with courage and tenacity.

In foreign affairs Mr. Cleveland made, in our judgment, two serious blunders, and in both cases he was probably following the lead of his Secretary of State; for Mr. Cleveland, although generally not sensitive to the influence of those about him, seems at times to yield himself wholly to it. Secretary Gresham's policy in the Sandwich Islands affair was that of an idealist who did not discern the realities of the situation; otherwise the proposal to restore the Queen to a throne which had ceased to exist would never have been seriously urged. The Venezuela message,

on the other hand, showed, if we mistake not, the influence of Secretary Olney. In temper and manner it was an example of what a communication from one Government to another should not be. Fortunately, the language of the message was interpreted in the light of the generally moderate spirit of the President's policy, and what promised disaster has produced lasting good. For out of the discussion has come, not only the settlement of the Venezuela matter, but the crowning achievement of Mr. Cleveland's entire Administration—the Arbitration Treaty. In some form that noble agreement to substitute law for war will be adopted; and the credit of this magnificent advance movement of civilization cannot be taken from the President who first submitted it to the Senate. If we mistake not, it will make Mr. Cleveland's name illustrious in the future, which will know how to estimate the importance of the achievement.



Heroes or Valets?

Schopenhauer had a turn for maxims, and while his observation is often tinged with bitterness, it frequently bears fruit the acerbity of which has a certain tonic quality. There is a world of sound sense in his reflection that "the utmost a weak head can get out of experience is an extra readiness to find out the weaknesses of other people." The critical faculty as applied to others is frequently accepted as a sign of superior discernment. Most men are too ready to assume that the fault-finder really knows what he is talking about; while, as a matter of fact, his carping criticism often conceals the most superficial acquaintance with the matter. It is sometimes one's duty to criticise, and to criticise sharply; high standards, sound methods, and common honesty make frankness of speech imperative. But this kind of occasional criticism is a very different matter from the chronic habit of commenting on the weaknesses and failings of others into which too many people fall. This detestable habit brings its own penalty with it; for the criticism which is always at work loses its effectiveness, and the man or woman who gives it expression ceases to count save as a grumbler and cynic. Moreover, there is nothing so wearisome

as the constant questioning of people's motives and the constant condemnation of their acts. A little criticism of this kind goes a long way; a very little more converts the cynic into a bore, a rôle than which there is no more humiliating known among men. There would be very much less of this kind of censoriousness if, instead of being accepted as evidence of keen discernment, it were regarded as evidence of shallow perception. For shallow perception it generally is, and the man or woman who is always seeing the weaknesses of others is usually an egotist—one who cares more for himself than for others, and whose moral nearsightedness prevents him from seeing anything more of the sun than the spots on its surface. "It is said," writes Goethe, "that no man is a hero to his valet. That is only because a hero can be recognized only by a hero. The valet will probably know how to appreciate his like—his fellow-valet."



Lenten Thoughts

Christ's Last Words—"Father, Forgive Them"

The last words of the dying are always sacredly treasured. Sometimes they are but accidental utterances; oftener they represent the deepest thought of the soul. Even when the historian regards them as accidental, the poet sees in them a deeper meaning. Thus, he reads in Daniel Webster's "I still live" the utterance of a disappointed ambition; in Goethe's "More light" the poet's craving for the truth of life; in Lord Byron's "I must sleep now" the longing for rest of a morbid and fevered soul. In the last words of Christ upon the cross, the Church has rightly seen revealed the innermost life of the Son of God. Those single broken sentences are luminous. As one looks into the deep, tender eyes of a friend, and in them, in moments of revelation, sees a meaning which the world has never seen in his more public and formal teaching, so the lover of Christ sees in these last words the spirit of an infinite love and hope revealing itself. It is to these sacred last words that we shall ask our readers to turn their thoughts for brief meditations during this Lenten season. Does it seem

to any one almost a profanation to find meditations on such a theme in the midst of editorials on public events, problems of social life, questions of war and peace, crimes and their remedy, industry and wages? Let him remember amid what tumults these words were spoken. Not in a cloister, not surrounded by sympathetic friends, did the Lord of humanity speak the secret of his soul; but with the indifferent guard, the taunting priests, the bereaved disciples, the heartbroken mother, before him, and the careless, oblivious city close at hand.

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Commentators have sometimes discussed the question who are included in this petition. We cannot agree with Calvin, who says that "It is probable that Christ did not pray for all indiscriminately, but only for the wretched multitude, who were carried away by inconsiderate zeal and not by premeditated wickedness." Who knows what he is doing when he violates God's law? Did Caiaphas know that, in contriving the crucifixion of Christ, he was overturning the Jewish Temple and laying the foundation of a Christian Church? Did Pilate know that, in putting Christ to death, he was instrumental, in the Father's hands, in inspiring an enthusiasm of life which would outlast the Roman Empire? No one ever knows what evil may grow out of his sin. No one ever knows what miracle of grace God may compel it to serve. David did not know what fires of rebellion he was lighting to desolate his kingdom when he yielded to his sensual passion; nor Solomon what death he invited into his kingdom with his harem of heathen wives; nor Judas Iscariot what infamy he was bringing on himself by his act of treason. No one ever knows what he is doing: neither what immeasurable harvest of wheat may grow out of a single seed of love, nor what immeasurable harvest of tares may grow out of a single seed of selfishness. Christ's prayer was for the soldiers who nailed him to the cross, and for the careless, gaping multitude; but not less for the cowardly Pilate, the malignant Caiaphas, the treacherous Judas; yes! and for all cowardly, malignant, and treacherous souls in all time. Every penitent may plead this intercessory

prayer as though it were uttered for him alone.



Infidelity and Geography

The following remarkable correspondence is a suggestive contribution to the discussion of the Bible which is just now, we are glad to say, being so vigorously carried on in the pulpits and newspapers of the country. The letters, of which we have read the originals, are genuine, and were recently addressed by a white teacher of white children in a Southern State to a well-known firm of educational publishers in Boston. The italics are ours.

I.

January —, 1897.

Messrs. —:

Dear Sirs—Will you kindly lend me a helping hand? Some of the patrons of my school still believe in the old theory that the earth is flat and does not revolve around the sun and on its axis. They teach their children this, which *makes it almost an impossibility to instruct them in geography*. They have now challenged me to debate it. They propose to argue their side of the question *from a Bible point of view*. Will you please give my letter to some Professor in Boston who is able to give me the best proofs of the earth's rotundity and rotation? Should you fail in this, please inform me where I can get the best printed matter on the subject.

Yours sincerely,

II.

January —, 1897.

Mr. —:

Dear Sir—Your kind letter of the 23d inst. just received. In reply, I beg leave to extend to you my sincere thanks. In your reply to my request you say you thought I was attempting to perpetrate a huge joke on you. Indeed, that is just what I thought you would accuse me of. Why, I actually accused them of the same thing when they asked me to debate the question. But I soon believed that they were sincere in their belief *when one gentleman called me an infidel*. But I was more surprised when they informed me that they had secured a preacher to oppose me. I thought a preacher ought to have enough intelligence to discard those antediluvian theories. You inform me that you have sent —'s Geography to me. If you will send me the price of the book, I will inclose the amount, and pay you for the trouble I have given you. . . .

Awaiting an opportunity to return your kindness, I am

Yours sincerely,

III.

February —, 1897.

Mr. —:

Dear Sir—Your very kind letter of 6th inst., also Professor —'s book, received. In reply I beg to give you very many thanks. . . . To make

my opponents believe that Joshua used a figurative expression in speaking of the sun is going to be almost an impossibility. One of my critics, who, by the way, is a preacher, says there are no figurative expressions in the Bible. . . . There are a great many here who would sooner believe that the solar system revolves about a minister's head than that it revolves about a common center of gravity. . . . Why, some believe it impossible to travel around the world without crossing the poles; for which reason they declare that no man ever did it. They claim that God never intended man to know the shape of the earth, or the reason why we have day and night, and a change of seasons. From what I have said you can guess the task I have before me. The debate is set for March —. Thanking you again for your kindness, I am

Yours truly,

These letters vividly illustrate the danger against which Paul warned the Church in the saying, "The letter killeth"—the danger of ascribing to the Bible an authority which it does not claim for itself. Here is a teacher who is estopped from teaching his pupils the rudimentary principles of geography because their parents believe that to teach geography is to teach infidelity. But, ascribing to the Bible the authority which they insist upon, their position is honest and logical. If fidelity to God and to Jesus Christ demands that we accept the Bible as verbally inspired, and therefore literally correct in all its statements concerning matters of history, chronology, astronomy, biology, and ethnology, then to be a geographer is to be an infidel. We do not see how those whose faith in God is based on the doctrine of verbal or plenary inspiration can take any other position. For ourselves, we rejoice that our faith in Him as the supreme power in the universe, and in Jesus Christ as the manifestation on earth of a God-given life, is not founded on such a tottering foundation. The Bible is not a scientific treatise; it was not inspired by God to teach us the truths of geology, astronomy, and zoölogy; it was given by Him that we might obtain from it for ourselves the laws, moral, political, ethical, social, and divine, that govern our relations with Him and with our fellow-men. Is it not pitiful that, with the superstitious notion that they are defending God's truth, Christian ministers and teachers and parents should be insidiously undermining it! The mother who teaches her child that the validity of the Bible and the truth of Christianity depend on believing that the

world is flat is really preparing her child to be an infidel. For when the child grows up and finds that the world is not flat—when he starts out and goes around the world—when he studies the heavenly bodies with a telescope and finds that the astronomers are right and his mother was wrong—his impulse is, together with her superstitions about the stars, to reject her Bible, her Christian doctrines, and her God.

No; the teacher who believes that God is in his revolving world, that the Bible may be read in the light of reason, that all the truth of nature and science is God's truth, that to be a Christian is to follow Jesus, not to entertain opinions about him, is the loyal one; the infidel is he who asserts that if the earth is not flat, if it was not created in a week, if man has lived upon it more than six thousand years, if Moses did not write the Pentateuch, if the great fish did not swallow Jonah, then God has lied and Christianity is a delusion.

The Spectator

Fortunate is the writer whose books lie open on desks and tables in college dormitories; for he who has the hearts of the undergraduates of to-day will to-morrow be the teacher of the men and women with whom will rest the settlement of questions of literary rank and value! To speak to the generous imagination of youth is the highest good fortune which can befall the man who has something to say and wishes to say it in such a way as to make it most productive. As a rule, the writers who bring fresh thought and form to their work must be content to find listeners mainly among younger readers; older readers, as a rule, will be either indifferent or hostile; their tastes are formed, their horizon lines fixed. It was chiefly to young men that Carlyle and Emerson spoke at the start; and it is to young men and women that the original writer of the future must first make his appeal. For several decades the elect youth in the colleges were reading Emerson; and Concord was a Mecca to many an aspiring boy. That voice, so vibrant with the music which vital, harmonious thought lends to speech, was heard also in the older seats of learning beyond the seas. "And besides these voices," writes Matthew Arnold, "there came to us in that old Oxford time a voice also from this side the Atlantic—a clear and pure voice, which for

my ear, at any rate, brought a strain as new, and moving, and unforgettable as the strain of Newman or Carlyle or Goethe. . . . He was your Newman, your man of soul and genius visible to you in the flesh, speaking to your bodily ears, a present object for your heart and imagination. That is surely the most potent of all influences! nothing can come up to it. To us at Oxford Emerson was but a voice speaking from three thousand miles away. But so well he spoke that from that time forth Boston Bay and Concord were names invested to my ear with a sentiment akin to that which invests for me the names of Oxford and Wiemar."



There seemed to be a natural affinity between Emerson and young men; he spoke to them in a tone which reached and awakened them, and they turned to him because he saw life from their standpoint. Few older men understand the immense force of idealism in the nature of generous young men; nor how it colors and shapes the future in their eyes. The college boy, if he have imagination, is full of poetry. He has dreams and visions of which he does not talk, but which fill a great place in his inward life. Now, to most mature men these dreams of youth are the mere effervescence of the springtime of the imagination; they are very pretty, but they have no reality. This kind of skepticism makes it impossible for a young man to speak his thought freely; it chills him and drives him on the bare facts of life. More and worse than this chilling of the atmosphere is the withering of generous aspiration which the hard-headed man of affairs is apt to effect in the experience of the younger man over whom he has influence. There is a cool, slightly cynical wisdom of experience which some older men affect which is specially destructive of the fine aspirations of ardent but ignorant young men, because it seems to be based on a wide and dispassionate knowledge. There is something impressive to unguarded youth in that air of worldly wisdom with which older men often comment with easy tolerance on the shams and vices of society, and on the inevitable disappointments of life. This placid philosophy seems to exhale an enormous knowledge of things, and the confiding youth who hears it does not know how cheap and shallow it really is. The average man-of-the-world knows some things well; but they are very small and unimportant things. He knows the outside of many things; he knows the inside of nothing. So far as real knowledge of life is concerned, the callow youth to whom he confides his prudential

philosophy is quite often far in advance of him.



Now, Emerson was a man in whom young men could confide. He met them more than half-way; he held out a hand to them. He knew what was in their thought, and instead of chilling it he warmed and nourished it. No man has ever spoken more authoritatively to young men about their secret dreams and hopes. "These fine thoughts," he seemed to be always saying, "are not idle and misleading; on the contrary, they are the only wisdom. The life which does not in its degree realize these dreams of the young imagination is a melancholy failure." From what other American have come such golden words as those spoken at Dartmouth College in the summer of 1838: "If, nevertheless, God has called any of you to explore truth and beauty, be bold, be firm, be true; when you shall say, 'As others do, so will I: I renounce, I am sorry for it, my early visions; I must eat the good of the land, and let learning and romantic expectations go, until a more convenient season;' then dies the man in you; then once more perish the buds of art, and poetry, and science, as they have died already in a thousand thousand men. The hour of that choice is the crisis of your history, and see that you hold fast by the intellect." Emerson was one of the few men who embolden young men to believe in their highest hopes for themselves.



One felt all this in his manner, which was singularly benignant and serene—the manner of a man who had no doubts about himself because he had no doubt about the truth which spoke through him; the manner of a man who believed in the best things for himself and for others, and who treated you as if these high results were already accomplished in you. He met the test of the old standard of fine manners: he feared nothing, and he was never in haste. He had the charm of a deep repose, full of anticipation. And his manner was an unaffected expression of his nature; it was full of hospitality. One might not push intercourse towards intimacy with him, but it was easy to tell him of one's best hopes for one's self. There was no cheapening of the discipline of life in his idealism; his dreams were not insubstantial; they were to be wrought out. When he encouraged a young man, it was by pointing out what persistent fidelity and work would do for him. "Your dream will come true," he seemed to say, "if you are willing to pay the price." There was a Yankee sagacity and thrift in his idealism; he had inex-

haustible faith in the magical possibilities of the soul, but he knew to an ounce the potentiality of material things. He promised nothing but inward nobleness; but that happened to be the one thing of which young men were eager to be assured. They heard promises of success, fortune, position, reputation, on every hand; but they were eager to be told that, whether one gained these things or missed them, there was that in life which was above and beyond them.



This steady faith in the possibilities of youth apart from the accidents of position and fortune, this constant emphasis on self-reliance, inevitably attracted to Emerson those restless young men who wanted to do something different, who craved literary expression and reputation without the inward call and the inward gift. Emerson is rather dangerous reading for youth of the shallow, fanciful temper; and it has been said that his emphasis on self-reliance has been responsible for a great deal of very bad prose and worse verse. These misapprehensions of his meaning were inevitable; it is impossible to stimulate the strong without overstimulating the weak. When Emerson said, "Speak your own thought," he always assumed that your thought was worth speaking; he always assumed, moreover, that you had given yourself the best possible training for sound and wise expression. No man ever believed more profoundly in the authority of the individual experience and thought, but no man ever attached greater importance to thorough education. If Emerson stirred the shallow natures, he never misled them. His vision was always clear and his judgment sound. Any kind of conceit or assumption repelled him; desire for reputation for its own sake was abhorrent to him. He held the ardent and often visionary young men who came to him as to an oracle resolutely to the facts of life. His was no easy-going optimism of hope and freedom; he inquired of every seeker how much he was willing to do and bear. There was a tonic quality in this attitude, and many a youth whose ambitions outran his abilities and his education went back from Emerson to his trade, and was the better man for the kindly touch of frost upon hopes which were of too slight a rootage for hardy growth.



Mr. Lowell has described the spell which Emerson cast upon his audience when he gave the famous address at the Divinity School in Cambridge. The future will know Emerson well, but it will never know the charm of his presence and the beauty of his

voice. There was in his manner a rare combination of sweetness, hospitality, and authority; there was in his voice a quality still more rare. The Spectator will never forget his reading of Wordsworth; it seemed to the listeners as if Wordsworth's poetry had suddenly opened on all sides to them. From that moment the Spectator knew and loved the Lake poet. The quality of Emerson's reading was its musical intelligence; the secret of his method is revealed in his striking remark that in Shakespeare's blank verse "the thought determines the tune." He read so as to bring out every shade of thought, every delicate turn of expression. Of course it was the highest art. It is commonly thought that where tricks and devices are obvious in the reader one is in the presence of art, but that when one is conscious only of an exquisite effect without any suggestion of methods one is in the presence of nature. To those who know, it is hardly necessary to say that the effacement of all trace of effort and the appearance of entire simplicity is always art and nothing but art; for art is not nature antagonized, but nature fulfilled. Emerson was a reader and speaker of the finest quality; he had worked through a rich culture to a true simplicity; he had trained himself thoroughly. He delighted in good reading, and more than one Concord boy owed to Emerson his skill in the use of the voice as the most sensitive and flexible instrument of the mind. In this, as in everything, Emerson stood for the ultimate perfection of man, not for his crude utterance, however honest. In this, as in everything, he was, or strove to be, an artist in the deepest sense of a much misunderstood word.



The Vacation Fund

There are two directions in which the Vacation Fund does good. On the one hand, there are the young women who get rest and invigoration in the country, and the inspiration that comes from human sympathy and interest; on the other are the contributors to the Fund and the workers for it. In this latter group stands The Outlook. This week we have a peculiar occasion for expressing our gratitude for the benefits we have received from the work of the Vacation Fund. It has shown us what generosity, self-sacrifice, sympathy, and high ideals there are in an age which is often thought to be specially characterized by self-seeking and materialism. It is a refreshing and uplifting experience to learn that men are nobler, better, tenderer, and more genuine than they are painted—than even

they paint themselves; and this is what we are daily learning from the work of the Vacation Fund. The occasion that especially emphasizes this phase of the work in our minds this week is the noble gift of \$5,000, which has come to the Fund as recorded below. The donor is a gentleman whose name we do not know. He has visited the office of The Outlook before, and in these previous visits has left very handsome gifts of money to the work. In every case he has given the money in bank-bills, so that his identity might not be traced, even if The Outlook were so small in spirit as not heartily to desire to honor his wish to remain unknown. Such modest generosity gives The Outlook a new zest for the work which it has undertaken, and a new determination to co-operate, as far as it may be able, with the spirit of human brotherhood which all the contributors to this Fund, both small and great, have manifested.

The large increase in the available working capital of the Vacation Society will enable it to carry out some much-needed work which has thus far been unaccomplished simply for lack of money. Instead of lessening the need for further and wider support of this work on the part of our readers, the growth of the Fund only increases such need. As the vacation work enlarges and develops, its needs grow with it. The Vacation Society now has four Vacation Houses at its command—three of them for summer use, and one in the Adirondacks to be open all the year through. In addition to this, the services of a physician and a trained nurse in New York City have been engaged. We wish we might tell our readers the many experiences and incidents which convince us that this vacation work is one of the most uplifting and helpful in which they can take part.

THE VACATION FUND

Previously acknowledged.....	\$1,560 28
From an Unknown Friend.....	5,000 00
Kindergartner.....	10 00
Young Ladies' Mission Band, First Congregational Church, Malone, N. Y.....	10 00
Anonymous.....	5 00
J. R. M., Chemulpo, Korea.....	7 00
C. A. F., Auburn, R. I.....	2 00
K. S. B., New York, N. Y.....	10 00
C. J. C., Greenwich, Conn.....	10 00
A. L. M., Boston, Mass.....	5 00
F. W. S., Newark, N. J.....	50 00
W. D. W. S.....	10 00
Total.....	\$6,679 28



Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him.—*J. R. Lowell.*



WILLIAM M'KINLEY
President of the United States

The New Administration

President McKinley and His Cabinet

PROPHECIES are notoriously perilous, but anticipations are legitimate, despite Dean Swift's cynical beatitude, "Blessed are they who do not expect much, for they shall not be disappointed." The first duty of a President is to select wise counselors and honest administrators of the public business. The first test of the President's capacity is furnished by his ability to make such selection. The increasing magnitude and complexity of National affairs make it quite impossible for the

President to administer the Government in detail, or even to be wise in judgment respecting the manifold questions which often present themselves in the first instance through the various Departments. It is quite impossible that he should be skilled in the problems presented by patent laws and land laws, financial issues, needed postal reforms, the construction of land fortifications and naval vessels, international entanglements and their right settlement, and so on to the end of the volume.¹ The success or failure of his

administration will, therefore, very largely depend upon the skill with which he selects the heads of these various Departments. The misfortunes which overtook General Grant's second administration were due to his failure in this respect. Such selection of wise counselors requires a wide experience of public men, skill in reading character, practical judgment in measuring opposing political forces, and strength of will to resist demands, acquiescence in which would lead to perilous results. These qualities President McKinley seems to have manifested in the selection of his Cabinet officers so far as that selection is known at the time of the writing of this article; for it is necessarily written before any official announcements of Cabinet appointments have been made—while, indeed, Mr. McKinley is still a private citizen without the official power to make appointments. We are, therefore, dependent for our knowledge of his probable Cabinet on apparently well-authenticated reports of the names of those whom he has invited and who have accepted his invitation.

But he is himself—that much, we think, is already tolerably clear—likely to be the real President, with both the will and the ability to shape the policy of the country so far as it can be shaped by the Executive. His biography has so recently been published in *The Outlook*,¹ and is, indeed, so familiar to our readers from many sources, that it is needless to repeat it here. He is believed to be in favor of the General Arbitration Treaty, and it is certain that he is in favor of a conservative and pacific foreign policy. He is in principle, if

we read his record aright, a bimetallist, as most of his predecessors, if not of his contemporaries, in Republican leadership have been, but he is even more strenuously opposed to free-silver coinage than he is to a world-wide gold basis, because he believes that the former would give the country silver monometallism and set it financially apart from the other commercial nations. He has shown himself to be a consistent believer in the principle of Civil Service Reform; and though idealists will certainly be disappointed, as they always have been in the practical admin-

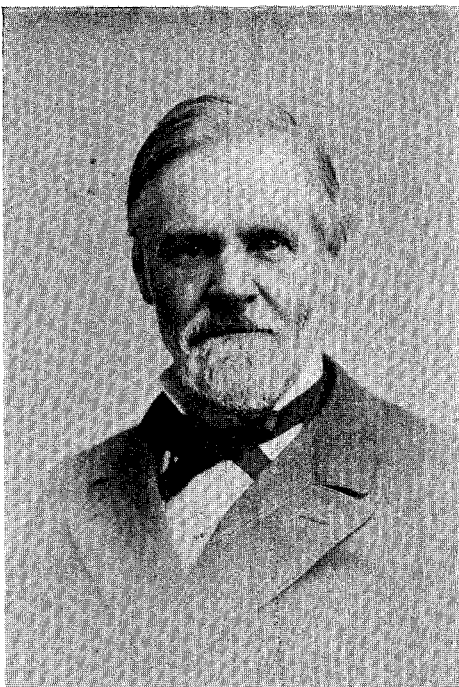
istration of government under successive Presidents, it is quite as certain that the spoilsmen will be more bitterly disappointed. We are greatly mistaken if Mr. McKinley takes any backward steps or undoes the reform already accomplished by his predecessors in office. His name is indissolubly connected with a principle in tariff legislation with which *The Outlook* cannot agree—a permanent, high protective tariff framed for the very purpose of securing industrial isolation. For the incorporation of this principle in leg-



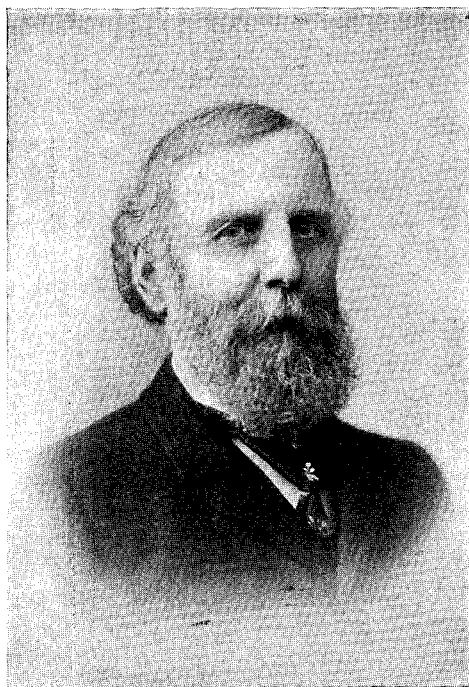
GARRET A. HOBART
Vice-President of the United States

islation and for its vigorous enforcement in administration we must expect that he will exert all the force of a conscientious nature. Nevertheless we are inclined to the opinion, from the character of the men whom he has called about him, that the incoming Administration will favor rather a moderate than a high protection—a tariff adjusted mainly for the purpose of securing a revenue adequate to meet the present and prospective expenditures of the Government on the theory that such a tariff will furnish all the protection which American manufac-

¹ July 25, 1896.



THE HON. JOHN SHERMAN, OF OHIO
Secretary of State

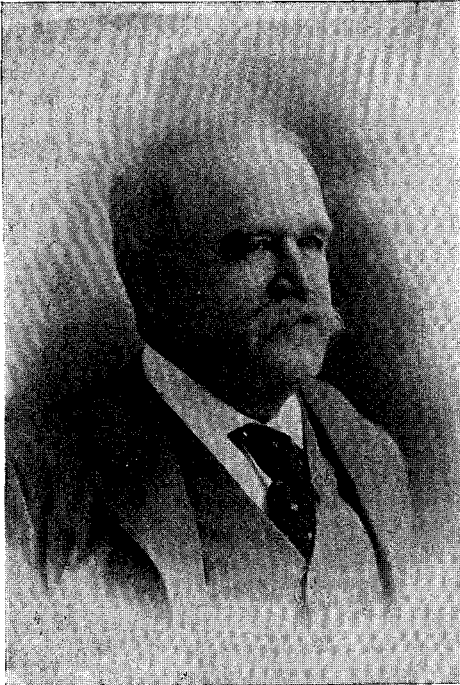


THE HON. LYMAN J. GAGE, OF ILLINOIS
Secretary of the Treasury

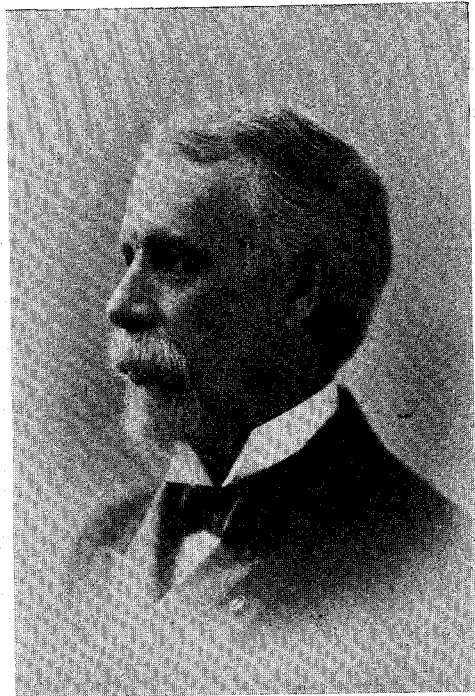
tures really need. Perhaps in this anticipation the wish is father to the thought. We are certain that this is the policy which will be most likely to give a continued lease of power to the Republican party. Extremes in legislation inevitably lead to political reaction. His policy on such problems as extension of postal facilities, administration of public lands, pensions, the Indian Bureau, the Interstate Commerce Law, and the like is yet to be determined. We believe that the country may be sure of an honest purpose in these and all Departments, in so far as the President can impart his own purpose to the great machine of which he is the executive head. In this he will have the support of the Vice-President, in so far as the latter has any influence on public affairs. Vice-President Hobart's nomination was largely due to the active part which he took in the rescue of his own State of New Jersey from a corrupt political ring, and wherever he is known he is honored as a man of practical wisdom and absolute probity.

The most important question before the country is not the tariff question, though intimately associated with it. It

is the question of currency. What is money? How should it be issued? When the currency of the community is mainly paper, how should its value be secured? How should that currency be made sufficiently flexible to meet the varying demands of industry, and in what way should the currency of our own country be related to that of other countries with which we are in commercial connection? These are problems which, however difficult and complicated they may be, affect very directly the industrial and material well-being of every citizen. The country is, therefore, to be congratulated, and every citizen in the country is to be congratulated, that Mr. McKinley has called to the office of Secretary of the Treasury such a man as Lyman J. Gage. In saying this we do not mean to commit ourselves beforehand to an approval of his unknown policies. He is reported to be not in favor of bimetallism, though willing to try the experiment of securing it by international action. We are heartily in favor of bimetallism, and desire to see an earnest endeavor made to secure it. He is reported to be in favor of relegating the function of issuing paper



THE HON. JOHN D. LONG, OF MASSACHUSETTS
(Probably) Secretary of the Navy



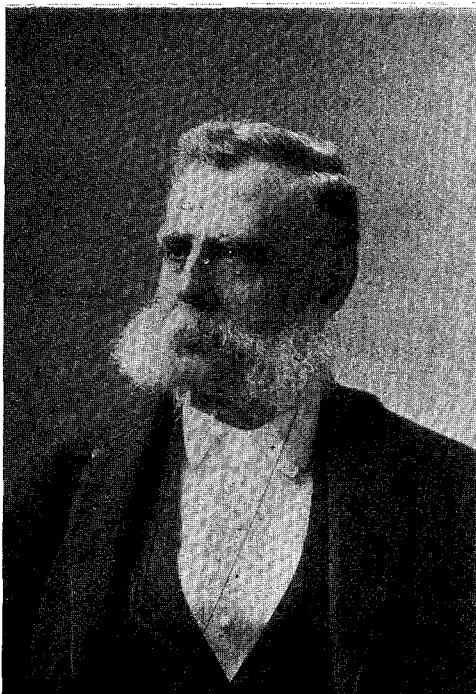
THE HON. RUSSELL A. ALGER, OF MICHIGAN
Secretary of War

money to the banks. We are in favor of a policy which shall lead forward to a time when all currency, whether coin or paper, shall be issued exclusively by the Government. None the less we congratulate the country, and every citizen in the country, on the appointment of Lyman J. Gage as Secretary of the Treasury. He is a banker, not a politician. He is an independent Republican who cares more for the triumph of principles than he does for the triumph of a party organization. He is an inveterate and aggressive foe of spoilsmen. He has made a life study of banking, and is counted by experts as one of the ablest financiers in the country. He is a Western man, and understands the nature and extent of agricultural distress in the West, and the necessity of recognizing that distress in financial legislation. He has shown by his past career his public spirit, his enterprise, his broad sympathies. He is certain to propose and to use all the legitimate influence of his department to promote some clear, definite, intelligible financial plan. This is what the country wants. It would be better to try a mistaken experiment and

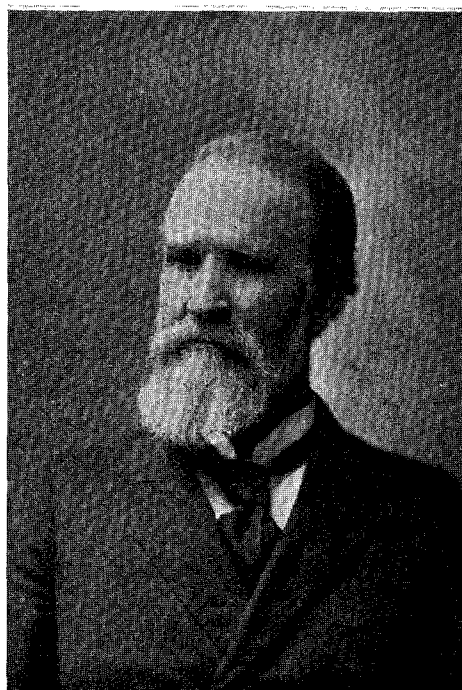
prove the mistake by actual experience than to carry on a no-policy by a compromise of inconsistent and antagonistic schemes, keeping the industrial world in perpetual uncertainty. From this worst of all results we may be sure Mr. Gage will preserve the country, if a Republican Congress will follow his leadership.

Biographical details about Mr. Gage have been so recently given in *The Outlook*¹ that we need not restate them here. Perhaps one of the most characteristic events in his career is his course of action at the time of the execution of the Anarchists some ten years ago, when the radical labor element was on the verge of fresh riots. At this time, when other men of his class were proposing to call in the strong arm of the Federal Government to suppress threatened disorder, and when to shake hands with an Anarchist, or even a labor leader, was to imperil one's social standing, Mr. Gage invited to a conference representative men of the various labor and radical organizations in conjunction with prominent capitalists, in the faith that a friendly discussion of the existing conditions, and

¹ February 6.



THE HON. JAMES A. GARY, OF MARYLAND
(Probably) Postmaster-General



THE HON. JAMES F. WILSON, OF IOWA
Secretary of Agriculture

the way out, would bring about a better feeling. These conferences extended over three years, and accomplished the result at which he aimed. His public-spirited character has been shown by his services in connection with the World's Fair, by his active co-operation in various educational and philanthropic institutions, and last and not least by his resigning a salary of \$25,000 a year as the President of the First National Bank to accept a salary of \$8,000 a year as Secretary of the United States Treasury.

Next to the office of Secretary of the Treasury the most important in the present condition of National affairs is that of Secretary of State, to which office Senator John Sherman has been called. He was born in May, 1823, and will therefore be seventy-four years of age when he enters upon the arduous duties of Secretary of State. He has been in public life ever since 1848—that is, for nearly half a century—and a consistent Republican ever since the organization of that party prior to the Fremont campaign in 1856. During the forty succeeding years he has been a recognized leader in that party, and three times has been a

prominent candidate before the Republican Convention for the Presidency. He is at the present time Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, and probably no man in public life has had a larger and more varied experience, and no man in the Senate is more familiar with international law, international history, and international relations than he. It must be confessed that Senator Sherman's course as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has not during recent events been such as to give the country assurance of a strong and consistent conduct of the foreign policy of the country. His position entitled him to leadership. His apparently wavering course indicates the action of a man who follows rather than leads, and is molded by public sentiment instead of molding it. It is charitable to believe that this is due to that timidity which is so often the accompaniment of increasing age. The ability of Senator Sherman is undoubted. His experience in public affairs and his familiarity with international questions are perhaps as great as those of any man in the country, and if we cannot be sure that he will push vigorously for-

ward in policy in international affairs against political or popular opposition, we may rest reasonably secure that he will not readily yield to those brief passions which sometimes actuate democracy, which if unrestrained would lead to war.

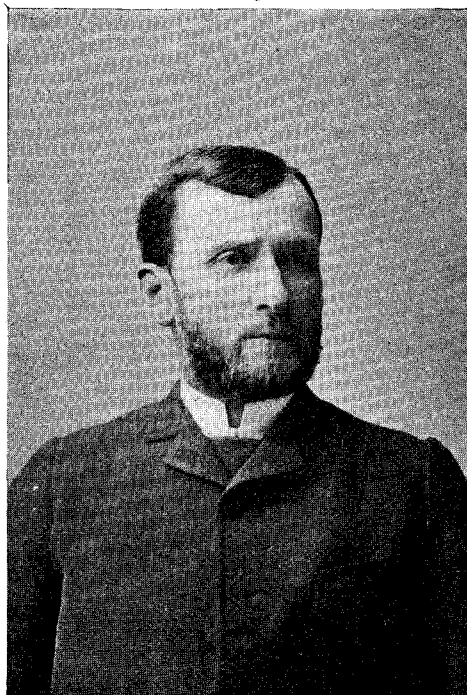
New England, it is reasonably hoped, is to be represented in the Cabinet by the Hon. John D. Long as Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Long was born in Maine in 1838, graduated from Harvard in 1857, and was admitted to the bar in 1861. He entered public life as a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives in January, 1875, where an extraordinary honor for a young man on his first appearance in the legislative hall was conferred upon him, as he was at once chosen Speaker, a position which he held for three years. In 1878 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor, and in three successive years—1879, 1880, 1881—Governor. He subsequently represented his district in the forty-eighth, forty-ninth, and fiftieth sessions of Congress, and was earnestly, though unsuccessfully, pressed for the office of Senator by the best political elements in the Bay State. Ex-Governor Long represents the very best sentiment of Massachusetts. It has long been felt by many Americans, and indeed by some very friendly critics abroad, that it is not the tendency of American democracy to call into public office men of ripe culture. The "scholar in politics" is more rare with us than in England, perhaps more rare now than formerly. Where should we look in our political life to match such scholars in the realm of history, literature, and philosophy as Mr. John Morley, Mr. James Bryce, and Mr. A. J. Balfour, not to mention Disraeli and

Gladstone? Mr. Long is in this respect a not unworthy representative of a State which in the anti-slavery epoch was represented by Charles Sumner. He is deservedly popular among men of all parties, and has earned his popularity by no truckling to public prejudice, by no tricks or devices, and by no use of the machine, but by his clear convictions, his intellectual abilities, his culture, and his universal courtesy. He is also a man of affairs, with the ability to get things done, but by that kind of genial impulse which awakens in men a desire to do rather than by that aggressive forcefulness which coerces them. What acquaintance he possesses with naval affairs we do not know, but acquaintance with naval affairs does not seem, from historical precedents, either in this country or in Great Britain, to be required in a Secretary of the Navy.

Judge Joseph McKenna will represent the State of California in the Cabinet, as Attorney-General or Secretary of the Interior. He is a staunch Republican; in economics a strong protectionist. He was a member of the Ways and Means Committee which presented the McKinley Tariff to the House.

In spirit he is described as eminently judicial, and he is now a judge of the United States Circuit. He is a member of the Roman Catholic Church and an attendant at St. Mary's Cathedral, San Francisco. If it is true that certain ultra-Protestants have made a protest against this appointment, Mr. McKinley's disregard of this protest is as honorable to him as the protest is discreditable to those who would ostracize an American citizen because of his religious convictions.

General Russell A. Alger, who is reported as the



THE HON. JOSEPH M'KENNA
(Probably) Attorney-General
(Courtesy of "Frank Leslie's Weekly")

probable Secretary of War, is a self-made man whose technical education was wholly obtained in the public schools. On the breaking out of the Civil War he entered the Army from his adopted State of Michigan, to which after four years of service he returned, and in which he is credited with having amassed a great fortune in the lumber business. One who has visited him in his hospitable home and enjoyed the intellectual luxury of his library will realize that he has not been too busy in mere money-making to gather some fruits of literary culture. We should have thought him, however, better adapted to the office of Secretary of the Interior than to that of Secretary of War.

Mr. James F. Wilson, of Iowa, to whom the office of Secretary of Agriculture is said to have been tendered, and whose acceptance is reported, is of Scottish birth, a practical and prosperous farmer, a writer in agricultural journals, and a professor in the Iowa Agricultural College. To his experience in these respects he adds political experience both in the Iowa House of Representatives and in Congress.

At the time of this writing Mr. James A. Gary is reported to have been tendered a position in the Cabinet as Postmaster-General. Mr. Gary is a prominent manufacturer of Maryland, and has his reputation in public life still to make. Colonel J. J. McCook, a prominent member of the New York Bar, is reported to have declined a Cabinet position, and at this writing it is quite uncertain who will be the eighth member of President McKinley's Cabinet.

The Agnostic

By George Alway

Who boasts himself that nothing can be
known,
How much this man must know!
How far have been,
How much have seen!

He must have circumnavigated Space,
Have plumbed the Infinite,
And caught no trace
Of holy place.

He must have searched in vain through
endless Time,
Emptied Eternity,

And found no sign
Of One divine.

So ignorance omniscient, unmoved,
Across the universe
Devoid of God,
Scrawls "Ichabod."

Honors

By George Alway

When God shall call the muster-roll,
As heroes he'll mark off
Some who ne'er charged at Waterloo,
Or stormed the Malakoff.

Stars, garters, crosses, ribbons, fade;
New orders here unfold:
The widow's mite, St. Martin's cloak,
The cup of water cold.

The hearts that saved the world by love
And hourly Calvaries bore,
The mother-martyrs, queenly host,
Are marshaled to the fore.

Earth's black-robed throngs are clad in
white;
Their brows a light adorns—
A radiance of diamond,
Crowns of transfigured thorns.

Some humble folk we knew quite well,
But passed with scarce a nod,
Now rank as Heaven's nobility—
The chivalry of God.

Imperial names of History
Omitted from the list;
In paradise, preferment shows
A hidden satirist.

The Heavens are taken by surprise;
Archangels hold their breath;
Through audience multitudinous
A stillness reigns like death.

Then flutterings of seraphs' wings—
Applauding cherubim—
With joy long pent the skies are rent—
A million eyes grow dim—

And down far-peopled spaces rolls
A surge of gratitude,
That God from bitter grapes of Life
Should crush Beatitude.

'Tis thus, with irony divine,
Earth's judgments are reversed;
When God shall call the muster-roll,
The last will be the first.

The Story of Gladstone's Life¹

By Justin McCarthy

Author of "A History of Our Own Times," "The Four Georges," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE FREE-TRADE STRUGGLE

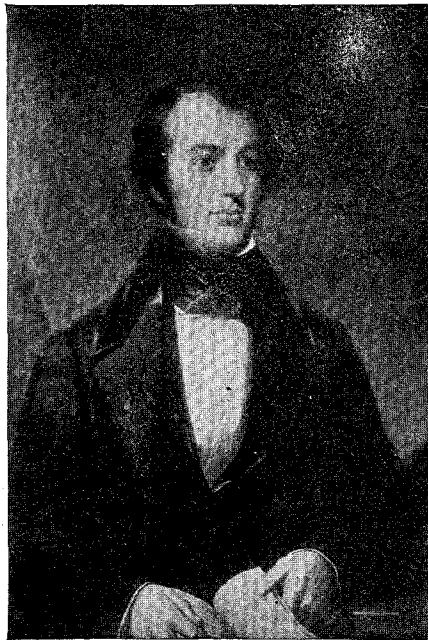
ON the twenty-third of July, 1845, Mr. Gladstone wrote to a very dear and intimate friend of his a letter, some passages of which have a distinct historical interest. "Ireland," says Mr. Gladstone, "is likely to find this country and Parliament so much employment for years to come that I feel rather oppressively an obligation to try and see with my own eyes instead of using those of other people, according to the limited measure of my means. Now, your company would be so very valuable, as well as agreeable, to me, that I am desirous to know whether you are at all inclined to entertain the idea of devoting the month of September, after the meeting in Edinburgh, to a working tour in Ireland with me—eschewing all grandeur and taking little account even of scenery, compared with the purpose of looking from close quarters at the institutions for the religion and education of the country and at the character of the people. It seems ridiculous to talk of supplying the defects of second-hand information by so short a trip; but though a longer time would be much better, yet even a very contracted one does much when it is added to an habitual though indirect knowledge."

I am sorry to say that the suggested trip

never came off. I wish it had come off. I wish Mr. Gladstone could then have gone to Ireland and seen with his own eyes the condition of the peasantry and the condition of the landlords. It was on the very eve of the famine which forced Peel's hand and compelled him to allow foreign corn to come freely into Ireland. Mr. Gladstone, if he had then gone to Ireland, would have

seen with his own eyes, even in the course of a month's tour—would have seen it though he had never asked a question by the way—that the Irish cottier tenant was being utterly crushed by the rack-rent system. The Irish cottier tenant, John Stuart Mill said, was about the only man in the world he knew of who could neither benefit by his industry nor suffer by his improvidence. If he was industrious and raised the value of his tenancy, his landlord came down upon him for an increased rent; and if he was improvi-

dent, the worst that could happen to him was to go into the workhouse or else to starve, either of which might well happen to him in any case. Mr. Gladstone's Irish land legislation nearly thirty years later on would have been in all probability much more effective, and would have stood much less in need of expansion and emendation, if he had visited Ireland in 1845, and seen her condition with his own keen, observant eyes. But the visit did not come off, and it was not until a great



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE
1841. Thirty-two years old.

From the Painting by W. H. Cubley.

¹ Copyright, 1897, by The Outlook Company.

many years after that Mr. Gladstone paid a short visit to Ireland. Even then he did not go with any intention of studying the agricultural conditions of the country. He had introduced and carried the first of his schemes of land legislation for Ireland, and it was characterized by a certain narrowness and even timidity which in all probability would not have been found in such a measure if it had been inspired by the personal observation of 1845.

In the winter of 1845 Mr. Gladstone met with a slight accident which left its mark forever. He was fond of shooting, as he was fond of nearly all out-of-door exercises and sports. One day his gun suddenly exploded at the moment when he was loading it, and so injured the first finger of his left hand that the finger had to be cut off. Since then he has always worn a black ribbon round the hand and covering the stump of the amputated finger. Strangers visiting the House of Commons for the first time, when Mr. Gladstone still occupied his leading position there, were sure to ask what was the matter with his left hand and what was the meaning of the black ribbon.

This was the only serious accident, so far as I know, which Mr. Gladstone ever encountered. He was, indeed, much later on, attacked by a cow in Hawarden grounds, but he kept his nerves all right, and he managed to escape without any serious harm. His passion for the hewing down of trees came at a later date, and it probably did more than any other exercise could have done to strengthen his frame and enable him to withstand the wearying effects of a life so much of which was strictly sedentary. For it has to be impressed upon the mind of the reader that during all his life Mr. Gladstone was a man of prodigious study. He was always studying some author or some series of authors. He wrote criticisms on Homer, criticisms by the enraptured admirer rather than by the dry-as-dust scholiast. He grappled with whole libraries of patristic authors. He seemed to want to read everything and understand everything, and all the time his Parliamentary work was going on in full swing. Now, the regular work of the House of Commons is occupation

enough for most men. If they are inclined to stick to it, they find that they have plenty to do, and the more they do the more they have yet to do. But Mr. Gladstone stuck to all the details of his life in the House of Commons, while at the same time he was an indefatigable student of literature, of history, and of theology. No subject that could be of interest to humanity failed to have an absorbing interest for him. All the time, too, he was getting the very most he could in the way of outdoor exercise. No doubt this was the secret of his splendid and prolonged physical health—that he never allowed himself to become the mere member of Parliament, or the mere student, but that he always remembered that he had fibers and limbs to keep in healthy, vigorous action, and that whenever there was a chance of outdoor exercise he was a man to get it and to enjoy it.

His political opponents made in later years a good deal of capital out of his love for the felling of trees. "That is Gladstone all over," they said—"to cut down something which he can never cause to grow again; there is his one chief idea of statesmanship." But this, of course, was later on. Even still, Mr. Gladstone was generally regarded as a rising young Tory statesman.

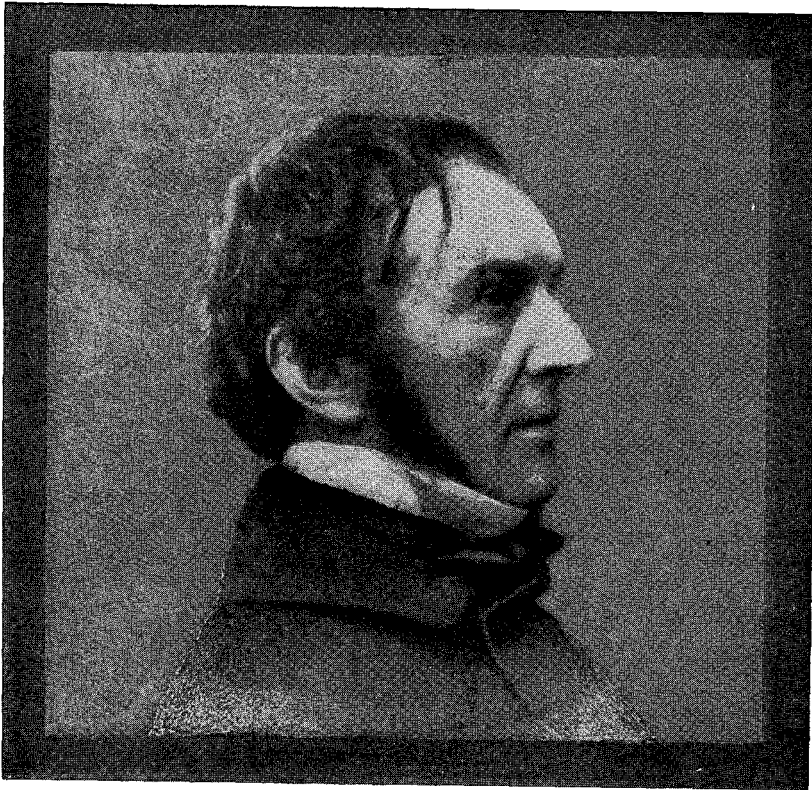
In this year, 1845, he wrote a letter to the late Bishop Wilberforce, in which he explained that his views with regard to the Irish Established Church were becoming less fixed and clear than they had been before. Mr. George Russell attaches, and I think justly, a great deal of importance to that letter. I will quote some sentences of it.

"I am sorry," says Mr. Gladstone, "to express my apprehension that the Irish Church is not in a large sense efficient; the working results of the last ten years have disappointed me. It may be answered, Have faith in the ordinance of God; but then I must see the seal and signature, and these how can I separate from ecclesiastical descent? The title, in short, is questioned, and vehemently, not only by the radicalism of the day, but by the Roman bishops, who claim to hold the succession of St. Patrick; and this claim has been alive all along from the Reformation, so that lapse of

years does nothing against it." I am not quoting this letter either for its political or its theological interest. The Irish Church question has been settled long ago, and settled by Mr. Gladstone. No man in his senses would now think of looking for the State endowment of a Church in a country the vast majority of whose inhabitants conscientiously refuse to enter that Church's doors. But it is a common charge made against Mr. Gladstone by his political opponents that his

CHAPTER IX.—THE FREE-TRADE STRUGGLE
—MEMBER FOR OXFORD

I need not go over again here the old familiar story of the struggle against the corn laws and in favor of free trade. The Anti-Corn Law League had become a popular power in England. For a long time it was able to command but a very poor support in the House of Commons. The movement in the House of Commons was led by Mr. Charles Villiers, who, I am glad to say, is still living and, in Homeric



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

1851. Forty-two years old. From an early Photograph by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, of London.

changes of opinion were sudden and were in the political sense opportune. I have the strongest conviction the other way, and I am taking pains to make it clear that Mr. Gladstone's changes of opinion were of slow and steady growth, long thought out, and at first resisted. Therefore I quote these sentences in the letter to Bishop Wilberforce in 1845. They prove that so far back as that distant time Mr. Gladstone's doubts as to the value and the claims of the Irish State Church were already becoming serious.

phrase, looking on the earth. Mr. Villiers was an aristocrat by birth, a member of the great Clarendon family, so famous at many periods of English history. For years he led the Parliamentary movement in favor of the abolition of duties on the importation of foreign corn. Later on he obtained the splendid assistance, first of Mr. Cobden, and then of Mr. Bright, who both obtained seats in the House of Commons. Still the movement, more powerful in the country, made but little advance in Parliament, and, in-

deed, its prospects seemed darkest at the very moment when events were coming to insure its rapid success. In England, and perhaps in other States as well, an object-lesson is needed in order to secure the passing of any great reform. The object-lesson in this case was given by the Irish Famine. "Famine itself," said Bright, "against which we had warred, joined us." In the autumn of 1845 the total failure of the Irish potato crop set in; and the vast majority of the Irish working population depended absolutely upon the potato for subsistence. Under the conditions, it was all but impossible to maintain the duty on the importation of foreign corn. There can be no doubt whatever that the mind of Sir Robert Peel, and the mind of his great rival, Lord John Russell, had been tending more and more for some time in the direction of free trade. Peel's Cabinet all but broke up on the question, and he had to bring in capable men to supply the places of those who could not work with him in his new policy. Mr. Gladstone had by this time become a thorough convert to the principles of free trade, and he was invited by Peel to accept the office of Colonial Secretary in the room of Lord Stanley, afterwards the Earl of Derby, who found that he could not go further with Peel on the way to a repeal of the Corn Laws. A curious fact in the story is that Mr. Gladstone's accepting office led to his exclusion from Parliament for the whole of the memorable session during which Peel's free-trade scheme was debated in the House of Commons. It came about in this way: Mr. Gladstone's acceptance of office compelled him to offer himself for re-election to his constituency if he desired to retain his seat in Parliament. But then Mr. Gladstone was the representative of Newark, a borough which was practically controlled by the Duke of Newcastle, from whose influence and patronage, as I have already explained, Mr. Gladstone had secured his seat. The Duke of Newcastle was a sturdy protectionist, and could not be expected to give his influence in favor of a free-trade candidate. Mr. Gladstone felt a natural and an honorable scruple about opposing his old friend and supporter, the Duke of Newcastle, and he therefore made up his mind to retire from the representation of the borough and to

remain out of Parliament until such time as an opportunity could arise for contesting some other seat. He issued his retiring address to the Newark electors on the 5th of January, 1846. "By accepting the office of Secretary of State for the Colonies," he said, "I have ceased to be your representative in Parliament. On several accounts I should have been peculiarly desirous at the present time of giving you an opportunity to pronounce your constitutional judgment on my public conduct by soliciting at your hands a renewal of the trust which I have already received from you on five successive occasions, and held during a period of thirteen years. But, as I have good reason to believe that a candidate recommended to your favor through local connections may ask your suffrages, it becomes my very painful duty to announce to you, on that ground alone, my retirement from a position which has afforded me so much honor and satisfaction." Mr. Gladstone declared that he had accepted office only because he held that it was for those who believed that the Government was acting according to the demands of public duty to testify to that belief, however limited their sphere might be, by their co-operation. The course he had taken, he declared, was taken in obedience to the clear and imperious call of public obligation. Mr. Gladstone, it was well known, had been the chief inspiration of Sir Robert Peel on this question of free trade. Even when he was not actually in office, the policy of Peel's Government had been mainly molded by his energy, his knowledge, and his guidance. It seemed, therefore, a curious stroke of fate that the whole session of debate on the free-trade scheme should have been carried on without Mr. Gladstone's presence and co-operation. It seems to me something like a positive loss to the history of the English Parliament that Mr. Gladstone's wonderful eloquence and marvelous power of arraying facts and figures should not have been allowed a chance of influencing that great debate. Sir Robert Peel, of course, carried his scheme in despite of the resistance of nearly all his former Tory followers. But he fell from power in a moment. He had undertaken to introduce a measure for the establishment of a new coercion scheme



MRS. GLADSTONE

From the Portrait by E. R. Saye. Specially photographed for The Outlook from the original at Hawarden Castle by Mr. Watmough Webster, of Chester.

in Ireland. On the very day when the Free-Trade Bill passed through its third reading in the House of Lords, Peel's Coercion Bill for Ireland was thrown out by a large majority in the House of Commons. Some of the Liberals and nearly all the Radicals in England had always made it a principle to oppose mere bills for establishing coercion in Ireland, if unaccompanied by serious and solid schemes of legislative concession and reform. All these, therefore, voted against Peel on principle. The Irish members, who followed O'Connell's leadership, were, of course, determined to vote against it. All depended on the Tories,

and the Tories were now thinking of nothing but revenge upon Sir Robert Peel for his abandonment of the cause of protection. Mr. Disraeli himself frankly owned that "vengeance had triumphed over all other sentiments" in the minds of the Tory party. The field was lost, but at any rate there should be retribution for those who had betrayed the cause. So the Peel party was turned out of office at the very moment of its greatest triumph.

Mr. Gladstone did not reappear in the House of Commons until the autumn session of 1847. There had been a general election, and Mr. Gladstone was invited

to stand for the University of Oxford. There could surely have been no seat that he was better qualified to represent, or which he could have had greater pride in representing. Oxford had been the home of his younger days. Its scenery, its surroundings, its buildings, its history, its traditions, were dear to his heart; the sweetest memories of his youth belonged to it; his definite ambitions were formed and cultured and guided in it. Gladstone was elected for the University. He did not come first on the list. Sir Robert Harry Inglis, a bigoted Tory of the old-fashioned order, led the way, Mr. Gladstone came next, and a man whose very name is now forgotten by most people was the defeated candidate. Still, Mr. Gladstone came in as a representative of Oxford, and the University did herself honor by the choice. Later on, as we shall see, it was Oxford's perverse fate to deprive herself of the honor. But for the time, at all events, Mr. Gladstone was the representative of the University of Oxford, and was in his rightful place. It was later on but a new mark of his political progress when he had to seek another constituency.

Mr. Gladstone's address to the electors of Oxford is even still a document of great public and still greater personal interest. It explains for the first time the change which had been coming over his convictions with regard to the relationship between the Church and the State. He acknowledged that in the earlier part of his public life he had been an advocate for the exclusive support of the national religion by the State. But he came to learn that it would be futile to try to maintain such a position. "I found," he wrote, "that scarcely a year passed without the adoption of some fresh measure involving the national recognition and the national support of various forms of religion, and in particular that a recent and fresh provision had been made for the propagation from a public chair of Arian or Socinian doctrines. The question remaining for me was whether, aware of the opposition of the English people, I should set down as equal to nothing, in a matter primarily connected, not with our own, but with their priesthood, the wishes of the people of Ireland, and whether I should avail myself of the

popular feeling in regard to the Roman Catholics for the purpose of enforcing against them a system which we had ceased by common consent to enforce against Arians, a system, above all, of which I must say that it never can be conformable to policy, to justice, or even to decency, when it has become avowedly partial and one-sided in its application." This address, then, shows us Mr. Gladstone in his new stage of mental and spiritual development. The old theory about the relationship between the State and Church has had to give way to the teaching of experience, and to the inborn conviction that it is in vain to strive against actual facts. The true fanatic, of course, learns nothing from experience. He clings to his political dogma although he finds it wholly impossible to maintain it in action. To this mood of mind a man of Mr. Gladstone's genius and capacity for receiving new ideas never could descend. Mr. George Russell, commenting on this event in Mr. Gladstone's career, observes that that career "naturally divides itself into three main parts. The first of them ends with his retirement from the representation of Newark. The central part ranges from 1847 to 1868. Happily, the third is still incomplete." Mr. Russell's book was published in 1891. We have since then seen the completion of Mr. Gladstone's political career. The whole story has been told.

For some three years after the dissolution of 1847, Mr. Gladstone's life was not marked by any distinct political events, so far as his particular career was concerned. They were three years of what Robert Burns calls "sturt and strife" all over the European continent, and in England and in Ireland, but Mr. Gladstone's political action was not of great public importance. He was as careful as ever in his attendance to his Parliamentary duties, and he spoke on all manner of important public questions. He opposed the measure making lawful a marriage with a deceased wife's sister, on grounds at once social and religious, contending that "such marriages are contrary to the law of God, declared for three thousand years and upwards." In absolute contradiction to the opinions expressed in some of his former speeches, he advocated the admission of the Jews



CATHERINE GLADSTONE (DECEASED)



MARY GLADSTONE (MRS. DREW)

Children of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gladstone. The original paintings are at Hawarden Castle.



HENRY NEVILLE GLADSTONE



HERBERT JOHN GLADSTONE

As boys of three or four years of age. Specially photographed for The Outlook from the water-color originals painted by Mary Severn. All these portraits were photographed for The Outlook directly from the originals at Hawarden Castle by Mr. Watmough Webster, of Chester.

to Parliament; and, indeed, I may say that one of the most interesting and important events of the general election which brought Mr. Gladstone in for Oxford was the election of Baron Rothschild, a Jew, for the City of London. Mr. Gladstone supported Lord John Russell in a resolution passed by the House of Commons which declared the Jews eligible for election to all places and functions for which Roman Catholics might lawfully be chosen. He defended the establishment of diplomatic relations with the Papal court. He called for reform in the navigation laws, a reform which would make the ocean, "that great highway of nations, as free to the ships that traverse its bosom as to the winds that sweep it." Any one could see by following the records of his quiet career during those years that they were a time of development with him. On many subjects his path was perfectly clear, and his way was to lead onwards. But there still clung around him some of the traditions of that Toryism under which he had been brought up, and which even yet had for him an almost romantic fascination.

In 1850 the first pang of sorrow was brought into the happy life of himself and Mrs. Gladstone. In the April of that year Catherine Jessie, a child not yet five years old, lost her life. She had suffered long from a painful illness, during which she was tenderly watched over, not only by her mother, but by her father as well. This was the first intrusion of death into the household, and we may be sure that it was always remembered. There are wounds which never heal for natures like those of Mr. Gladstone and his wife.

CHAPTER X.—DON PACIFICO—DEATH OF SIR ROBERT PEEL

The "Don Pacifico question" was the occasion of a great debate in the House of Commons. Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone divided the honors of the debate between them. It was the greatest speech Lord Palmerston had ever made up to that time. It was probably the greatest speech Mr. Gladstone had made up to that time. What was it all about? Who was Don Pacifico? Such questions might fairly be asked even by a well-read young man of the present day. Don Pacifico figured in the politics of that day

very much as Monsieur Jecker did at the time of the French intervention in Mexico. Don Pacifico was the comet of a season. His claims went very near to bringing on European war, and they certainly caused for a time a feeling of estrangement and even anger between England and France. Don Pacifico was a Jew of Portuguese extraction, but he was born in Gibraltar, and was therefore a subject of the Queen. He was living in Athens, and in 1847 his house was attacked and plundered by an Athenian mob. The wrath of the mob was inflamed because Don Pacifico was a Jew, and the Greek Government had made an order that the familiar celebration of Easter by the burning of an effigy of Judas Iscariot should not be allowed to take place any more. The mob got angry, and wreaked their wrath on Don Pacifico's house. Don Pacifico made a claim against the Greek Government for compensation, estimating his losses at more than thirty thousand pounds sterling. He did not make any appeal to the Greek law-courts, but when his demand was refused addressed himself directly to the Foreign Office in London.

The Foreign Office had at that time various complaints, more or less important, against the Greek Government. No doubt the Greek authorities had been somewhat careless and free, but it is right to say that they showed themselves perfectly willing to come to any reasonable understanding with England. Still, they seem to have been quite staggered by the demand of more than thirty thousand pounds for the destruction of household property in Don Pacifico's modest little dwelling. An English historian says that Don Pacifico charged in his bill one hundred and fifty pounds sterling for a bedstead, thirty pounds for the sheets of the bed, twenty-five pounds for two coverlets, and ten pounds for a pillow-case, and the writer adds that "Cleopatra might have been contented with bed furniture so luxurious as Don Pacifico represented himself to have in his common use." The Greek Government had no faith in the costly bedstead and the expensive sheets and coverlets. They declined to pay, and the Don, as I have said, did not seek his remedy in any court of law. Lord Palmerston happened to be in one of his

humptious moods, and he had got it into his head that the French Minister in Athens was privately urging the Greek Government to resist all the English claims. So Lord Palmerston lumped up the whole claims into one national demand, and insisted that Greece must pay up the money within a short, definite time. The Greek Government still hung back, and the British fleet was ordered to the Piræus, where it seized all the Greek vessels belonging to the Government and to private merchants which were found in the harbor. This high-handed course gave great offense, not alone to Greece—which would have been a matter of little

whole dispute was quietly settled. Don Pacifico was lucky enough to get about one-thirtieth of his demand, and no doubt was well able to restock his house with very decent bed furniture.

In the meantime, however, the attention of Parliament and the public in England was directed to the serious nature of the course which Lord Palmerston had taken. Lord Stanley in the House of Lords moved what was practically a vote of censure on the Government, and he carried it by a majority of thirty-seven. For this, of course, Lord Palmerston did not care three straws. The Peers might amuse themselves every night of their lives, if



HIGH STREET, THE PRINCIPAL STREET IN OXFORD

To the left is University College; to the right, Queen's College; further along on the same side is the long façade of All Souls' College, above which rises the spire of St. Mary's, the University Church.

importance—great powers do not generally care much about the feelings of small States—but to France and to Russia. France and Russia were powers joined with England in the treaty drawn up for the protection of the independence of Græcè. The Russian Government wrote an angry and, indeed, a furious remonstrance. The French Government withdrew for a time their Ambassador from London. All Europe was thrown into alarm, and indeed it was only the trumpet nature of the whole dispute, which rendered it impossible that rational nations could take up arms about it, that averted a calamitous war. After a while the

they liked, by voting a censure on the existing Government of the country, and the Government would go on just as if nothing had happened. But it was quite a different thing with the House of Commons, and Lord Palmerston very well knew that his conduct with regard to Greece was strongly condemned by some of the most powerful men in the Representative Chamber. He acted with his usual skill and dexterity. He did not put up a pledged follower of himself or his Government to vindicate the policy pursued in Greece. He got an "independent Liberal," as the phrase goes, the late Mr. Roebuck, to propose a motion



RICHARD COBDEN

From an old Engraving. Cobden was the leader of the Anti-Corn-Law League. He was a partner in a Manchester firm of cotton-printers, and, in 1839, the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, instigated by him, opened the Free-Trade discussion in Parliament by petitioning that body against the corn-laws. Cobden was one of the new British statesmen who sympathized with the Union cause in our Civil War. He died in 1865.

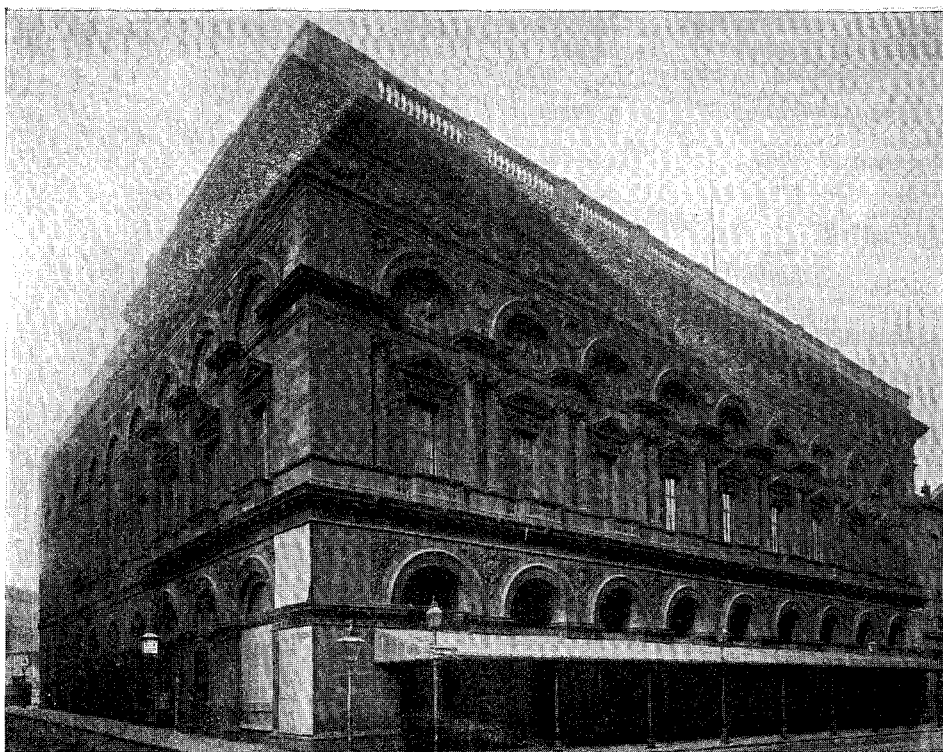
vindicating the action of the Government. Mr. Roebuck was a man of great ability, somewhat eccentric, with, in fact, a good deal of the "crank" about him. He had never attached himself to any Govern-



SIR ROBERT PEELE

From an old Print. Sir Robert was Prime Minister in 1835, and from 1841 to 1846. His position drifted slowly from that of a Protectionist and strict Conservative to that of a Free-trader. He afterwards acted generally with the Whigs. Sir Robert died in 1850, universally mourned.

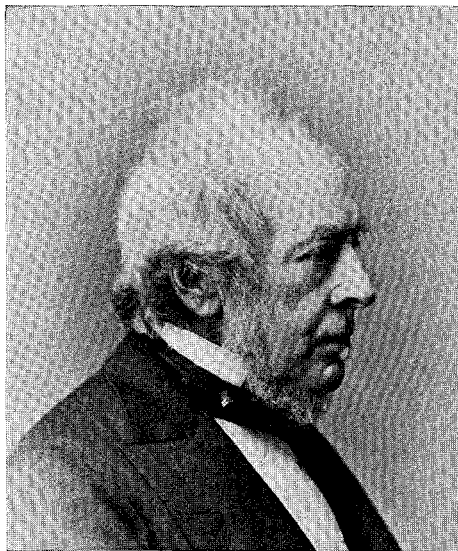
ment or Ministerial party, and he had often attacked and denounced the policy of Lord Palmerston; but there was a strong dash of what we should now call "the Jingo" in him, and he had rather a liking for a high-handed assertion of England's power. On the 24th of June, 1850, Mr. Roebuck proposed in the House of Commons a resolution declaring that the general foreign policy of the Government was calculated to maintain the honor and dignity of the country, and in times of unexampled difficulty to preserve peace between England and the various nations of the world. The resolution was ingeniously worded. It gives the mere Greek question the go-by, and talks only of the general policy of Lord Palmerston's Government. The principal interest of the debate for us now turns upon the speeches of Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone. Sir Robert Peel made his last speech in that great debate, but the speech was memorable mainly because it was his last. But Palmerston lifted himself in his speech to a higher position than he had ever occupied before. It was not a speech of great eloquence in the oratorical sense, but it was a masterpiece of dexterity and plausibility. It appealed to every prejudice which could possibly affect the mind of the ordinary Briton. Palmerston insisted that the foreign policy of the Government had been ruled by the principle which inspired the policy of ancient Rome, and by virtue of which a subject of that great empire could hold himself free from indignity by simply saying, "Civis Romanus sum." The quotation "fetched" the House, if we may use such a modern colloquialism. It probably secured to Palmerston his victory of forty-six, with which the debate concluded. The whole speech occupied five hours in delivery, and Lord Palmerston had not a single note to assist him. Yet Mr. Gladstone's magnificent reply told upon the House, highly strung as it was to impassioned self-admiration by Palmerston's rousing appeals. It was a great position for Mr. Gladstone to hold when in such a debate he had to maintain the principle of public and private justice against so skilled, so plausible, and, I must add, so unscrupulous an antagonist as Lord Palmerston. Gladstone's was, both in argument and in eloquence, by far the finer speech of the



THE FREE-TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER

The building stands in Peter Street, and is a good adaptation of the Italian palatial style. It was erected in 1856 on the site of the earlier edifice of the Anti-Corn-Law League. The hall proper can accommodate 6,000 persons. The ground on which the original Free-Trade Hall was erected was the property of Richard Cobden and was placed by him at the League's disposal.

two. It was a speech which glorified for States as well as for individuals the principle of Christian dealing, of self-restraint, of moderation with the weak, of calm consideration before a harsh decision had been put in force. The speech, indeed, made the first full revelation of Mr. Gladstone's character as a statesman. It showed that, above all things, he was the apostle of principle in political as well as in private life. It was nothing to him that a policy might be dazzling, that it might be calculated to spread abroad the influence of England, that it might make foreign nations envious and English people elate with self-glorification. What Mr. Gladstone asked was that the policy should be just, that it should be a policy of morality and of Christianity. John Stuart Mill was said to have reconciled political economy with humanity. Gladstone endeavored always to reconcile politics with religion. "Let us recognize," he said in the close of his speech, "and recognize with frankness, the equality of the weak with the strong, the principles



THE RT. HON. CHARLES PELHAM VILLIERS, M.P.

From his latest Photograph. During the anti-Corn-Law agitation Mr. Villiers annually introduced a free-trade bill in the House of Commons. He is now the "Father of the House of Commons," being the oldest member there. He has recently celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday. Mr. Villiers was returned for the first time in 1835, and has uninterruptedly represented Wolverhampton for sixty-two years.

of brotherhood amongst nations, and of their sacred independence. When we are asking for the maintenance of the rights which belong to our fellow-subjects resident in Greece, let us do as we would be done by, and let us pay all that respect to a feeble State, and to the infancy of free institutions, which we should desire and should exact from others towards their maturity and their strength. Let us refrain from all gratuitous and arbitrary meddling in the internal concerns of other States, even as we should resent the same interference if it were attempted to be practiced towards ourselves. If the noble lord has indeed acted on these principles, let the Government to which he belongs have your verdict in its favor; but if he has departed from them, as I contend, and as I humbly think and urge upon you that it has been too amply proved, then the House of Commons must not shrink from the performance of its duty, under whatever expectations of momentary obloquy or reproach, because we shall have done what is right; we shall enjoy the peace of our own consciences, and receive, whether a little sooner or a little later, the approval of the public voice for having entered our solemn protest against a system of policy which we believe, nay, which we know, whatever may be its first aspect, must of necessity, in its final results, be unfavorable even to the security of British subjects resident abroad, which it professes so much to study; unfavorable to the dignity of the country which the motion of the honorable and learned member asserts it preserves, and equally unfavorable to that other great and sacred subject, which also it suggests to our recollection, the maintenance of peace with the nations of the world."

I have thought it well to give this long quotation from the speech, partly because of its eloquence, its strength, and its beauty, but still more because it marks a memorable step in the progress of the orator, and shows alike the reason for his great triumphs and the reason, too, for some of his passing defeats. Nothing could be in broader contrast than the whole purpose of Lord Palmerston's speech and the whole purpose of the speech of Mr. Gladstone. Lord Palmerston appealed to certain national passions, which have always in their inspiration a

certain element of selfishness and egotism, and even of vulgarity. Gladstone addressed himself to the conscience and to the hearts of men. He had not at that time attained to anything like the supreme command over the Liberal party in the House of Commons, and over his countrymen out-of-doors, which it has since been his triumph to exercise again and again with success. As we shall see in the course of this narrative, Mr. Gladstone succeeded many times in prevailing upon England to do some great act of justice simply because it was just. More than a quarter of a century has gone by since John Bright declared in tones of melancholy conviction that the House of Commons had done many things which were just, but never anything merely because it was just. Mr. Gladstone, later on, proved that a better order of things might be attained. He induced the House of Commons to do many things for no other reason than because they were just. The debate which I have been describing was illumined by many powerful and brilliant speeches—the speech of Mr. Cobden, of Lord John Russell, of Mr. Disraeli, and of Mr. Cockburn, afterwards Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Chief Justice of England. But the one speech of which it seems to me history will take most account is the speech of Mr. Gladstone. It was not merely a great effort of reason and of eloquence. It marked an era; it revealed a man; it foreshadowed a life's policy.

That very day—for the debate lasted until four o'clock in the morning—was marked by a great national calamity. Sir Robert Peel, riding up Constitution Hill by the railings of the Green Park, met with a fatal accident. His horse threw Sir Robert, and then fell upon him. Sir Robert was conveyed to his home, but could hardly be said to have rallied for a moment. He died on the 2d of July, in his sixty-third year. By his death Gladstone lost the leader and patron and friend on whom he had endeavored to mold his own political character. Probably outside Sir Robert Peel's own family no one felt the loss more keenly than Gladstone did. It is the custom in both Houses of Parliament to make public allusion to the loss of some great member of either chamber. Mr. Gladstone de-

livered a beautiful and touching speech in the House of Commons on the evening of the third of July, in which he told of the profound disappointment which had filled the country because of the premature close of such a life. "I call it," he said, "the premature death of Sir Robert Peel, for, although he has died full of years and full of honors, yet it is a death that in human eyes is premature, because we had fondly hoped that, in whatever position Providence might assign to him, by the weight of his ability, by the splendor of his talents, and by the purity of his virtues, he might still have been spared to render us most essential services." Then he quoted some especially appropriate lines from Sir Walter Scott's poem, "Marmion:"

Now is the stately column broke;
The beacon light is quenched in smoke;
The trumpet's silver voice is still;
The warder silent on the hill.

Not every one of Gladstone's audience understood at first the exquisite appropriateness of these lines. They occur, indeed, in "Marmion," but they are lines on the death of William Pitt, and are in the introduction to the poem.

The death of Sir Robert Peel had one important effect among ever so many others. It left Mr. Gladstone free to follow whatever political course his principles might dictate. The Peelite party, so called, dissolved, never, as such, to coalesce again. It is impossible to suppose that the influence of such a man as Robert Peel would not have had some effect on Mr. Gladstone's individual action, and we do not know whether Peel, with all his willingness to advance into new ideas, might have proved in his later years such a fearless advocate of reform as Mr. Gladstone showed himself to be. From this time forward we shall see that Mr. Gladstone shapes for himself the course of his political career. He was always a splendid second, a superb champion; but now for the first time men look to him for leadership, and the day is not far distant when he is to be recognized, whether in or out of office, as the foremost man in the House of Commons. Poor little Don Pacifico ought to be remembered kindly by English history for the mere fact that his preposterous claims gave Mr.

Gladstone an opportunity of delivering his reply to Lord Palmerston, and claiming for England her sacred right to a policy of justice and of mercy. Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, spoke of Fox as one "on whose burning tongue truth, peace, and freedom hung." I have said in the House of Commons that the words would apply even more completely to Gladstone.

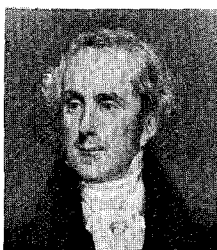
CHAPTER XI.—THE NEAPOLITAN LETTERS

In the winter of 1850 Mr. Gladstone went with his family to Naples. One of his children was ill, and the doctors had advised that a southern climate should be tried, and so it was determined that a few months should be spent in Naples. Mr. Gladstone, no doubt, went with no other idea than to watch over the recovery of his child and to give himself a rest from political labor. Doubtless he was thinking much, too, about quiet and happy hours to be spent in the studies and with the books which he was growing to love more and more. But if he thought he was settling down for rest of any kind, he was doomed to be grievously disappointed. Yet I do not believe that in his heart he allowed himself to be disappointed, because his earnest nature sprang at every opportunity for doing any good to his fellow-man, and he never could resist the temptation of trying to right some wrong. "Rest elsewhere" was assumed as his motto by one of the great Netherland statesmen who joined in resisting the domination of Philip II. and the Duke of Alva. Mr. Gladstone, too, might well have taken the words "Rest elsewhere" as the motto of his busy life. He soon found that he had other work cut out for him in Naples besides pensive loiterings among the ruins of Pompeii, or contemplating the outlines of Capri across the blue bay, or climbing the sides of Vesuvius.

The kingdom of Naples was then one of the worst-governed countries in Europe. The dominion of the Spanish Bourbons was terribly oppressive, and rebellion after rebellion was constantly going on. I do not intend to enter into all the questions involved in the relative merits of Italian governments. In all European countries then, including Great Britain, the common idea was to stamp out rebellion as you



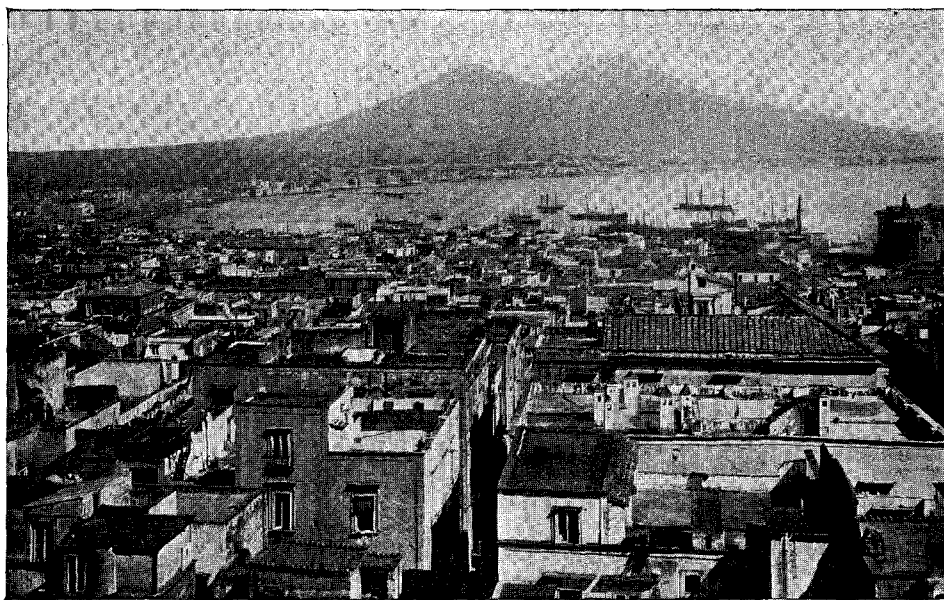
Sir Alexander Cockburn
The Eminent Jurist



The Duke of Newcastle
Mr. Gladstone's Friend

might stamp out the rinderpest. Let us admit frankly that the idea had not come up in Continental States at that time—an idea which Mr. Gladstone afterwards powerfully impressed upon England—that the existence of rebellion was first of all a reason for inquiring into the existence of genuine grievance. No doubt Mr. Gladstone knew that political prisoners were treated harshly in Austria, in Prussia, and in Russia, and that they had been treated harshly in England and in Ireland. But, so far as I can judge, the government of King Ferdinand of Naples was more harsh, on the whole, in its dealings with such enemies than any other European State at the time. In any case, Mr. Gladstone's was peculiarly a temperament to be impressed by the propin-

quity of events. And here he found that in the Naples where he settled for rest there was going on a system of mediæval cruelty in the treatment of prisoners of state. A large number of Neapolitan public men who formed the opposition had been either banished or imprisoned. Many thousands were lying in the jails on charges of political disaffection, and in those jails they were subjected to gross severity and insult. There was an end of Mr. Gladstone's holiday. He was determined to study the question for himself, and from the life. He obtained the means of visiting the prisons. He saw the men in their chains. He learned who they were and what they had done. He found that some of them were men of the highest personal character and honor—patriots, statesmen, valuable citizens to any State which showed itself worthy of their co-operation. As the result of his inquiries and his observation, Mr. Gladstone, on the second of April, 1851, addressed, nominally to his friend Lord Aberdeen, afterwards Prime Minister of England, but really to the whole civilized and Christian world, a letter in which he described and denounced the abominations which he had seen, and, indeed, the whole system of King Ferdinand's gov-



VIEW OF NAPLES FROM A POINT NEAR VIRGIL'S TOMB

Vesuvius lies immediately opposite. At its base are seen the villages of Torre del Greco (several times destroyed by lava) and Torre Annunziata, which, with Portici and Resina (the latter covering the ancient Herculaneum), form an interrupted continuation of Naples.



A FEATHERING BEACH. MR. GLADSTONE'S FAVORITE TREE

The tree stands just inside the iron fence which separates the private grounds of Hawarden Castle from the main park. The latter is open to the public. The tree was specially photographed last April for *The Outlook* by Mr. A. P. Monger, of London. The turf was already covered with daisies, but the tree had not yet put forth its leaves.

ernment. He followed this up with other letters, and the effect which they produced was an almost unparalleled sensation throughout England and throughout Europe. He explained in the first of his letters that he had not gone to Naples with any idea of criticising the system of government there, or of looking out for grievances in its administration, or of propagating any political creeds or theories whatever. He said that the work which he had undertaken had been forced upon him by his conscience, and that even after he had returned to his own country he felt only stronger and more imperative the duty of proclaiming his views. He very judiciously declined to go into any question as to the validity of the title which the existing Government of the Two Sicilies possessed. Whether the title was one of law or of force was not a matter

for his consideration. He laid down three propositions: "First, that the present practices of the Government of Naples in reference to real or supposed political offenders are an outrage upon religion, upon civilization, upon humanity, and upon decency. Secondly, that these practices are certainly and even rapidly doing the work of republicanism in that country—a political creed which has little natural root in the character of the people. Thirdly, that, as a member of the Conservative party in one of the great family of European nations, I am compelled to remember that that party stands in virtual and real, though perhaps unconscious, alliance with all the established Governments of Europe as such, and that according to the measure of its influence they suffer more or less of moral detriment from its reverses, and derive strength and encourage-



HAWARDEN PARK

A view on the road leading to the Castle from the main entrance at Hawarden Village. Specially photographed for The Outlook by Mr. Watmough Webster, of Chester.

ment from its successes." He explained that he had deliberately abstained from making any British agencies or influences, diplomatic or political, responsible for his utterances. The charge he made against the Government of Naples was not one of corruption among some of its officials, of occasional harshness or even cruelty to its prisoners, or the imprisonment of men on charges not, in his opinion, sufficiently proved. Charges such as these might in disturbed and trying times be made, with occasional justice, against any State in Europe. Mr. Gladstone's indictment against the Government of the Two Sicilies was that it deliberately violated its own constitution and trampled on its own laws. This point ought to be strongly impressed on the mind of the reader. Mr. Gladstone did not merely accuse the Neapolitan Government of making the full cruel use of laws which were in themselves cruel. His charge against the Neapolitan Government was that it broke its own code of laws for the purpose of inflicting on its enemies a severity of punishment which the laws did not allow, and that it obtained convictions by methods which the laws themselves condemned. One striking passage from Mr. Gladstone's letter has, indeed, been quoted often and often before, but I cannot refrain from quoting it once again :

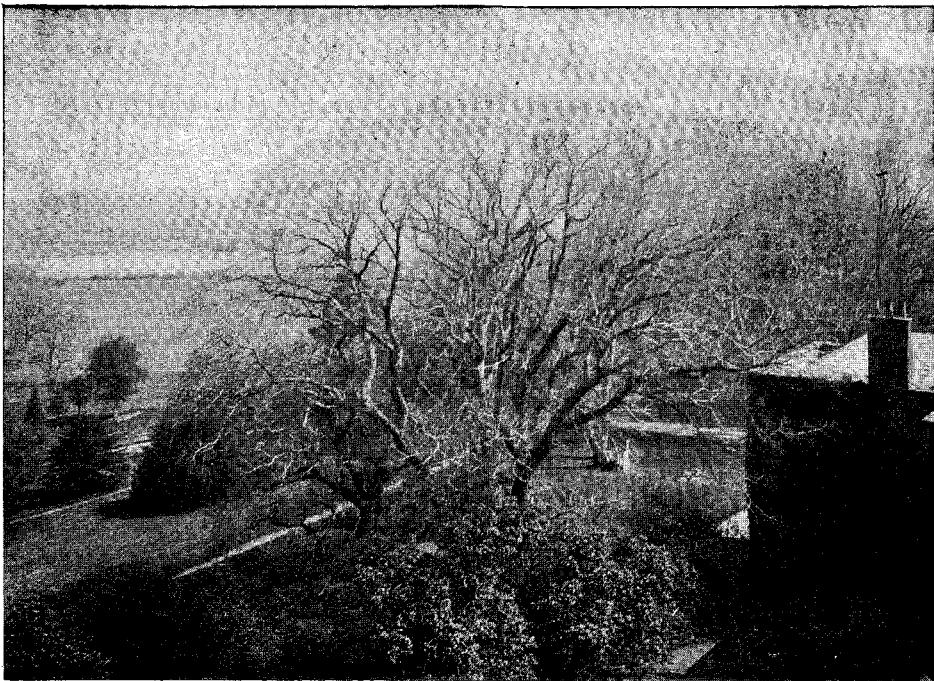
"It is such violation of human and written law as this, carried on for the purpose of violating every other law, unwritten and eternal, human and divine ; it is the wholesale persecution of virtue, when united with intelligence, operating upon such a scale that entire classes may with truth be said to be its object, so that the Government is in bitter and cruel, as well as utterly illegal, hostility to whatever in the nation really lives and moves, and forms the mainspring of practical progress and improvement ; it is the awful profanation of public religion, by its notorious alliance in the governing powers with the violation of every moral rule under the stimulants of fear and vengeance ; it is the perfect prostitution of the judicial office which has made it, under veils only too threadbare and transparent, the degraded recipient of the vilest and clumsiest forgeries, got up willfully and deliberately by the immediate advisers of the Crown for the purpose of destroying the peace, the freedom, aye, and even, if not by capital sentences, the life of men amongst the most virtuous, upright, intelligent, distinguished, and refined of the whole community ; it is the savage and cowardly system of moral, as well as, in a lower degree, of physical, torture, through which the sentences obtained from the debased courts of justice are carried into

effect. The effect of all this is a total inversion of all the moral and social ideas. Law, instead of being respected, is odious. Force, and not affection, is the foundation of government. There is no association, but a violent antagonism, between the idea of freedom and that of order. The governing power, which teaches of itself that it is the image of God upon earth, is clothed, in the view of the overwhelming majority of the thinking public, with all the vices for its attributes. I have heard the strong and too true expression used—‘This is the negation of God erected into a system of government.’”

This last phrase passed into history and into literature. Mr. Gladstone gave it in the original Italian in which he had heard it, and its fame soon went abroad. Now, for the first time, Mr. Gladstone had proved himself to be a leader of truly Liberal ideas. Now there was clearly revealed in his nature that “passion of philanthropy” which he himself had ascribed to O’Connell, and which inspired him to the end. He was still far from being a professed Liberal in politics. He would still have put away from him the offer of a place in a Liberal administration. But his ideas were expanding be-

yond the narrow and hidebound limits of the old-fashioned Toryism. Let it be remembered that there never was in Mr. Gladstone any natural inclination towards republican sentiments. His whole feelings and reasonings went with the monarchical form of government, and he wrote, no doubt, with perfect sincerity when he said, in his letter to Lord Aberdeen, that he complained of the practices of the Neapolitan Government because, among other things, they were rapidly doing the work of republicanism in Naples—“a political creed which has little natural or habitual root in the character of the people.” He stood forth simply as a leader in the cause of humanity; that, and that only, was the flag he unfurled.

The letter, as might be expected, created a profound sensation throughout Europe, and indeed throughout the whole civilized world. A question was put to Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons on the subject, and Lord Palmerston expressed his belief, derived from various other sources of information, that the statements contained in Mr. Gladstone’s letters gave only too accurate a description of the condition of things existing in Naples. Lord Palmerston added, how-

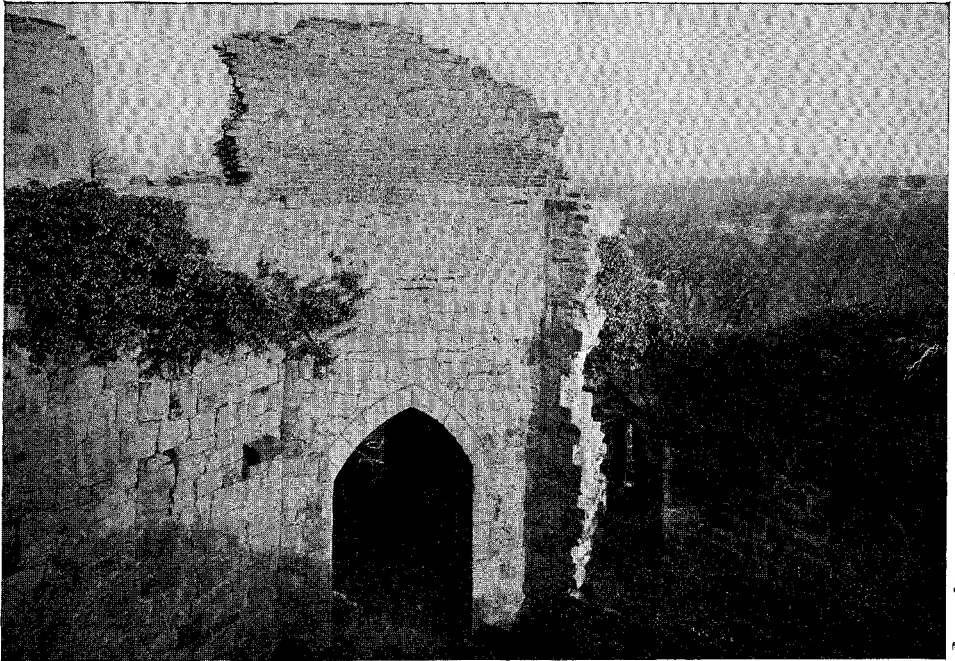


VIEW ACROSS THE DEE VALLEY FROM THE TOP OF HAWARDEN CHURCH TOWER

The building to the right is Hawarden Rectory. Specially photographed for The Outlook by Mr. A. P. Monger, of London.

ever, that the British Government had not considered it a part of its duty to make any formal representations to the Neapolitan Government on a subject that belonged entirely to the internal affairs of the kingdom. But he announced that he had thought it right to send copies of Mr. Gladstone's letters, now embodied in a pamphlet, to all the English Ministers at the various courts of Europe, directing them to give to each Government a copy of the pamphlet, in the hope that, by affording them an opportunity of reading it, they might be led to use their influence in promoting Mr. Gladstone's object. There were, of course, numbers of replies, official and non-official, to Mr. Gladstone's charges. Some of the French papers made it a mere question of religion, and tried to convey the idea that it was only the case of a Protestant statesman denouncing a Catholic State. It is as well to point out that, in one of his letters to Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Gladstone distinctly exempts the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church in Naples, as a body, from any implication in the conduct of the Neapolitan Government. The whole mass of the replies to Mr. Gladstone's letters had little or nothing to do with the reality of the question at issue.

No doubt Mr. Gladstone was shown to have made many mistakes as to dates and details and persons. The most expert firm of lawyers could not possibly have drawn up so long and comprehensive an indictment without making a mistake here or a mistake there. All that Mr. Gladstone had seen with his own eyes was beyond dispute, and, in fact, never was disputed. But although he had made the most searching efforts to get at the literal truth of every statement submitted to him, it was not possible that he could always be proof against unconscious exaggeration, mistake, or lapse of memory on the part of the narrator. Yet the substance and the essence of his charges remained absolutely immovable. Cruelties beyond number were shown to have been inflicted by the Neapolitan Government in absolute disregard and defiance of the constitution and the laws of the country. Mr. Gladstone frankly admitted the mistakes which he had made, but he showed with clearness that the great bulk of his accusations was established, and that he had in some cases understated rather than overstated the gravity of the charge. He published a letter in which he once more vindicated his accusations. "The arrow has shot deep into the mark"



HAWARDEN. RUINS OF THE OLD CASTLE

A view from the top looking across the upper reaches of the Park. Specially photographed for The Outlook by Mr. A. P. Menger, of London.



THE RUINS OF THE OLD HAWARDEN CASTLE

A view from the driveway leading from Hawarden Village to the new Castle. Specially photographed for The Outlook by Mr. Watmough Webster, of Chester.

he said, "and cannot be dislodged. But I have sought, in once more entering the field, not only to sum up the state of the facts in the manner nearest to exactitude, but likewise to close the case as I began it, presenting it from first to last in the light of a matter which is not primarily or mainly political, which is better kept apart from Parliamentary discussion, which has no connection whatever with any peculiar idea or separate object or interest of England, but which appertains to the sphere of humanity at large, and well deserves the consideration of every man who feels a concern for the well-being of his race in its bearings on that well-being; on the elementary demands of individual domestic happiness; on the permanent maintenance of public order; on the stability of thrones; on the solution of that great problem which, day and night, in its innumerable forms, must haunt the reflections of every statesman both here and elsewhere—how to harmonize the old with the new conditions of society, and to mitigate the increasing stress of time and change upon what remains of this ancient and venerable fabric of the traditional civilization of Europe."

Mr. Gladstone expressed a just pride in the knowledge that on the challenge of one private individual the Government of Naples had been compelled to plead before the tribunal of public opinion, and to admit its jurisdiction. He even went so far as to pay a compliment to the Neapolitan Government for having resolved on "the manly course of an official reply," and declared himself not without a hope that the result of the whole discussion might be a complete reform of the departments of the Kingdom of Naples. Finally, Mr. Gladstone said:

"I express the hope that it may not become a hard necessity to keep this controversy alive until it reaches its one possible issue, which no power of man can permanently intercept; I express the hope that, while there is time, while there is quiet, while dignity may yet be saved in showing mercy, and in the blessed work of restoring Justice to her seat, the Government of Naples may set its hand in earnest to the work of real and searching, however quiet and unostentatious, reform; that it may not become unavoidable to reiterate these appeals from the hand of power to the one common heart of man-

kind; to produce those painful documents, those harrowing descriptions, which might be supplied in rank abundance, of which I have scarcely given the faintest idea or sketch, and which, if they were laid from time to time before the world, would bear down like a deluge every effort at apology or palliation, and would cause all that has recently been known to be forgotten and eclipsed in deeper horrors yet; lest this strength of offended and indignant humanity should rise up as a giant refreshed with wine, and, while sweeping away these abominations from the eye of heaven, should sweep away along with them things pure and honest, ancient, venerable, salutary to mankind, crowned with the glories of the past, and still capable of bearing future fruit."

There can be no doubt that the publication of the letters and the vast-spreading controversy which sprang from it did much good, even to the political systems of the kingdom of Naples itself. No civilized Government can be thus compelled to plead its cause before the bar of universal public opinion without finding itself constrained to review its own actions and to revise some of its own practices. The prison system and the political trials of the Kingdom of Naples began to improve a little from that day. But the Kingdom of Naples was not allowed much time for improvement. Within less than ten years a revolution had swept it away; nor does there appear at the present moment the remotest prospect of a return of the Spanish Bourbons to rule in any part of Italy. Mr. Gladstone taught a lesson which it is necessary to teach to most Governments. I know, indeed, of no Government, except that of the United States alone, which is not under strong temptation every now and then to deal harshly with its political enemies, and even to strain the laws against them. I have heard Mr. Gladstone's own words quoted again and again in the House of Commons as a lesson which ought to be an example to English Governments in their dealings with political prisoners. I can only say, so much the better. The moral of Mr. Gladstone's letters was never meant to apply to the Government of Naples alone. It applies to every State where, in times of disturbance, the first thought is how to punish the enemy, and

all thought of finding out the grievance, if grievance there be, is waved away into the vague future.

I may remark that many even of Mr. Gladstone's admirers, then and since, were of opinion that there was something in the course he took which was incompatible with the attitude assumed by him in replying to Lord Palmerston on the Don Pacifico question. The course of reasoning is somewhat curious. Mr. Gladstone had denounced in the House of Commons "the vain conception that we, forsooth, have a mission to be the censors of vice and folly, of abuse and imperfection, among the other countries of the world." It is pointed out as something strange that a public man who uttered such opinions should have almost straightway made himself the censor of vice and folly, of abuse and imperfection, in the foreign kingdom of Naples. Five minutes of reflection ought to be enough to show to any one that there is no inconsistency whatever between the one position and the other. Mr. Gladstone objected to the English Government, the English State, intervening in the affairs of Greece to set right certain defects of the Greek system, and with a strong hand seizing and confiscating Greek vessels to satisfy a preposterous claim for all but imaginary damages. What on earth has this contention to do with the right of a private individual to expose a terrible grievance seen with his own eyes in the prison system of a foreign country? We might as well say that Howard the philanthropist, because he visited foreign prisons and exposed the horrors of them, would have been inconsistent if he had objected to the English Government sending an invading army into each of these foreign countries in order to compel them to set their prison-houses in order. One might as well say, to come down to a smaller illustration, that the Member of Parliament who objected to our intervention in the domestic affairs of France or Italy is guilty of inconsistency if afterwards he writes a letter to the London newspapers to complain of the loss of his luggage on the French or Italian frontier. Mr. Gladstone acted with perfect consistency in these instances; and, indeed, the best possible way of rendering intervention in

the domestic affairs of foreign States unnecessary is such an appeal to the public conscience of the civilized world as that which Mr. Gladstone made when he brought the Neapolitan Government, by his own voice and his own action, before the tribunal of European opinion. Mr. Gladstone was then and since a strong friend and champion of Italian unity. Many accusations were made against him on that ground by those who upheld the Austrian possession of Lombardy, and the rule of the King of Naples, and the maintenance of the ducal systems of Tuscany and Modena and other places. The whole controversy is long since dead and buried, and I, for one, have not the slightest wish to revive it. But one of the charges made against Mr. Gladstone was that he personally associated himself with Italian conspiracy, and that he was the intimate friend of Mazzini. The only comment I have to make on this latter charge is that I myself heard Mr. Gladstone, in the House of Commons, many years ago, say, with emphasis, "Mr. Speaker, I never saw Signor Mazzini." I do not infer from these words that Mr. Gladstone meant in any way to disparage Mazzini or to associate himself with the charges that were made from time to time against the Italian leader. I merely note the fact that Mr. Gladstone "never saw Signor Mazzini."

[To be continued in the Magazine Number for April]

How to Review

Twenty Counsels of Perfection for the Guidance of Old Reviewers

By I. Zangwill

1. Read every book through that is worth reading at all.
2. Never blame a book for not being some other book.
3. Never compare a book with another of a different genre.
4. Do not go behind a book. Your business is with the book, the whole book, and nothing but the book.
5. If your author is a humorist, don't review him unless you have a sense of humor.
8. If possible, allow yourself occasionally to suspect that your author is your superior.
9. Never give quotations in justification of your abuse, especially if you cry "bad taste." Unsupported verdicts are safest.
10. Should you discover only one misquotation

or mistake, do not parade it as though but one of a crowd, for that is the swindle of the sham sample.

11. Do not visit it on an author that you did not discover him or he did not discover you, or that he omitted to be born in your country, educated at your university, or put up for your club.

12. Review for art's sake and the book's sake, not for your own sake nor your author's sake, neither have regard to your friend nor your enemy, nor your friend's friend, nor your enemy's friend, nor your friend's enemy, nor your paper, nor its publisher, nor its ass, nor anything that is your paper's.

13. Never hesitate to praise a friend or to blame a foe.

14. Concede every form of art a right to existence, and beware of mistaking new forms for formlessness.

15. In reviewing novels or plays, remember that every piece of representative art must have unity, lifelikeness, and stimulativeness. But these may be achieved variously. Unity of theme or of atmosphere sometimes replaces symmetry of incident, and happy endings do not always leave the reader happy.

16. Do not contemptuously dismiss a character as a prig unless you are sure the novelist meant him not to be; and if you dislike his characters, that is no reason for challenging the author's morals.

17. In reviewing selections from the poets, do not say there are certain pieces included which you would have left out, and certain pieces left out which you would have put in. No two tastes are exactly alike, and even a jury of one, if it is honest, sometimes returns a verdict of "unable to agree."

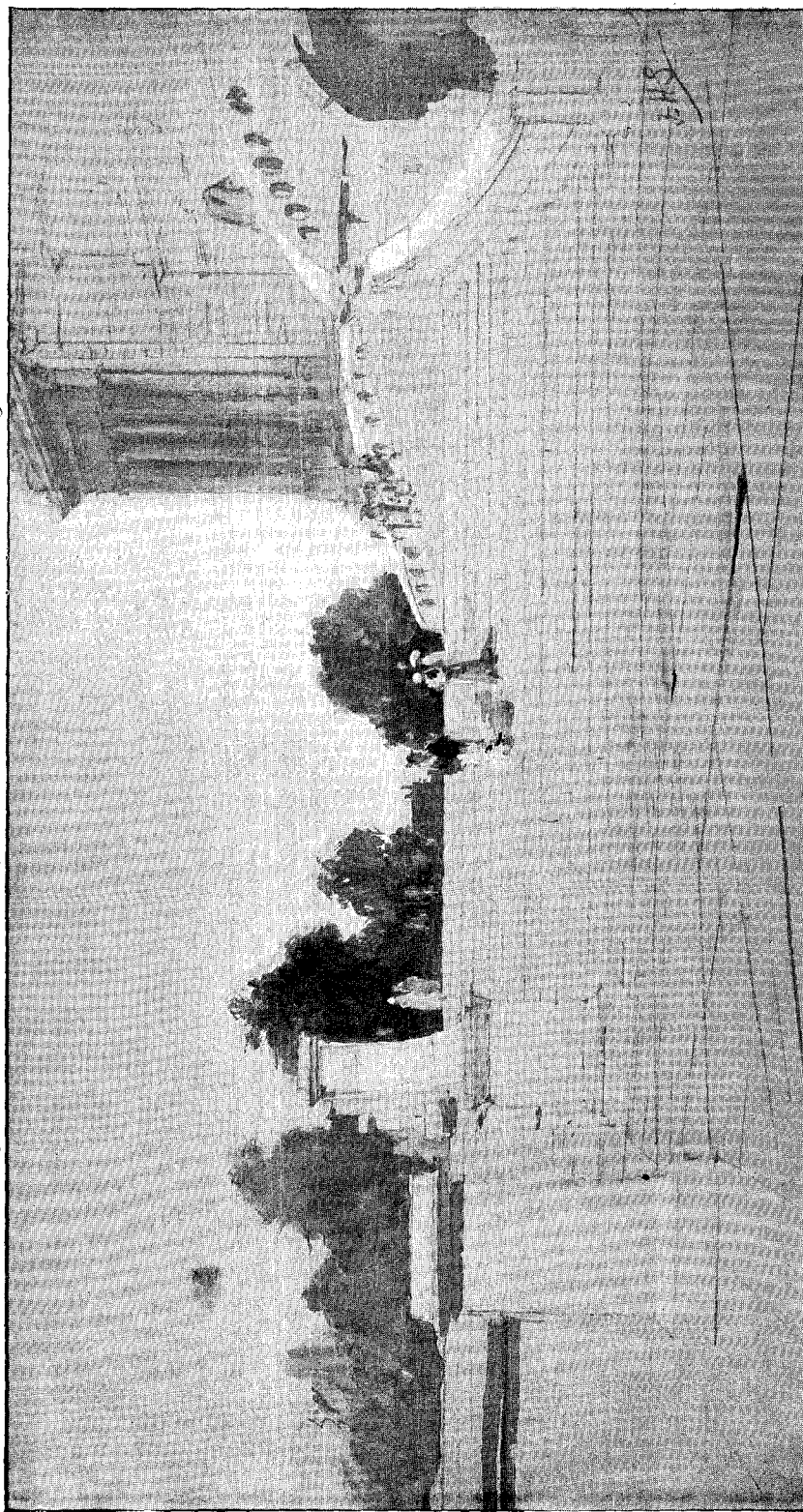
18. Have a standard of praise, set by Shakespeare. In poetry in particular the odds are tremendous against any new book containing one real line of poetry. Take warning by the habitual swearer who had no language to express himself in when he got really angry. Keep your best adjectives clean and bright for the service of the gods, and when they do come be more solicitous to worship than to write clever hymns.

19. Do not rank the artists who handle parochial matters—however greatly—with the Balzacs and Tourguéneffs who handle greatly the fullness of life.

20. To bad books award the damnation of silence.—*The Chap Book*.



Every being, every society, every institution, has work to do. It is in the finding of that work and in the doing of it that the welfare of the man or of the institution lies. This is the universal principle of the whole creation, alike on its material, its moral, and its spiritual sides.—*Principal Millar*.



THE NATIONAL LIBRARY—SECOND LANDING, MAIN STEPS

The New Library of Congress

By F. Hopkinson Smith

IT was from the front platform of a street-car, as it rounded the Capitol grounds, that I got my first view of the new Library of Congress crowning a gently rising hill some thousand feet away. Under the morning light it seemed a great oblong box of a whitish-gray, perforated with windows, ribbed and fluted on all four sides with columns, indented with loggias, and surmounted by a gold dome. This dome, they tell me, whether in the blaze of a noonday sun, the varnishing wets of a driving rain, or under the mellow radiance of an August moon, can be seen from twenty miles down the Potomac.

Midway on the front of the box projects a portico, with more fluted columns, windows, and loggias. Extending from this portico is a great broad platform, overlooking a double flight of granite steps guarded by stone balustrades, that lead down to still other platforms, steps, and balustrades, and so on between grassy slopes below to a wide street fronting the building itself.

This is the new Library of Congress, which has taken five years to build and which will have cost six millions of dollars when finished.

To me, as I looked, the chief charm of this mass of granite lay in its isolation. Not a single building, except the Capitol, lifts its roof higher than the level of the main floor of the building itself. It is like a city set on a hill, its only background being the sky. It dominates everything about it. Its isolation adds dignity to its mass, and the picturesque quality of its sky-line makes it peculiarly impressive.

The details of even a successful architectural work are not always satisfying. The best impressions produced often lie in the edge of the mass as it cuts against the light; the break of the hard, incisive perpendicular by the offset of columns and capital; the softening of right angles by crestings, railings, or the half-round of a dome intersecting a horizontal cornice. Whatever effects are gained by indents of windows—mere shadow-dots; these open arched doors—larger dots; columns

—shaded lines; niches fitted with busts—mere roughings of the surface—are as nothing compared to the lines and proportions of the mass. The great Michael himself, with Praxiteles and Phidias to help, could not model the surface of a building into beauty—in other words, incrust it with statues, busts, wreaths, and scrolls—if the dome were too large for the square of its base, or the tower too short for the roof. The Pyramids illustrated the dignity of simple lines to the ancients; and the old reservoir in New York (the proposed site for another great library), with its simple lines and graceful curves, a structure far more imposing than anything within miles of it, proves every day to moderns that plain surfaces admirably proportioned are infinitely more beautiful than the confectionery adorning many more costly and ornate structures within sight of its walls.

This oblong box of granite, then, in our National Capital, with its horizontal roof-line making a bound in its center over the dome-line, and its really superb flights of double staircases, leisurely and by easy stages of successive platforms falling to the street below—this box, I say, as a mass, and because of its dominating site, is by far the most impressive of all the buildings of more recent date in Washington.

But if its location is an inspiration and its mass a satisfaction, its interior is no less a delight. You come upon a series of surprises which constantly increase in interest.

The first of these surprises is the superb corridor running parallel with the front of the building, its ceiling high enough to make the back of your neck ache when you study its detail. It is a white and gold corridor, all wainscoted in blue-white Vermont marble, with pilasters surmounted by double statues, the stucco reliefs touched here and there with gold leaf—not over-touched, nor under-touched—each flake of gold accentuating perfectly the precise part of the molding necessary to express its highest relief. The corridor is in blue-white and yellow-gold,

remember; not *reddish*-yellow-gold and *yellow*-white marble. It is in just these shades of difference in tones of color that Mr. Elmer E. Garnsey, the chief decorator, has shown such tact, and it is in just this exercise of a fine perception and a profound knowledge of the fundamental laws that govern the science of color which, applied to the decoration of this building, have made it so fine, and which will make it so profitable as an object-lesson to all students who analyze the means Mr. Garnsey and his assistants have used to produce the effects achieved.

Next in the order of surprises comes the Grand Hall, with its flat roof of stained glass, its granite and marble staircases, columns of colored marbles, and bas-reliefs in stone and bronze. And, finally, we have the last and greatest surprise of all—the interior of the great dome itself, with a center so high that not only the back of your neck but your whole spinal column aches when you try to study Blashfield's superb work more than one hundred feet above you in the collar of the dome itself.

In this dome, more than in any other part of the building, perhaps, have the architect and decorator clasped hands and worked in harmony. The architect began at the floor level with a deep wainscoting of porphyry-colored Tennessee marble—a slight purplish-red. Above this he has grouped clusters of splendid columns with gold capitals. Above this again he has placed balconies of Sienna marble—brownish-yellow—reaching to the lower edge of the rim of the bowl of the dome. The decorator then, catching upon his palette all the purple, red-browns, and yellow tones that the architect has given him, has distributed these in the shadows of moldings, behind rosettes set in squares, along flutes and scrolls and fanciful tracery, enlivening and making brilliant the whole by judicious touches here and there of gold, all handled and applied with that same thorough knowledge of the uses and purposes of the metal which were so well understood and admirably exemplified in the corridor first entered.

Under this great dome you will always have to keep still, for this is to be the great public reading-room. Here men will talk in whispers, while some sit silent for hours, their noses in leather bindings.

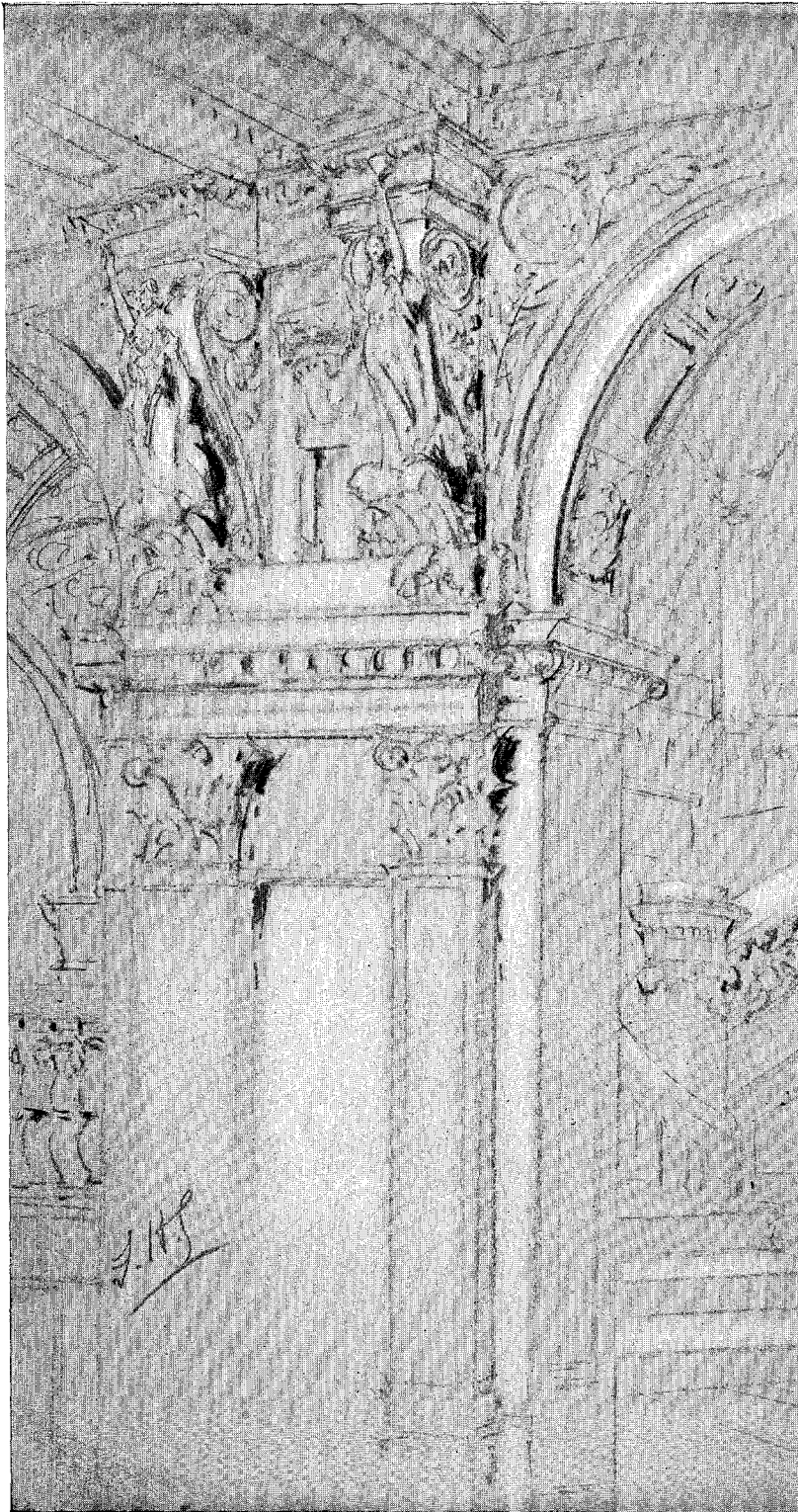
Others will tiptoe about, buttonholing attendants, voicing their several wants in low, respectful tones. But you can fancy that not even the stringent rules of a reading-room will produce all the quiet that will be felt. The dignity and very bigness of this majestic overarching roof of marble, bronze, and gold must produce an effect of its own. If it serves no other purpose than to subdue the voices and encourage reverence in the average American, it will be cheap at twice its cost. Saint Sophia, San Marco, and St. Paul's hush men into silence and decorum as much by the beauty and dignity of their interior lines as by the respect inspired by the several faiths they are raised to glorify. It is just as impossible for one to think of dancing a fandango under the dome of St. Peter's as it would be for some of us to be willing to hold high mass in a French boudoir.

To recapitulate, we have now an oblong granite box set on a hill and surmounted by a dome. This dome, however, covers but a small portion of the box—its center.

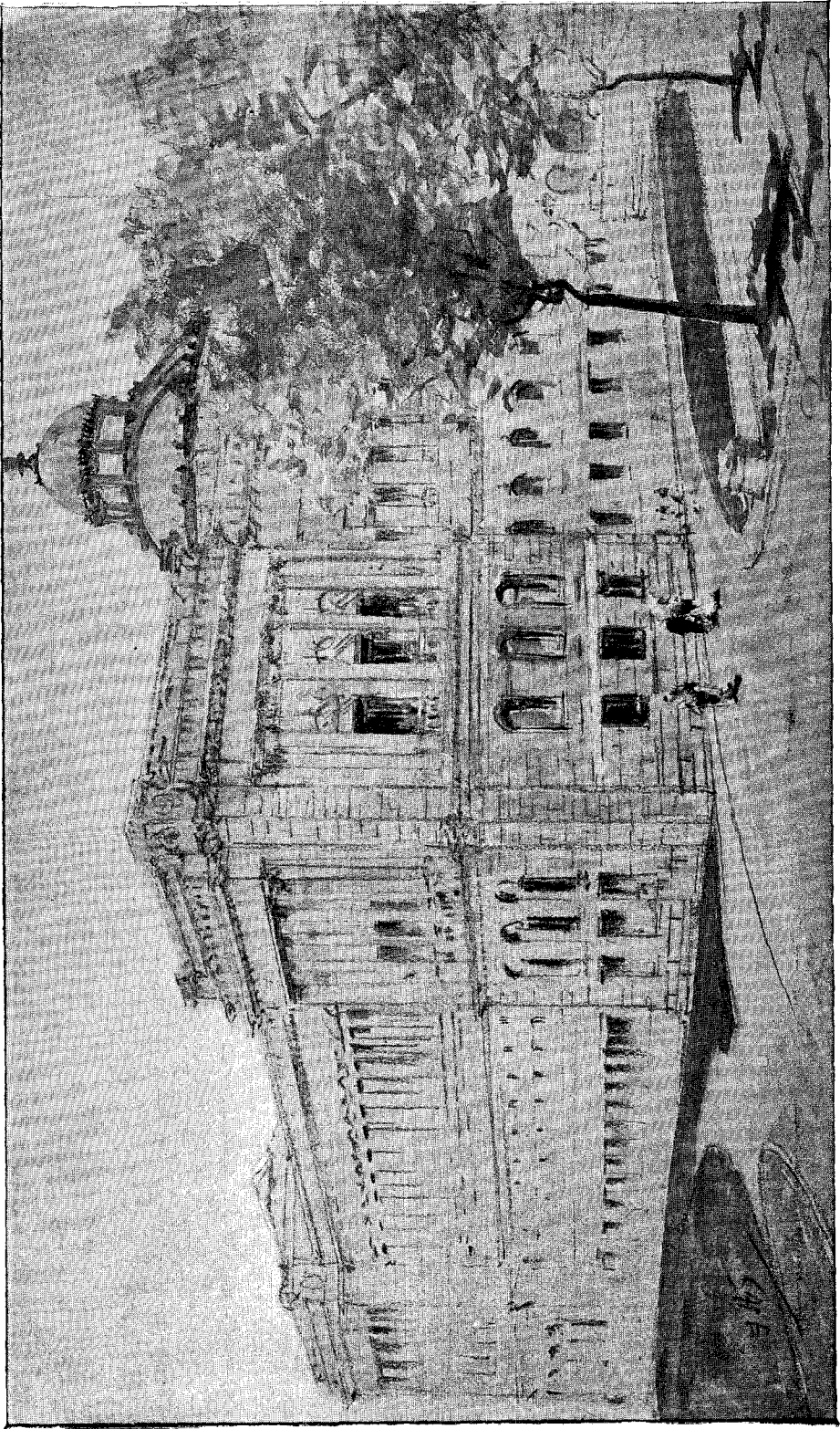
From the base of this dome to the inside lining of the box run four high, narrow buildings, the four forming the figure of a Greek cross. The entrance and Grand Hall lie in one arm of the cross; the other three arms are straight-up-and-down buildings nine stories high and, say, seventy-five feet wide, each lighted on two sides. These contain the book-stacks, on which can be shelved four and a half million of volumes.

These stacks deserve especial attention, not only because of the admirable design of the architect in so placing them in the space between the dome and the inner side of the box that they could receive light from all sides, but because of the ingenious method of ventilation and space-saving designed and carried out by the present engineer-in-chief, Mr. Bernard R. Greene, C.E., General Casey's successor.

The individual bookcases of these stacks are each eight feet high, the top shelf being within easy reach of the hand of the average man. The cases are far enough apart for two persons, each looking for a book, to stand back to back. The floor they stand upon is made of a white marble slab set in an iron frame. Between this marble slab and the bookcases



INTERIOR OF CORRIDOR



NORTHWEST CORNER—NEW LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

there is an open space of an inch or more. One can stand, then, on the top marble plank in the ninth story and, by bending, look down between these spaces and see a ring sparkle on some lady's finger as she pulls out a book from a case on the first floor, sixty-five feet below. This ingenious construction insures ventilation and light, and banishes the hitherto unconquerable enemy of all public libraries—mold and worms.

Some more exact measurements and comparisons may be of value to those who depend on such items in order to appreciate what they have at home, contrasting it with what other people have abroad.

For measurements: The oblong granite box is 470×340 feet, and covers three and a half acres of ground. The outer walls front on four streets, with four inner courts, 150 feet in length by 75 feet wide. The light pours through two thousand windows. The dome is 195 feet high from the gold torch that caps its summit down to the grass that borders the stone walks. The inside measurement of the dome, forming the Central Reading-Room, is 100 feet in diameter, and measures 125 feet from where Blashfield lay on his back on a scaffold painting his exquisite design, to the floor below spattered with the droppings of his brush. The semicircular windows lighting this central room are thirty-two feet wide.

The book-stacks, one above the other, measure sixty-five feet from floor to roof. If some enterprising American would lay these shelves end to end, as a bicycle track, they would reach from Washington to Baltimore, a distance of forty-three miles. No American author need worry over there not being enough room for the storing of his future literary efforts, whether readers are provided or not. The total accumulation of the Government so far is about one and a half millions of books. As these stacks find room for four and a half million, there is ample room for a century and a half to come—without crowding.

For comparisons: The largest existing library in France contains a collection of books estimated at two and a half million volumes. The area of our library and its connecting rooms is about one hundred and eleven thousand square feet,

with a total floor-space of eight acres; while the ground area of the British Museum building in London is but a trifle over ninety thousand square feet.

These facts are not important, but they may serve to excite the admiration of some fellow-countryman who is more interested in the spread of the eagle's wing than in the coloring of his plumage. They show, at least, that when the projectors of this noble undertaking first began the outline of their plan, they fully realized what the American public would demand in a home for its books.

But it is not the mere construction of the Library that will interest us, it is what has been added to the construction. For here we have not only the consummation of hopes fostered by the World's Fair at Chicago, but the admission as well, by those who control Government expenditures, of the truth of the rule that when the stonemason and the plasterer have taken down their scaffolds, it by no means follows that the kalsominer and the scrub-woman are all that is necessary to fit the building for immediate occupation. It is, we hope, the forerunner of a clause to be inserted in every future appropriation bill providing funds for the "erection" of Government buildings, specifying that an equally proportionate sum shall be allotted for their decoration.

The decoration of this building will act as an object-lesson to thousands of our people (it is admirably placed in Washington, where every American goes once in his lifetime), teaching them and proving to them that color and sculpture judiciously applied and placed in decorating their own court-houses, libraries, and schools at home are as important as the brick and mortar of which they are built. Best of all, they will furnish not only encouragement to our sculptors and painters to give their best work to the public, but they will widen the field for their future employment. This cannot but result in building up a school of American decorators of whom our country will be justly proud, and who, by reason of such opportunities, will be enabled to take rank with the best decorators of modern times.

In the names of the painters who have been selected for the decoration of the building one finds a sufficient guarantee of the quality of the work performed and

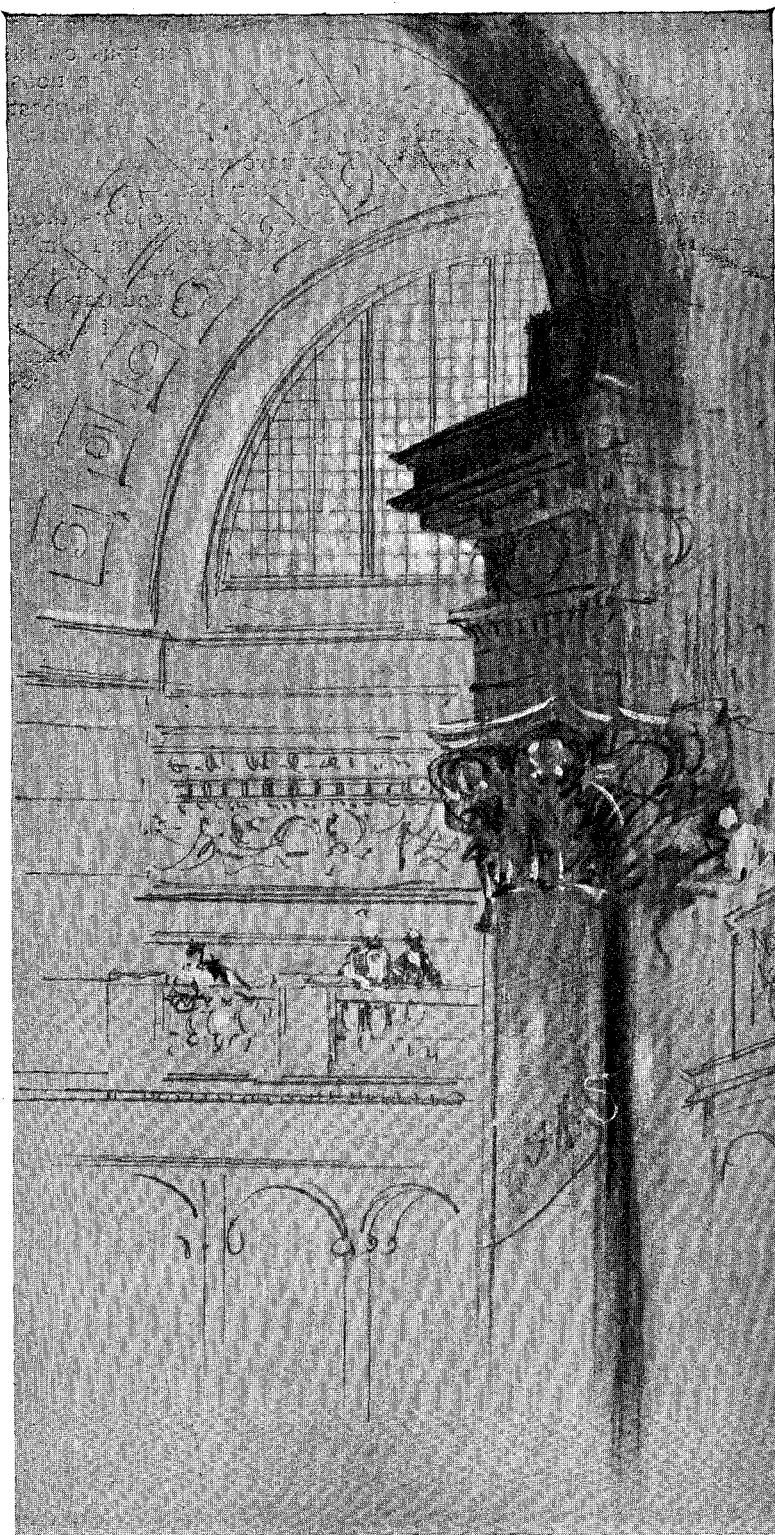
of that which is still in progress. E. H. Blashfield has painted a series of frescoes illustrating the nations who have contributed conspicuously to the humanizing of the world. Abbott H. Thayer, in the main staircase hall, has designed a Minerva executed in mosaic. Kenyon Cox fills two lunettes with frescoes illustrative of the Arts and Sciences. George W. Maynard exhibits four lunettes—Adventure, Discovery, Colonization, and Civilization. W. L. Dodge devotes four lunettes to Allegories of Music, Art, Literature, and Science, and has also painted the fresco entitled "Ambition," placed in the uppermost part of the dome. In the Special Reading-Room for the House of Representatives there will be two panels in mosaic, designed by Frederick Dielman, representing Law and History. Charles Sprague Pearce adorns several important lunettes in the Main Pavilion with allegorical frescoes dedicated to The Family, Recreation, Work, and so on. In the Vestibule leading into the Rotunda there are two lunettes for which frescoes have been made by Elihu Vedder—on one side Good Administration and Peace, on the other Corruption and Anarchy, and between these a fresco illustrative of Government. In the East Hall are six lunettes decorated by J. W. Alexander, his designs showing the Evolution of a Book. Near by, Walter McEwen furnishes designs consecrated to Heroes, and Edward Simmons has designed a procession of The Muses. Carl Guthertz covers the seven ceiling-panels of the Representatives' Special Reading-Room with a set of decorations showing The Lights of Civilization, and Gari Melchers places elsewhere two frescoes given to Peace and War. In the South Hall of the Main Pavilion is a fresco of Poetry, designed by H. O. Walker.

The list so far includes only our figure-painters. It is a question whether our landscape-painters should not also have been included in the list of names which will make this house for books worthy of its contents. It is quite within the possible that such men as Appleton Brown, Charles H. Davis, William E. Coffin, Leonard Ochtman, Samuel Colman, George W. Smillie, Thomas Moran, Bruce Crane, Harry Eaton, McIlhenny, and a dozen others whose names will

readily suggest themselves, could have conventionalized a landscape that would have added greatly to the beauty of the interior of the structure.

While, of course, mere atmosphere, surrounding cloud and tree form, are out of place in mural decoration, there are many subjects germane to our national life which are well adapted to interior decoration, and more than valuable, if not necessary, in spaces where a greater depth of perspective is required to give increased length to a room. The rush of the first train across the continent with its wreathing smoke; masses of blue-black giant trees against a gold sky; the whirl of a log-jam, with the seething, tumbling water; and scores of other purely typical national subjects, will suggest themselves to any one who pauses to consider how peculiarly fertile our country is in subjects of this class; how entirely unique and original they are as color schemes, and how admirably their adoption in decoration would illustrate our national life and enhance the beauty of our interiors. Many a lunette in a dark corridor could be made to glow with a never-ending sky when symbolical figures occupying the same space would always present surface and flatness.

Not only the painters and decorators, but the sculptors and modelers in stucco, have been brought in to make this home of literature beautiful. MacMonnies, whom most Americans know by his superb fountain in the Court of Honor at our World's Fair, is designing the great bronze doors of the Central Entrance. George Barnard is modeling the bronze figures for the fountain, and John Flanagan is at work upon a clock set in bronze and richly colored marbles for the Reading-Room. The statuary for this room itself comprises eight colossal emblematic figures representing Art, by Augustus St. Gaudens; History, by Daniel C. French; Philosophy, by B. L. Pratt; Poetry, by J. Q. A. Ward; Science, by John Donoghue; Law, by Paul W. Bartlett; Commerce, by John Flanagan; and Religion, by Theodore Bauer. Two representative figures for each subject are cast in bronze statues of heroic size to be arranged in groups around the galleries of the Rotunda. Philosophy is represented by Plato and Lord Bacon; History, by Herodotus



COLUMNS OF DOME

and Gibbon; Poetry, by Homer and Shakespeare; Art, by Michael Angelo and Beethoven; Science, by Newton and Henry; Law, by Solon and Kent; Commerce, by Columbus and Fulton; and Religion, by Moses and St. Paul.

The sculptured decorations as well are executed by competent artists, all selected by three members of the National Society of Sculptors, while designs have been furnished by C. H. Niehaus, George E. Bissell, Louis St. Gaudens, John T. Boyle, C. E. Dallin, F. W. MacMonnies, Olin H. Warner, and George Barnard. Exquisite medallions to be placed in the main Stairs Hall have also been made by R. H. Perry, representing four sibyls.

The mottoes lettered on panels ornamenting the pendentives of the dome of the great Reading-Room, encircled by palm-leaves in high relief and supported on each side by kneeling figures—the work of Philip Martigny—were selected by President Eliot, of Harvard. The choice of such an expert for apparently so slight a detail shows how thoroughly all parts of this work have been carried out.

For Bartlett's statue representing "Law," the motto reads:

Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her voice is the harmony of the World.—*Hooker*.

For St. Gaudens's "Art:—"

As one lamp lights another nor grows less, so nobleness enkindleth nobleness.—*Lowell*.

For French's "History:—"

One God, one law, one element, and one far-off divine event to which the whole Creation moves.

The others are equally well chosen and expressive.

Sculptors, designers, painters, and modelers have worked side by side in the embellishing and beautifying of a home for books in a life at once unique and delightful, seen only once before in this country—in Chicago, when some of these same men lived and worked together—and to be repeated only as our art world grows and newer buildings are erected requiring the aid of their genius. It is a never-to-be-forgotten life for those who share its good fellowship, and it is possible only when a group of brilliant men are gathered together in one space, all interested in each

other's success, all willing to receive and give well-timed, generous criticism, and all working in diverse directions to one common end—to give the highest expression in their power to a National Art.

They have worked under the very roof of the Library itself—away up iron steps that break your knee-joints (the elevators were not completed when I climbed them)—up where huge water-tanks are hung, the attic stairs end, and trap-doors begin. There you reach a great square loft of a room, bare of partitions except some dividing screens and curtains, and lighted on both sides its entire length by big windows. The whitewashed walls are covered with sketches in charcoal and scratches of colored chalk.

There are long tables, too, and heaps of drawings, books and rolls of sketches, showing smeared corners where the hand of the workman has soiled them in studying their lines. There are drawing-boards propped up on saw-horses, over which lean men in knickerbockers and flannel shirts, the ashes of their briarwoods dropping into their color-pans. Over by the wall two young fellows have tacked an enormous sheet of yellow paper, upon which one is rapidly outlining the full-sized dimensions of some simple ornament in plaster required by a molder ten stories below him. The young fellows consult and criticise, drawing as they talk, one stopping to roll a cigarette while the other, with the thrash of a cloth, obliterates the work of a previous five minutes only to begin upon a new scheme. Another is absorbed in a color drawing hardly the size of your hand, representing hours of work, using needle-point brushes and little pans of liquid gold, to be enlarged many hundred diameters for some frieze or ceiling where the plaster is not yet dry.

This life is common enough in Europe, where Governments recognize the necessity of interior decoration, and where liberal sums are spent upon painters, sculptors, and decorators. The World's Fair and this building have so far furnished the only opportunities for its enjoyment here on a large scale. But the future is full of hope, and Lowell's line, high up on the dome, peculiarly apt and expressive:

As one lamp lights another nor grows less, so nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

Reform and Public Charities

By Homer Folks

Secretary of the State Charities Aid Association of New York

FOR many years New York City practically denied that there was much difference between poverty and crime. It placed its poor and its prisoners in one Department, and made its appropriations for their support in common. One Board of Commissioners was in charge of the hospitals and the prisons, the almshouse and the workhouse. To the workhouse were committed persons convicted of disorderly conduct, intoxication, petit larceny, vagrancy, cruelty to children, and other offenses; and there were sent also hundreds of people committed for destitution only, and at their own request. Thus the poor were sent to prison. On the other hand, an average of nearly a thousand prisoners were transferred to the hospitals and the almshouse to work in the laundries, kitchens, and offices, and also to assist in the care of the patients in the wards. Lazy vagabonds, confirmed drunkards, and roving tramps, who had been caught in the meshes of the law, were assigned to positions of responsibility, and their inefficiency, wastefulness, and thieving resulted in constant and incalculable suffering to the destitute and the sick.

This scattering of the prisoners through the hospitals and almshouse, where they enjoyed a free and easy time, converted the administration of justice into a farce. It was a downright injustice and cruelty to the respectable patients in the hospitals and almshouse, but the plan was supposed to be economical. It obviated the employment of responsible and competent persons to take care of the sick and the destitute; it helped to keep down the tax-rate; and Tammany clung to the old system.

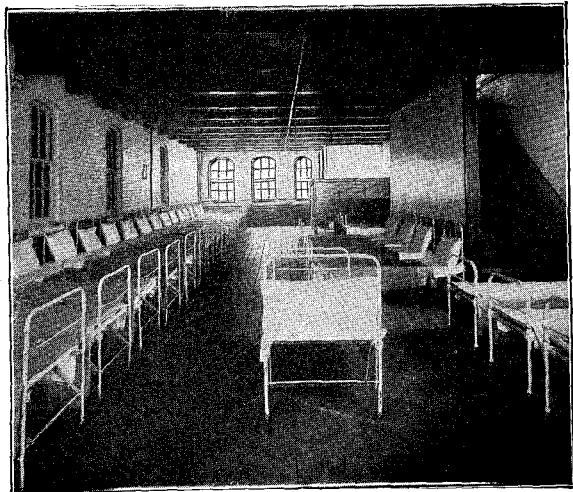
A different view of the matter

was taken by the present administration. To the present Mayor it appeared that the poor had been convicted of no offense. They were old, feeble, and in distress, and the city was their only caretaker



CARING FOR HOMELESS MEN: TAMMANY METHOD

He agreed with those who had made the subject a careful study for many years that the relief of the poor and the punishment of crime were two different prob-



CARING FOR HOMELESS MEN: REFORM METHOD



ERYSIPELAS WARDS

The left half of the second story of this building, on the pier at East Twenty-sixth Street, has been used since 1891 for acute cases of erysipelas. Under this dock-house passed, in loaded drays, the supplies for 18,000 people, and hundreds of visitors, daily. The right half of the second story was a sleeping-room for prisoners. The building is old, dilapidated, and infested by vermin.

lems, requiring for their solutions different methods and different men. The bill for the separation of charities from correction went to Albany with his approval, and became a law. The sick, the destitute, and the children are now in one Department; the vagrants and the criminals in an entirely different Department.

Another bill upon which the present administration was early obliged to act was that transferring the New York City Asylums for the Insane to the care of the State. Five years before, in 1890, a law had been passed compelling the removal of insane persons throughout the State from county poorhouses and county asylums, in most of which they were wretchedly quartered and most miserably cared for, to State hospitals in which they received skilled medical treatment, proper and sufficient food, and suitable employment and instruction. New York County was exempt from the mandatory features of this law, but was at liberty to join the State system whenever the local authorities made the proper application. The tax for the support of the insane in the State hospitals was, of course, a State tax, and the citizens of New York City were bearing their full share of this taxation, besides supporting their own extensive local asylums. New York City would have saved nearly a million dollars per year by transferring its insane asylums to the State.

680

But inequality of taxation was the least of the evils resulting from this inaction on the part of our city authorities. Insanity is a disease which is usually cured quickly if at all. Under pleasant, healthful surroundings, and with the aid of proper food, kind and intelligent attendants, and the best of medical treatment, Nature may soon put in order the delicate machinery that, in jarring disorder, was fast tearing itself to pieces; but under other circumstances the diseased condition soon becomes permanent. Thousands of New York City's honest citizens, whose labor had contributed to her prosperity, but for whom the stress of life had become too great, were packed into such wretched and overcrowded quarters, were so poorly fed and so badly cared for, that reason could not return. In a comparatively few months the golden opportunities for curative treatment passed away, and these, our fellow-citizens, were consigned by the hundreds to the living death of the chronic insane.

From every consideration of humanity and of economy, the insane of this city should have been turned over to the State, but the necessary steps were not taken by our former city authorities. The reason for this we may easily guess. The annual expenditure for the maintenance of the New York City Asylums for the Insane amounted to something more than a million dollars. In these asylums there was

a total number of 870 paid officers and employees: patronage so extensive was not to be lightly parted with.

The present administration was open to other arguments. It did not believe in burdening the taxpayers of New York City with an unnecessary million of dollars every year; and it was equally convinced that something radical and far-reaching must be done, and that quickly, for the amelioration of the condition of the insane. In his first message to the Board of Aldermen the Mayor advised that the care of the insane of this county should pass to the State. The New York City Asylums for the Insane were re-organized as the Manhattan State Hospital, on the last day of February, 1896. Governor Morton appointed a Board of Managers, composed of seven of our most upright and respected citizens. The weekly allowance for the support of the insane has been \$3.55 under the State. Under the city it was \$2.74.

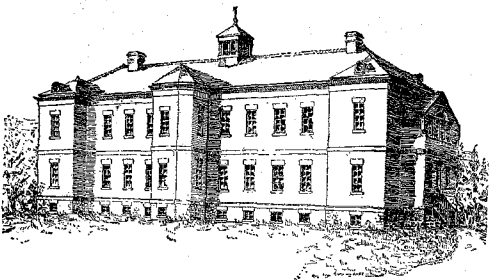
The treatment accorded our municipal charities previous to 1895 by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment was most disheartening. It refused over and over again to enter into any careful consideration of their needs, and, notwithstanding the constantly increasing census, ruthlessly reduced the appropriations to about what they had been in preceding years. The heads of the Department were told with scant courtesy to "get along as they got along last year." In vain they objected, "But we did not get along last year." The following is quoted from an authoritative account of the meeting of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment in October, 1893: "The President of the Department of Charities and Correction, asking

for a larger allowance for food for the insane, said, 'Twelve ounces of meat are ordered for them by the physicians, and we can give them but eight. We had to underfeed them last year, and'—'That will do,' said the Mayor, sharply: 'you don't get it.'"

In the matter of keeping down the tax-rate Tammany was eminently successful, but it did it at the expense of the sick and the poor on Blackwell's Island. To them a low tax-rate meant suffering and death. The wonderful thing about it all is that the trick succeeded so well, and that so many very good people rather admired the skill with which it was performed.

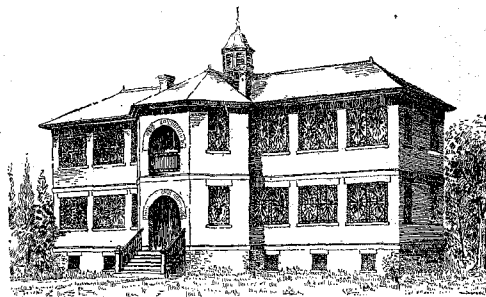
To describe the conditions which existed in the almshouse and in most of the hospitals would be but to tell over and over again of dilapidated, unsuitable, inadequate buildings, into which human beings were crowded without mercy; of hospitals which could not be lighted at night nor kept warm in winter; of hospitals without proper appliances for saving life; of scanty food, and that often of doubtful quality; of scores of sick persons lying practically unnoticed and uncared for. A low tax-rate, being translated, meant all these things.

But to appropriate sufficient money to provide humanely for the city's dependents, and to deal in a similar spirit with the other city departments, meant a marked increase in the tax-rate, an outcry from the sensational newspapers, merciless criticism from politicians, lukewarmness on the part of many good citizens. Despite all these things, Mayor Strong and his colleagues granted the Departments of Charities and of Correction \$1,689,416, which was \$266,895



PROPOSED PAVILION FOR ERYSIPELAS PATIENTS

Plans for this Pavilion have been adopted by the Commissioners of Charities and approved by the State Board of Charities, by the Buildings Department of New York City, and by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. The sale of bonds has been authorized, and the contract executed, for its construction.



PROPOSED ISOLATING AND OBSERVATION PAVILION

At Bellevue Hospital. The plans have been adopted, the contract awarded, and the sale of bonds for its construction authorized by the Reform Administration.

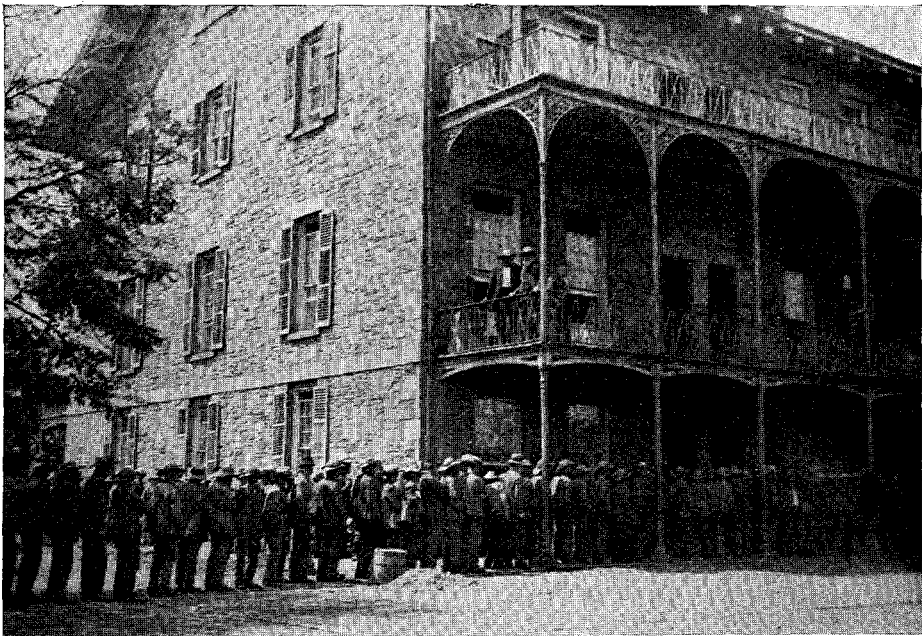
more than they had received during the preceding year—an increase of 18 per cent. In 1893 the increase in the appropriation was only 2 per cent., and in 1894 only 4 per cent. This action of the Mayor and his colleagues, taken with full knowledge of the consequences, near and remote, merits the highest commendation, and should be more fully understood and appreciated by the citizens of New York than it has been up to the present.

We may as well face the fact that we cannot have an efficient municipal administration unless we are willing to pay for it. An administration of spoilsmen and for spoilsmen might "go through the motions," pretending to do the work of the city, and give us a lower tax-rate, but it ought not to be possible to deceive the people in this manner. The fact is established beyond question that, with the variety of enterprises to which the city is already committed, and in the prosecution of which it must continue, efficient administration means large expenditure, and this, unless other sources of revenue are discovered, means a high tax-rate. After all, the tax-rate is an utterly unreliable standard by which to estimate the merits of an administration. A low tax-rate plus inefficient administration may amount to

wanton extravagance; a high tax-rate plus wise expenditure may be true economy.

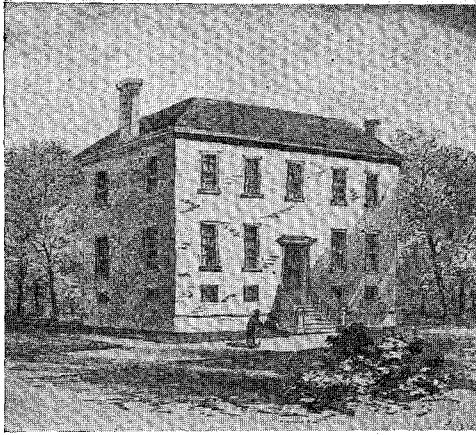
During the seven years ending with 1895 the Board of Estimate and Apportionment had been asked by the Department of Charities to appropriate a total of \$3,941,400 for new buildings. It was admitted by everybody that all these buildings were urgently needed; yet less than one-tenth of the sums asked for was granted. The requests were dismissed with the statement that permanent improvements should be made through the sale of bonds, and that permission for such sale must be secured from the Legislature. But there the matter dropped. Nobody made any such application to the Legislature, and year by year these buildings, the home of a one-hundredth part of the city's population, became more and more dilapidated and overcrowded. The present Mayor of New York City visited all these institutions in the autumn of 1895, and stated soon after, in responding to the toast "The City of New York," at the Chamber of Commerce dinner, that he knew from personal observation that only *one* of all the buildings on Blackwell's, Randall's, and Ward's Islands was really fit for habitation.

The matter was not allowed to drop, as



ALMSHOUSE INMATES STANDING IN LINE

(In all kinds of weather) in order to be at the first table. Capacity of dining-room, 264. Number of men to be fed, 800 to 900.



NEW YORK CITY'S FIRST POORHOUSE
Erected in 1735, on the site of the present City Hall.

in former years, at this stage. The city authorities prepared a bill authorizing the sale of bonds to the amount of one million dollars, for repairs and new buildings for the Department of Public Charities. A similar bill, authorizing an expenditure of \$800,000 for repairs and new buildings in the Department of Correction, was also prepared. These bills were introduced in the Legislature of 1896, at the request of the city authorities, and, after considerable hesitation and delay, were finally passed, receiving the approval of the Governor in May, 1896.

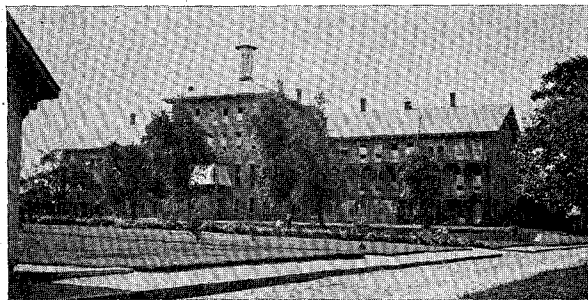
The most pressing need for greater accommodations was at the almshouse, in which, during the winter of 1895-96, 2,900 persons were crowded into buildings which at most could properly accommodate only 1,800. Throughout the main buildings at the almshouse the beds were placed close together, and three persons occupied two single beds. In addition to this, springs and mattresses were laid on the floor in every passageway; waiting-rooms, basements, and garrets were pressed into service. A dilapidated old wooden shanty, that had been used by the men as a "smoking shed," was converted into a dormitory (see page 686), and finally a number of tents were put up and filled with beds.

But overcrowding was not the only evil. The principal buildings at the almshouse, known as "The Barracks"—

two great stone buildings—were erected in 1846, and had remained substantially unchanged ever since. Although occupied entirely by aged and feeble persons, there is no means of reaching the second, third, and fourth stories except by outside, uncovered stairs, exposed to wind and storm, in summer and winter. Furthermore, these buildings were erected before the days of modern plumbing, and there is not a drop of water, hot or cold, in the buildings; consequently no bath-rooms, no lavatories, no means of extinguishing fire. The buildings are heated by coal-stoves in each ward; the only furniture consists of beds and stools. The walls are bare; the plastering is of the heavy, old-fashioned kind, and every little while a large patch falls from the ceiling. It is almost miraculous that on only one occasion has any serious injury been done to an inmate by the falling plaster.

Out of the proceeds of the million-dollar bond issue there are to be erected at the almshouse six new pavilions, each of which will accommodate comfortably 150 persons. Modern plumbing and modern heating apparatus are to be put in the Almshouse Barracks. The piazzas and stairways are to be inclosed so as to form a solarium. Work on the new central kitchen has already been begun; until recently, owing to inadequate kitchen facilities, no food except soup was served hot at the almshouse. The almshouse dining-rooms are to be doubled in capacity. Among the distressing sights at the almshouse are rows of aged and feeble people standing in line before the dining-room doors, sometimes an hour or more.

The acute erysipelas patients were per-



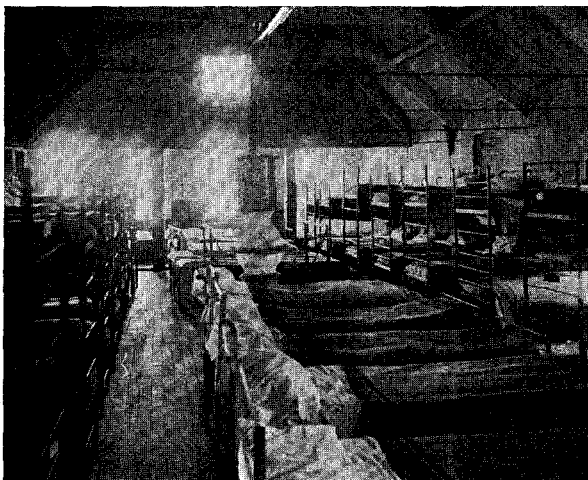
ALMSHOUSE: MAIN BUILDING, FOR MEN

Erected in 1846; has remained substantially unchanged; has only outside unprotected stairs; has neither hot nor cold water, no bath-rooms, no lavatories, no system of ventilation; is heated by stoves.

haps most unhappily housed of all. At the foot of East Twenty-sixth Street is a long pier built out into the East River, from which the boats of the Charities and Correction Departments leave for their daily trips to the islands. Across the middle of this pier was built some years ago a dock-house, underneath which daily pass all the supplies for the institutions on the islands, and hundreds of visitors, employees, patients, and prisoners. The first story of this building is used, one side for offices and waiting-rooms for passengers, the other for waiting-rooms for prisoners *en route* to the penitentiary and the workhouse. The prison-rooms were, before the days of the City Lodging-House,

and Dixon, we are able to present sketches of the proposed Erysipelas Pavilion, and of an Isolating Pavilion, both of which are to be erected on the grounds of Bellevue Hospital. Both buildings are to embody every modern improvement for the safe treatment of infectious and contagious diseases.

The number of plans adopted and contracts executed under the "Million-Dollar Bond" Act are evidence that the administration will act promptly and effectually in erecting wisely planned buildings for the city's dependents. The exact measure of its effectiveness will be revealed by the events of the next twelve months. The discreditable performance of its predecessor in



INTERIOR OF "SMOKING-SHED" DORMITORY

Formerly used as a sitting and smoking room. Number of beds, 130. These accommodations were provided, not for prisoners, but for the aged, infirm, and destitute inmates of the Almshouse.

filled at night with noisy, quarreling, profane casual lodgers. Immediately over these prison-rooms, and over the driveway through which pass the heavily loaded, rumbling wagons carrying supplies, are the wards for acute cases of erysipelas. Directly opposite them, separated only by a hall, is another large prison-room occupied at night by a hundred workhouse prisoners. The whole building is old, dilapidated, noisy beyond description, and vermin-infested. It is hardly necessary to say that a part of the million dollars derived from the sale of bonds will be devoted to the erection of a pavilion for erysipelas patients. Through the kindness of the architects, Messrs. Withers

similar undertakings is, however, of record. In May, 1892, the Legislature authorized the Department of Charities and Correction to expend half a million dollars in the erection of new buildings for the insane. Although the contracts, which were awarded the following November, called for the completion of the work within a hundred days—that is to say, by the latter part of February, 1893—work was not begun until April, 1893, and was then prosecuted dilatorily for more than two years. Half the buildings were ready for occupancy in December, 1894, while the remaining half were not ready until July 31, 1895—three years and three months after the passage of the law

authorizing their construction. None of the penalties for delays prescribed in the contracts were enforced, and when the buildings were finished they were found to be so defective as to be almost unfit for use. Cement floors broke under the weight of the patients, disclosing beds of shavings and rubbish underneath. Gaping floors, warped and cracked doors, imperfect joints and cracked ceilings, abounded.

Meanwhile the number of the insane had increased more rapidly than the accommodations, and the overcrowding was greater than ever. It is a simple statement of fact that, with half a million of dollars at its disposal, Tammany was not

able to put up new buildings fast enough to accommodate the ordinary increase in the number of the insane in this city.

In the appropriation for the almshouse for 1896 the allowance for salaries was \$18,394, as compared with \$11,830 for 1895. Without explanation it would undoubtedly be inferred that this meant the creation of a number of new and comfortable berths for political workers. As a matter of fact, it meant more nurses for the sick. The last refuge of the incurably sick is the almshouse hospital. Besides being a home for the destitute, the almshouse includes a group of five hospitals, in which are cared for hundreds of chronic patients whose ailments are no longer interesting to the medical profession. In the other city hospitals there are training-schools for nurses, but in the almshouse hospitals the nursing—so called—was intrusted to untrained, incompetent attendants—one to every forty patients. The proper ratio would have been one trained nurse to every ten patients. At the time of the writer's first visit to the second story of the almshouse hospital for men it contained some sixty patients—many of them confined to their beds, and some of them in the last stages of consumption. When the visitors inquired for the person in charge, there was considerable confusion and loud calls for, we will say, "Billy," who soon came tottering down from the upper end of the ward, a picture of confusion and incompetency. This one old man, who might more properly have been a patient, had sole charge of these sixty sick people. It was a hot day in mid-summer. One poor old man who had pulled down the mosquito-netting from over his face, and was too weak to replace it, was being tortured by flies. The visitor asked the orderly whether this man were not in a dying condition. The orderly, who until that time had been paying no attention to the patient, looked at him and said he "guessed he was," but did nothing further for him. The patient died later that afternoon. This was the Tammany method of nursing the sick in the almshouse hospitals. There are now four nurses in this ward, and all the almshouse nursing has been placed under competent and expert direction—but at what a fearful cost: the

tax-rate has been increased from \$1.79 to \$2.14!

Another instance of the persistent infliction of indignity and suffering upon the sick was the manner of transferring patients to the hospitals on Blackwell's Island. The patients were taken to the foot of East Twenty-sixth Street in ambulances. Upon getting out of the ambulance, or being lifted out if they were "stretcher cases," they found a large number of men of leisure, dressed in uniforms, ready to assist them in getting aboard the boat. Unfortunately, these uniformed persons were not trained attendants; they were prisoners from the workhouse—tramps, beggars, thieves, and chronic drunkards.

After getting aboard the boat the patients were left to their own resources, except that there was one faithful woman—not a trained nurse, however—who looked after the little babies and did what she could for the sick women. The "stretcher cases" were placed in the long, open passageways of the boat, exposed to the wind and cold, and protected only by a blanket. There was no nurse to observe their condition and to supply food or stimulants, if such were needed. Upon arriving at the landing at Blackwell's Island they were assisted off the boat by workhouse prisoners.

During the past year a trained nurse has been placed in charge of the patients on the boat, and during their transfer to and from the boat, and paid and responsible employees have replaced the unreliable workhouse prisoners. Rubber tires have been added to the ambulances, and a warm room has been fitted up on the boat for the patients carried on stretchers.

One of the long-standing abuses of former administrations was the failure to provide a decent shelter for homeless men, although the Department of Charities was distinctly authorized by law to do so. At nearly every police station there was a so-called "lodging-room," in which men were allowed to sleep on the floor or on planks raised a few inches from the floor. These lodgings were managed on the free-for-all and no-questions-asked principles. So long as the lodgers could huddle together a little more closely, no one was turned away. The lodging-rooms were always filthy and unsanitary, but on stormy nights, when

the lodgers came in with wet clothing and crowded the rooms to their fullest capacity, the atmosphere was indescribable. The lodgers were given no food, no bath, and no work; there was no fumigation of clothing; no effort to give the lodgers any permanent help; no safeguards against contagious diseases; nothing but dirt, disorder, degradation, despair.

Tammany had its own reasons for allowing this state of affairs to continue in the face of emphatic and repeated protests of the medical profession and of leading charitable agencies. The reformers wanted not only to provide decent lodgings, but also to make some inquiries of the lodgers as to where they came from and what they were going to do; and such of the habitual lodgers as, upon investigation, were found to be vagrants, tramps, or "rounders," they proposed to send to the workhouse, where at least they might be obliged to earn their living. Many of the lodgers would doubtless have been deeply offended by such treatment, and here, as throughout the administration, at every point of contact with large numbers of people, Tammany's great aim was to give no cause for offense.

The reform administration fitted up a lodging-house with one hundred and eighty beds, bathing appliances, rooms for medical examination, and appointed a staff of officials to investigate the circumstances of the lodgers. When all these were ready, in March, 1896, it closed every police-station lodging-room in the city. All persons asking for lodgings were sent to the City Lodging-House. There every lodger underwent a physical examination, in order that contagious diseases might be excluded, and that persons needing medical treatment might be referred to the proper hospitals. Every lodger had to take a spray bath; his clothing was sent to the fumigating-room, and he was given a clean night-shirt and a clean bed in a well-ventilated room. Upon his admission he was asked to give an account of himself, and the names and addresses of people who knew him. As soon as possible thereafter these persons were visited, and the lodger's history was looked into. Habitual vagrants were sent to the workhouse, the infirm to the almshouse, sick people to hospitals, non-residents to their homes, and for the worthy

poor who belonged here employment was found whenever possible. During the summer months the Department accepted the very generous offer made by the Charity Organization Society to receive, without charge, at the Wayfarers' Lodge maintained by that Society, all persons applying to the city for lodgings. This was a marked instance, unhappily all too rare theretofore, of effective co-operation between public and private charities. The sleeping quarters of the Wayfarers' Lodge, shown on page 679, and similarly equipped accommodations at the City Lodging-House, are in marked contrast with the police-station lodging-rooms, now a thing of the past. In the autumn of 1896 a suitable building was leased for three years and has been fitted up as a City Lodging-House. It is operated on the same general plan as described above. If the Reform Administration had done nothing but substitute this for the police-station lodgings, it would have earned the lasting gratitude of the community.

In this hasty review of the work of the Charities Department during the past two years, much of importance has been omitted. We can only allude to new roofs, new windows, new operating-rooms, new ventilating and heating apparatus—in fact, to extensive repairs in nearly every building of the Department; to the extension of the civil service regulations so as to bring nearly every position in the Department into the competitive lists; to the effective investigation of the circumstances of some 16,000 persons supported as public charges in private institutions; to the increase in the allowance of meat for each inmate of the almshouse from eight to twelve ounces per day; to the willingness of the Department to undertake improvements (in marked contrast with the unqualified pessimism of the former Department); and to a willingness to co-operate with private charities. These, with the dissociation of poverty from crime, State care of the insane, cumulative sentences for habitual offenders, larger appropriations for current expenses, a million dollars for buildings, and the abolition of police-station lodgings, are some of the fruits of Reform in the Department of Public Charities.

“A Quarrel with God”

By Grace King

THE time had come for the old Mademoiselle to die; Mademoiselle Herminie. And she was dying at Madame B——’s.

For all the guests, as they were politely called, there was something terrible in the thought of dying at Madame B——’s. To live there—yes; and Heaven alone knows the circumstances that constrained some of them into plotting and intriguing in order to get there to live. But to die there! Ah! we all want to die, at least, in the station to which we were born. The coffin and funeral of charity are bitter humiliation, even to the administered soul. And how they all shrank from it, the old ladies at Madame B——’s! It is one of the painful pictures of life, that of their sitting and waiting for the priest to come—or, as now, waiting for him to go; each soul of them trembling, as it were, over its own precipice. One should see them thus sitting—but the heart must be strong for that, and well moored to the great faith of religion.

Every one called it “chez Madame B——,” “at Madame B——’s,” and that is simply what it was. The institution, to give it technical definiteness, is accounted for in this manner. It arose, one may say, out of a necessity and an opportunity. The community one morning was shocked—no, not shocked, transfixed with horror—to learn that old Madame M—— had been discovered dead in her wretched little cabin of a home—dead of starvation. She had been dead three days when discovered; not in her bed, oh no! Starvation gives not the easeful death of that. She was not in her bed, but stretched on the floor, her poor skeleton hands outspread, grasping—perhaps for some phantom crust or crumb—her mouth open, distended, gaping wide. The sight of it!

Madame B—— was old, herself. “Is it a possible thing,” she exclaimed when she heard of it, “that Aurore M—— could die, could so die, in her own city, amid her own people? But do you consider who Aurore M—— is?” she demanded; “the widow of a Confederate soldier, the mother of a Confederate sol-

dier, the daughter, granddaughter, great-granddaughter of the best, the most aristocratic, the most honest of the city. Yes, in the veins of that old woman—before they were starved dry—coursed the blood of those to whom our city owes some of her proudest and most patriotic traditions. And to die thus! But that was it; she died thus, on that very account. For should she acknowledge that she was hungry? Should she go begging for bread? or asking the charity of money under the travesty of some fictitious employment? No! The best blood dies so; should die so. The other kind strikes and storms and destroys when hunger assails. Its wants must have its pensions, hospitals, homes, asylums, rostrums, organs, and, just Heavens! its platforms and political parties! Its sufferings and calamities are national affairs! . . . But no. . . .”

Madame B—— had not so very much of financial wealth herself, was not, in fact, more than a floor or two above the plane upon which Madame M—— had met her end. But, as she aptly quoted, “Tout calcul amoin drit l’âme.” She owned a valueless lot of unimproved ground, and she found, or invented in some way, the means to erect a building upon it.

The widows and children of roustabouts would have despised it. Had murderers and thieves been confined in it, philanthropic societies would have had emotions over it; the colored orphans of the gallows, as they are called, would have suffered in the exchange of their asylum for it. Madame B——, however, despite other deficiencies of knowledge, knew her world well. She felt, or maybe she did not feel at all, but did what she could with the means at her disposal, by building on her lot a row of chambers of the plainest and cheapest kind. Nothing more. No comforts, no curtains even. Each guest brought her own furniture, and if she had none, slept on the floor—as she wished, and as if she were at home.

Food was provided; a choice about that might result in the repetition of Madame M——’s scandal. There were coffee and bread in the morning; a good

gumbo and rice, or a good soup with the bouilli and vegetables, for dinner; in the evening, hominy, with hot milk and water. As you see, not enough to put one under obligations, nothing more than those necessities which ladies can offer and accept with honor.

To resume. It had come suddenly upon Mademoiselle Herminie, but death always seems to come suddenly—even when expected—like the slamming of a balancing door. Only yesterday she was about, and, as her companions said, more herself, more Mademoiselle Herminie, than ever. That is, more, at one moment, haughty, stiff, and reserved; at another, nervous, irritable, and cross, acrid, bitter, sarcastic, skeptical in speech, defiant in manner, shocking in impiety; more—in short and altogether—poverty's worst thorn in the establishment of Madame B—. But, as they said, the fellow-guests, after resigning themselves to so much to please God, they could surely resign themselves to such an infliction as—Mademoiselle Herminie.

Florestine, the servant of the establishment, had found her ill when she took her early cup of coffee. She had run instantly for the doctor, leaving word in passing the church door for the priest. The doctor came and went, evacuating the field before the only enemy and antagonist he possessed in the city. In truth, as he told Florestine, Mademoiselle Herminie had been an invalid for half a lifetime, and had been in a dying condition for over a year.

The priest, hastening to look after the interests of his principal in the case, could not arrive at so prompt a conclusion. He had been at the bedside all day, and it was now afternoon.

The old pensioners sitting together in the common or dining room made a brave effort at courage. Death! why, there was nothing in life they had been rendered so familiar, so intimate, with as Death. They knew the whole range of his powers of bereavement. He could wing his shafts in vain, for there were no more targets for him in their lives, in their loves. Had it been otherwise, they would not have been at Madame B—'s. But each one, fingering her prayer-beads in her lap, looked nervously into the others' faces; and, indeed, to the imagi-

native, each face must have appeared to the other like a mirror that by some neglect had been left uncovered at a funeral. There was the great consolation, however, that the end of no one in the dining-room could be like the end of Mademoiselle Herminie, for she had given up the practice of religion when, so to speak, the practice of misfortune had been put upon her; or, as Florestine expressed it succinctly, she had quarreled with God. Neither in church nor out of it would she recognize Him; and so long had been her practice of poverty and misfortune that she had become accustomed to the difference, and it was questioned now whether she ever thought of Him. It was a situation to appall even Death.

"Has she made no sign yet, Florestine?" some one would always ask whenever the servant would pass through the room.

"Not yet, Madame."

And then there would follow little spurts of talk about Mademoiselle Herminie. But the ladies were so deaf or spoke so inarticulately that their sentences fell isolated and extinct as to meaning, with the exception of a word every now and then which called forth misfit rejoinders.

"For a man to die so, one can imagine it; but for a woman!"

"Ah, yes! Men imagine that religion is only for women!"

"The rich and the prosperous might die so, but the miserable, the unfortunate . . ." pursued the first speaker.

"Poor soul!" ejaculated the oldest, and, as far as human judgment went, the most sorely tried of them all. That was all she had contributed to the conversation all day long—these pitying words, "Poor soul!"

And the others would at the words reiterate their theories about Mademoiselle Herminie, as they had been doing all day.

"She has suffered too much; that caused it."

"She had too much to bear; she had no chance."

"She revolted because she felt too much crushed."

"She holds God to account."

"But now she is dying—that changes all."

"She must make her submission to God."

"She should not let her life interfere with her death."

"Women expect too much of God."

"She felt that God had not given her a chance."

"A chance for what?" asked some one who heard.

"Happiness."

"Happiness! Blessed Virgin! At her age?"

"Well, what, when she was younger, she thought happiness."

"Ah!"

"But she was pious when she was young, and unhappy."

"And now—" A shudder ended the words.

"If she had suffered more, she might, perhaps, have been more at peace with God."

"If God had only sent her peace and resignation! that would have been the better way."

"But God is going to do as He pleases. She ought to know that," contributed Florestine. "God is the master."

"If she had had children to lose!"

"Or a husband!"

"Or a whole family—father, mother, sisters, brothers, at once!"

Each suggested her own misfortunes.

"But if she suffers more this way," suggested Florestine, "she must have had more to suffer."

"Does she suffer much, Florestine?" asked one who had caught only that idea.

"The doctor said she suffers more than she shows; that she has always suffered since she has been here, like—like a Pagan"—substituting her own term of comparison, and speaking in the loud voice she had trained herself to use towards the old ladies.

"It seems as if God might have spared her that!"

"Eh! When it comes to sparing—"

"If she had loved God more, she could have forgiven him more."

"Love! What did she know about love?"

"He could have taught her as he taught other women."

"No, he should have sent her resignation; resignation is the only thing for women in this world."

"Does she seem at ease in her mind, Florestine?"

"She does not seem anything, Madame; she is just so . . . and the priest, he is the same."

"But he should talk to her; he should try to touch her heart."

"He should awaken her early piety."

"He should make her hope again. Women can always hope at least."

"He should talk about her parents to her."

"And her infancy; her childhood."

"And her early life. . . . She could not reproach God then."

"He should tell her that what she suffers here will be paid back to her in happiness in heaven."

"He should tell her that she will forget it all there—that would be the best."

"And this life! What is this life!"

"He must not let her die before she makes her submission."

"A Jesuit father should have been sent for."

"Monseigneur himself should have been sent for."

"Florestine should have asked advice."

"She went for the nearest."

"So much depends upon the priest."

"How can he speak to her as he should? He knows nothing about her."

"If he knew all about her, he might be able to effect something."

"When one remembers how proud she is, and obstinate!"

"Oh, she is capable of talking to God just as she used to talk to us."

"But if this priest could once touch her heart, the rest would follow."

"Yes, that is it; he must touch her heart."

Florestine threw open all the shutters to let in all the light there was still left for that day. It was yet far from sunset; the afternoon was only begun; but she had lived so long with the old ladies that she felt with them a distrust, an uneasiness about the night.

This was the cheerful hour of the day, when she flung the windows open and new light flooded in; it was the hour for the hominy-and-milk and rice-and-milk supper, for the organ-grinder and noise of children in the street—so noisy they were, providentially; surely the gayest children

in the world, the deafest ears could hear them. It was the kindly hour when life once again carried them on in its fullness of vitality, and they could feel the blissful obtuseness of children to the one more step forward they were making towards the verge of that which separated their good, old, known New Orleans from the unknown eternity and immortality beyond.

There had not been, properly speaking, any daylight in the sick-chamber since the physician had left it in the morning. The atmosphere in it was of a murky twilight until Florestine threw open the windows there also.

The priest sat at the bedside ; still waiting for that sign of recognition of himself and his functions about which the ladies in the dining-room so eager'y questioned Florestine.

It seems hardly worth while to describe the kind and variety of misfortune that had gone into the making up of the unhappiness of Mademoiselle Herminie's life, and brought her to die in a pauper's retreat—no more worth while than to describe the pathological incidents that had brought about her physical destitution. The old women at Madame B——'s themselves recognized clearly enough that the recital of their misfortunes meant nothing to one another, or to themselves. Their misfortunes all seemed similar—there are, after all, only a limited number of misfortunes in the world ; but each one recognized that, although apparently all had traveled a well-worn highroad, each had in reality marched alone, in a personal and private path, to Madame B——'s, . . . as, for the matter of that, they were also marching to death. It was of little import to them now whether the loss of all meant the loss of one or many, whether they had ached in a spot or in the whole body.

The priest also must have had some such thought, as he sat in patient watchfulness by the bed.

Such, however, was not Florestine's thought or attitude. The Master must be informed ! This was the summary of the subject in her mind. A soul in her institution was not to be damned, any more than in old times a slave on her plantation was to be whipped, without some attempt on her part for mercy. The ladies in the dining-room were right ; how could

the priest do anything ? He knew nothing about Mademoiselle Herminie. He was only a poor, humble, ignorant French priest—the servitor of one of the poorest and smallest churches in the city ; only good enough for the souls of the Gascon milk and butcher people in his charge, and for the souls of negroes. He was as fitted for the ministration of Mademoiselle Herminie as the overseers of negroes in olden times were fitted for the supervision of the white owners. Such a priest might suppose that Mademoiselle Herminie was only a poor white woman dying impenitent in her misery at Madame B——'s.

Florestine stood behind his chair, upon which from time to time she laid an emphasizing hand ; bending forward, she kept her eyes fixed upon Mademoiselle Herminie while she whispered in his ear the information upon which she and the old ladies relied for the salvation of a soul in its supreme moment of need. " God knows who she is, mon père ; He knows her family well—from the grandfather down. They used to live in that big house on Orleans Street ; you know, on the right hand as you go to the Cathedral. They were rich in that day ! And everybody was glad to respect them, I guarantee you. The grandfather—the old Colonel—he was the big man in the State : they say the Governor himself used to be afraid of him. Oh ! I remember him well. I used to see him at the head of the ' Bataillon d'Orleans ' every January, on Jackson's Day, with gold on his hat, gold on his shoulders, gold on his front, and a big sword in his hand ; he looked more like two men than one man ; and he was not afraid of God on His throne, I tell you ! And he had plantations, and negroes—more than he could count. You know how rich he was when I tell you there are masses said every month now at the Cathedral for his soul. Oh, he is safe enough in heaven by this time, depend upon it ! And if she had money, she could have masses said for her soul too !

" And the father ! He was still bigger ! God could tell you that ; God knows it all. God knows everything that goes on down here in this city ! He could tell you about the father ! Eh ! His balls and his dinners, his fine cooking and his

fine servants. His niggers were too fine to go with other niggers! They had no use for God; their master was God in their eyes. If she had some of that money now, she could have masses said; but she has no money, she must make her submission. God is the master: she must beg His pardon—and for what? Did she ever do anything? No! God in heaven knows she never did anything against Him. And what? For a few words, get a whipping! And who heard these words? Me—and I swear to you I never opened my mouth about them. I am no tale-bearer. Nobody ever caught me carrying tales . . . And those poor old ladies sitting in the dining-room praying for her since this morning! Oh, mon père! If you saw them! So old, so poor—and with death always before them—so patient, so pious, so good, and never a word of complaint. They know what it is to be ladies! But God is right; the Master is always right; he owns his people, and he's right to do what he pleases with them. But the master does not know everything that passes on his plantation, and, mon père, if God saw what I see in this city, and if He knew what I know, He would not be hard on Mademoiselle Herminie; no, He would not be hard on her. Do you think if she had a family who had money, there would not be masses said for her too? Eh! He thinks it easy to lose everything—all your family, all your everything: mon père, He does not know. Why do you think I wait here day after day, year after year, without one cent of pay? No; I live off of scraps; I wear rags—why? Because I can't make a living, you think. You ask my people, you ask the people who know me! It is because my heart is so sorry for these ladies; it is because I can't sleep at night for thinking about them. God knows I would have to take my heart out of my body with my two hands and pitch it into a gutter before I could leave them in their misery to wait on themselves. Well, that is one thing! God will never be able to take their servant from them. I guarantee you that. I do not say this because I come from rich white people myself. No; my people were poor—even before the war; they lost everything, too; it is no new fashion, this misery. I know it from a

long time back. I never lived in those fine houses on Royal, on Orleans, on St. Louis Street. No; and the negroes that lived in them, they would only spit my way. I never had fine tignons, and silk aprons, and gold earrings, and lace on my white fichu. No! God made poor people even before the war. And do not think, mon père, that I have done nothing for Mademoiselle Herminie: I have burned candles; I have made novenas; I have put images in her room when she did not know it; I have sewed scapularies on her clothes. I could show you now! Oh! she would be mad enough if she knew that! She would have been capable of putting me out of her room and slamming the door upon me. But that would make no difference with me, because I knew Mademoiselle Herminie was so alone. Listen, mon père: do you know what that is, to be left alone, but alone, alone, with nobody in this world to be your family? Well, God did that to Mademoiselle Herminie. Before the war I never saw that. There was always somebody left. And it is not with white people as with negroes. You cannot take away every one from negroes; there are always so many left; and, anyhow, they are all black together. And, then, they can always go to the white people. Who have the white people to go to? Listen! I could tell God on His throne, Himself: 'Why did you take everybody away from Mademoiselle Herminie, and then leave her alone? Why did you not send some one? Why did you not come yourself? That is how we do with children; we never leave them alone; we always send some one, or we go ourselves.' God knew her. He knew her family. He knew their characters. It was not right to make her alone, and then leave her alone. And you think, mon père, it was right for her to come here and not have even a relation to go to? Why could she not have a relation—just that little thing, a relation? You see those old ladies out there in the dining-room; you think they are alone, that they come here because they have no friends, no relations? Ha! I know, I watch, I listen, I find out all about them. Mon père, there is not one old lady out there but what has some relation to go to. Madame B—— knows that too. But,

you see, the times are so hard, and the relations are poor, and there are big families . . . and the old ladies feel that they do not die, in fact, but live . . . and the little children have to do without . . . and so they come here. It may be different up-town in the American quarter, but that is the way we do down here. We are not rich like the Americans, but we have more heart. Mademoiselle Herminie, she had no one to love, to sacrifice herself for. Those old ladies out there, they look back, and they see what? . . . A husband; they have all been married; and old Madame M——, she has been married twice. Oh! some of the husbands were not worth counting. I know things about them . . . but, at any rate, they were husbands, and that is something; . . . and when they look back in their lives, they are always glad to see him there. Oh, I know them! And they talk to me about him, and they all thank God that they had him. . . . And the children! . . . Look at old Madame L——. ‘Florestine,’ she is always telling me, ‘this is the anniversary of the birth of one of my children,’ or ‘the anniversary of the death of one of my children. . . . Thirteen children, Florestine, and all in the grave!’ And she tells me all how they died. ‘Madame,’ I answer, ‘you ought to thank God that you had thirteen children to lose; some have not had even one child to lose.’ They are pious, those old ladies, and they submit to God; and you think they are better than Mademoiselle Herminie? No! They are no better! And their family is not so good. But God has been kinder to them than He has been to Mademoiselle Herminie; that is the truth, and the old ladies know it, and talk about it among themselves. Is there one among them would change her life for Mademoiselle Herminie’s? No, not one, even if you paid them for it. In old days, mon père, it was the good master had the good negroes. That you may depend upon; I was there; I know it. How could Mademoiselle Herminie love God? Mon père, we sometimes love the devil because we think he loves us . . . better than God loves us. When Mademoiselle Herminie looks back in her life, what does she see, since her mother? . . . not even a negro.

There is not an old lady out there that has not got a negro to come to her once a year to call her mistress and beg for something. Eh? You think that does not make them feel good? God did not leave Mademoiselle Herminie a baboon of a negro. . . . And she works; mon père, you must not think she does not work. She sews. You ask Madame B——. She knows. Mademoiselle Herminie, since she has been here, has sewed. She has not taken her board for nothing, I guarantee you.”

The unquiet slumber of the patient showed signs of breaking. Florestine bent her head still lower, her whispered words came faster, her hand grasped the chair with all its strength. There were but a few moments more to work in. “Oh, mon père, listen: do you know how her mother died? . . . If I were to tell you, it would make you sick . . . you ask the doctor what she died of? . . . It was in the family . . . and Mademoiselle Herminie, she was young then—when it first came on. She nursed her. They would have killed a servant who told it . . . but it was told . . . the servants knew. . . . She nursed her one year after another—one year after another. Everything went from her—the old lady . . . her ears, her eyes. . . . She could not talk—she became foolish, foolish. Mademoiselle Herminie nursed her . . . still . . . The family went, the house went, the money went. . . . Mademoiselle Herminie nursed her still . . . and she worked for her. Oh, my God! mon père, do not make me tell you any more. . . . The grandfather, mon père, he was no saint. They had no peace with him; it was a secret . . . but I know all he did. No wonder they say masses for him! He needs them, mon père; he needs them. . . . And the father! . . . He was worse! . . . Mademoiselle Herminie, she knew it, she saw it, as well as her mother. . . . How God can create gentlemen so bad!

“Yes, she was cross, mon père; yes, she said things against God. . . . Yes, mon père, I will not deny it; I will confess it. . . . She did not do her duties in religion . . . she merits punishment, as the catechism says. But look at her, mon père—so old, so thin, so white—think what she suffered, think what she is suf-

fering. And after all her misery in this world, after all she has gone through. It is respect for you that keeps me from telling you—but I could tell you, yes, I could tell you. Her mother was pious, her mother is up in heaven, and her mother did not suffer as Mademoiselle Herminie did. She did not have her mother die so! like a dog—yes, I say it, like a dog! And, think, this is all the life Mademoiselle Herminie had!

"I do not say, mon père, that God is not right, that He does not know best; He is bound to know best. And He knows that Mademoiselle Herminie did not do her duty to Him . . . and she was proud, and she was cross, and always in a bad temper . . . God knows that! She was not like the other old ladies who sit there day after day with the patience and resignation of angels. If you choose to call Mademoiselle Herminie a sinner, I will say yes. . . . I will not go against God's judgment. . . . I am only an ignorant negress . . . and I have been wicked myself . . . God knows I have! And if He knows it, what is the use of lying about anything? Mademoiselle Herminie . . ."

The whisper seemed to reach the bed; the patient's eyelids quivered; she was awaking. Florestine's whisper became still more intense; she laid her other strong hand on the chair. She had but an instant more. "Ah, mon père! You are good, you are patient. You know the poor wicked people . . . Mon père, that is why I went for you! I was afraid to go for the others! The meanest send for you, mon père—they are not afraid of you! . . . She is opening her eyes! . . . Say something to her, mon père! Do something! See how poor and thin and old she is! No! Do not look at her! Do not listen to her! She is out of her head! She has always been half crazy! She does not know what she is about! For God's sake, do not ask her! Think of your mother, mon père, think of her, and do your duty! . . . God will understand . . . God will understand . . ." There was time for no more.

Mademoiselle Herminie's eyes opened. The soft evening light filled the room, and through the open window came the pleasant evening sounds. It was the cheeriest hour at Madame B——'s, for it seemed to be the one hour that old hopes came back

to the inmates not as disappointments and maledictions (the maledictions of old age are so often the hopes of youth!).

The priest gave no evidence of listening to Florestine. He kept his eyes fixed on the bed, his rugged face set in an expression of confident waiting. It was no first death-watch for him and no novel one.

Generally, after a long, hard life, when disease, tracking close upon poverty and misery, has overcome its final resistance; and pain, for the first time in years, is at last withdrawn, and the body lies calm waiting for death to take possession; generally, in the priest's experience—and his experience was his life—the eyes opening thus after an opiate rest were not eyes of recrimination, but eyes of peace and reconciliation. And if the childhood have been pious, it is as if the whole life but childhood were forgotten. Sometimes the aged lips babble childish sentences, and the worn soul takes its flight in an infantile respiration.

Sometimes the eyes open from the sleep or lethargy blank, blind to everybody, everything; and then there is only a sound needed—the voice of a child in the street, an evening bell.

Again, the eyes opening to the light falling across the bed, and to the sight of tender faces bending over; the sense of companionship, at last, after a long, solitary journey under a night sky from which all the stars have gone out, bring to the stiffening lips a smile of ineffable happiness, and long-forgotten words of gratitude.

Always the priest had found that it was the women who had been most sorely tried, those who have most to forgive, who forgive most easily. And his memory retained experience only with the sorely tried.

Or it may have been according to Florestine's reasoning and experience—and in her way she was as experienced as the priest, and she had often proved her reasoning in the old times—that the master sometimes would listen to an overheard explanation when he would not to a direct one; and one of her most successful devices as advocate for mercy when a fellow-slave was in peril of punishment was to tell his story, as she knew how to tell such stories, just inside the

master's hearing. The old ladies in the dining-room had their theories, or experiences, too, about such cases.

At any rate, when Mademoiselle Her-

minie opened her eyes, she recognized the priest, performed her religious duties, and died at peace with the world or God—whichever she had been at war with.

Civil Service Reform

Its Origin, Progress, and Prospects

LIKE most reforms, that of the civil service is in part an effort to restore earlier conditions. To those who believe that all developments, no matter how conscienceless, are under the law of the survival of the fittest, Civil Service Reform is a reaction. Its ideal has never been better stated than by Washington. In a letter declining to appoint a personal friend to office, Washington wrote: "My friend . . . is welcome to my house and welcome to my heart; but, with all his good qualities, he is not a man of business. His opponent, with all his politics so hostile to me, *is* a man of business. My private feelings have nothing to do with the case. I am not George Washington, but President of the United States. As George Washington I would do this man any kindness in my power—as President of the United States I can do nothing." This is the ideal toward which Civil Service Reformers are still pressing forward. For more than a generation it lost its hold upon the public life of the Nation, but, like every cause whose defeats have been due to greed and not to conscience, it revived again when the forces that were against it seemed to have secured their complete triumph.

Washington's feeling was shared by most of our early Presidents. Adams, indeed, when party feeling ran high, proscribed Republicans from appointment, and even blotted the record of his administration by employing its closing hours in filling all possible offices with Federalist officials. But Jefferson, under circumstances of the most trying description, took the same stand as Washington. Removals, he said, "must be as few as possible, done gradually, and bottomed on some malversation or inherent disqualification." Only one class of Federalist appointees were to be swept away *en masse*. These were "the

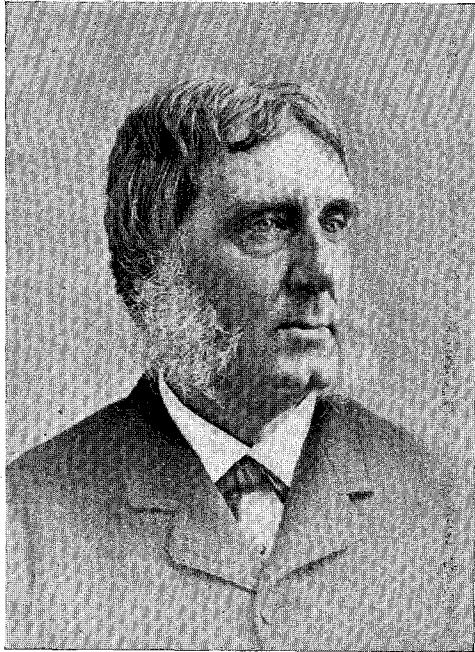
new appointments which Mr. Adams crowded in with whip and spur from the 12th of December, when the event of the election was known, and consequently he knew that he was making appointments not for himself but for his successor." Despite the fact that party feeling was more bitter than it has been in our own day, and despite the fact that his inauguration found the Federal offices almost exclusively in the hands of political opponents, the whole number of removals made by Jefferson was but thirty-nine.

Jefferson's successors, Madison, Monroe, and the younger Adams, maintained Jefferson's standards in the management of the civil service. Madison declared that the wanton removal of a meritorious officer was an impeachable offense. Monroe, indeed, signed the act under which executive officers were appointed for four-year terms instead of indefinite terms, but his object was doubtless to secure periodical accounting from public officials. He did not foresee, as Jefferson did, that this law, by "vacating every four years nearly all the executive offices of the Government, saps the Constitution and salutary functions of the President, and introduces a principle of intrigue and corruption." The system of removing officials for political opinions was not introduced into National politics until Andrew Jackson, "impelled," as Parton says, "by his ruling passions, resentment and gratitude, did the deed."

Prior to this, however, the spoils system had already established itself in State politics in New York. The father of the system was Aaron Burr, the first of American machine politicians. New York was naturally the first State in which such a system would be developed, for New York contained the largest number of public officers whose official conduct was re-



CARL SCHURZ



GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

moved from the supervision of the public. Among these Burr and his disciples organized a corps of professional soldiers in politics. The motto of this band of freebooters was formulated by Governor Marcy in the now famous phrase, "To the victors belong the spoils." The power gained by the New York machine, and the fact that the new method of nominating the President through the primaries instead of through a Congressional caucus made Washington politicians desire to control the action of subordinate officials in every part of the Nation, rendered it inevitable, perhaps, that the New York system should be introduced at Washington. But upon Jackson rests the responsibility of having introduced the system, without other excuse than the rancor with which many Federal officials had fought against his election.

In the New York Custom-House the inevitable fruits of the new system at once manifested themselves. The new Collector, Swartwout, appointed his two hundred subordinates in utter disregard of everything except partisan services in the past, and personal subserviency for the future. In a few years he went to Europe "for his health," a defaulter to the amount of \$1,225,000. The Congressional committee appointed to inves-

tigate the affair was told by the auditor of the Custom-House, who knew of the defalcation, that he had kept silence "because we clerks of the Custom-House consider ourselves in the service of the Collector, and not in the service of the United States." The assistant cashier said that he kept silence "in conformity with the Custom-House practice." Swartwout's successor, Hoyt, continued his policy with similar results. Anticipating Mr. Dana's "turn the rascals out," he proclaimed that "every rascal who helped to keep Adams in and Jackson out deserved to be hanged." Under his administration, cases of bribery, fraud, partiality, and abstraction of goods from the public stores were so frequent that another Congressional investigation became necessary. The committee, says Dorman B. Eaton, reported defalcations aggregating fully \$300,000, and reported as follows upon the methods of Custom-House administration: "The inspectors, when absent from duty, were generally engaged in electioneering, and in procuring the naturalization of foreigners. . . . A Custom-House tax was regularly levied and paid in advance of the elections, and a refusal to pay it was inevitably followed by removal from office. . . . A system of favoritism was uniformly extended to the

most violent political partisans." The cost of collecting the revenue, which had nearly doubled under Swartwout, doubled again under Hoyt.

The system thus introduced remained in undisputed sway for forty years. Few officials, indeed, were so recklessly dishonest as Swartwout and Hoyt, but public offices not only remained the spoils of party, but became the spoils of faction. The last Collector under Buchanan, though succeeding a Democrat, removed 389 subordinates out of 690. His Republican successor made practically a clean sweep, removing 525 out of 702. The next Collector, of the same party, made 117 removals in a year. His successor in three years removed 830 officials out of 903. Later successors continued this record, removing 848 officials in a still shorter time, so that during the five years preceding the appointment of Collector Arthur in 1871 there had been 1,678 removals in a force numbering less than 1,000, without any change in the party in power.

Meanwhile, however, the issue upon which the thoughts of the Nation had been concentrated for a generation was at last settled by the Civil War, and the crying evils of the civil service were at last recognized by the public conscience. Naturally, it was in the States where the spoils system had first completely developed itself that the reform first attracted public attention.

The States containing the large cities assumed the leadership in the reform, because they had longest and most severely suffered from the abuses to be remedied. In 1867 Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, wrote his famous report of the Committee of the House of Representatives on the condition of the National Civil Service. In this report he showed clearly how satisfactorily the civil service of Great Britain had been reformed during the previous decade by the substitution of competitive examinations for appointment by patronage. An earnest body of reformers, with George William Curtis and Dorman B. Eaton at their head, took up the reform, and since that day the agitation has been increasing.

As a matter of course, the reformers who urged the adoption of an English measure were accused of urging an aristocratic or even monarchical institution upon our country. Wherever they got a hearing, however, they were able to show that Civil Service Reform in Great Britain had been fought by the aristocracy, and had been forced upon the nation by the demand of the democratic classes for equal opportunities. England had led the way in this reform for the reason that the abuses of the spoils system had been greater there than here, and the public conscience was earlier forced to take cognizance of the evil. While Washington was maintaining the principle of Civil



DORMAN B. EATON



THOMAS L. JAMES

Service Reform in the administration here, George III. was controlling Parliament by the use of patronage among its members. Even when Jackson and Van Buren built up a National machine for the control of primaries, the evils were for a long time incomparably less than in England, where Parliamentary elections were carried by the activity of officials, and the whole civil service could justly be termed by John Bright "a system of outdoor relief" for the children of the aristocracy. Civil Service Reform by competitive examinations was, indeed, an English system, but it was the system championed by English democracy, while the spoils system was the system championed by the English aristocracy and the sycophants dependent upon them. The chief weakness of the Civil Service Reform agitation in America has been the comparative failure to arouse the passion for democracy which gave the spoils system in England its death-blow.

In one respect, however, the history of Civil Service Reform in this country has been identical with its history in England. Here and there alike it has been carried forward by the administrative department of the Government as opposed to the legislative. This is exceptional in the history of reforms, but the reason for it is obvious enough. It is the administrative branch of the Government which has to bear the responsibility for incompetent officials, and a self-respecting administration does not care to cripple itself in order to place a few offices at the disposal of every member of the Legislature. The spoils system converted official society into

One mighty horde,

Formed of two classes—bores and bored.

Members of the Legislature always belonged to the first class, and members of the Administration to the second. It is no wonder, therefore, that the Ministry in England and the Presidents of the United States have wrested Civil Service Reform from unwilling Legislatures.

President Grant began the administrative work for Civil Service Reform. In 1871 his appeal secured from Congress a law authorizing the appointment of a Civil Service Commission, and in January of the next year the rules framed by the Commission for competitive examinations

went into effect in Washington and New York. In the Custom-House at New York Collector Arthur made only 144 removals during his term. He reported that the system had had a good effect. The same report was made by the responsible officials at Washington, and President Grant issued an order extending the system to Boston. But Congress was hostile to the reform, and, after 1874, failed to make the appropriation necessary to maintain the Commission. President Hayes took up the work which had been allowed to languish, and appointed or reappointed thoroughgoing Civil Service Reformers at the head of the principal offices in New York. The changes wrought in the New York Post-Office by the new enforcement of the rules was an object-lesson to the Nation regarding the value of the reform. In 1880 mails were handled one-third larger than in 1875, yet the appropriation for salaries and wages was \$20,000 less. Furthermore, the service had been rendered more satisfactory in every particular. As against ten collections a day in the business part of the city, Mr. James had established nineteen, and as against five deliveries a day he had established seven. Results almost equally satisfactory were achieved by Mr. Merritt at the Custom-House, and by Mr. Burt at the Naval Office. By the end of President Hayes's administration Civil Service Reform by competitive examinations was a demonstrated success.

Under President Arthur the present Civil Service Law was enacted. This statute provided for the classification, for purposes of competitive examination, of certain places in the departments at Washington, and in custom-houses and post-offices containing fifty or more employees. It also authorized the President to extend the classification to all other offices in the civil service, except those filled by persons appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, and persons employed merely as laborers. No limitation was placed upon the power of removal, the framers of the act trusting that the inability of the appointing officer to fill vacancies with his personal or party friends would generally prevent the making of removals for partisan purposes. The number of offices immediately classified under the act was a little over 13,000

By the natural growth of the service 15,000 offices were under the protection of the act when President Cleveland came into power, at the head of a party which had been without Federal offices for a quarter of a century.

Then Civil Service Reform obtained its greatest triumph. Had President Cleveland yielded to the dominant sentiment among the members of Congress of his own party, he would have treated the Civil Service Law as a Republican measure to keep members of their own party in office. To his everlasting credit, he remained true, in spirit as well as letter, to the public pledges he had made to advance Civil Service Reform. Not only was the number of removals in the classified service kept almost *nil* during his administration, but this service was extended by executive order to include 7,000 additional places. These additions, together with the natural increase of smaller offices to offices with fifty or more employees, increased the classified service to include 26,500 places at the accession of President Harrison. The Civil Service Act had stood the severe strain of a change in the party in power. Its life and vigor were assured.

President Harrison conscientiously enforced the law as he found it, but, unfortunately, waited until January 5, 1893, before extending its application to all the free-delivery post-offices. Had this extension been made before his Democratic successor was elected, it would have been a notable triumph for Civil Service Reform, as it added nearly 8,000 places to the classified service. Coming when it did, however, it lent the color of plausibility to the charge that the Civil Service Law was a partisan measure for keeping the spoils, instead of a non-partisan measure for getting rid of them. On the surface the reform had been extended, but it had been extended at the expense of weakening the public faith that the classified service of the Government was a non-partisan service.

When President Cleveland was inaugurated the second time, the hopes of Civil Service Reformers ran high; but they were doomed to disappointment. The currency question predominated. The worst evil that ever attached to the spoils system in Great Britain—the control of Parliament

through the salaried offices at the disposal of the Georges—was for the first time realized here. Democratic Congressmen from the South and West, elected as supporters of the expansion of the currency and the free coinage of silver, were induced by the Administration to vote for the contraction of the currency, and against even the limited coinage of silver. How far these conversions were secured by the use of patronage, and how far President Cleveland sanctioned the prostitution of the civil service, will never be known. That the offices were used both to control votes in Congress and to secure results in the primaries and the National Convention is indubitable. With the exception of an admirable protest from Massachusetts Civil Service Reformers, the widely read public statements on this question have all come from the enemies of the gold standard and of Mr. Cleveland. The defense of the violation of Civil Service Reform principles was specious, but it was only the old defense in a new form. If the Executive may use offices to promote the cause of "sound money" if he regards that cause as pre-eminent, he may use them to promote tariff reform if he regards that cause as pre-eminent, or, for that matter, as Walpole used them in England to secure the dissolution of an Irish Parliament and the unification of Great Britain in one House of Commons. The result of the departure from sound civil service principles was to create in Mr. Cleveland's opponents, especially in the South and West, a contempt for Civil Service Reform. They should have seen in the abuses which they witnessed the strongest possible argument against the continuance of the spoils system. They did see in it only or chiefly a reason for condemning Civil Service Reform, and a ground for promising to voters on their side a share of the public offices if they ever got control of the Government.

If, however, Mr. Cleveland's second Administration is measured by the results that are seen rather than by the popular feeling which is unseen, that Administration has witnessed greater gains for Civil Service Reform than the first. At the beginning of this Administration the classified service covered 43,000 offices; at its close it contains

87,000. The remaining 92,000 offices in the unclassified service consist almost exclusively of Presidential appointments and fourth-class postmasterships. Both of these groups are beyond the possible scope of the present law. The fourth-class postmasterships are, as a rule, so unimportant and so little sought after that no one has ever proposed the competitive examination of applicants. The enemies of patronage are more apt to urge that the patrons of each petty office should be allowed to select their own postmaster. The Presidential appointments, however, are a very different matter. They number nearly 10,000, and are the heads of the important offices in every department. Few of them have political duties to discharge, and most of them should be filled by promotions from the ranks. So long as these 10,000 well-paid places are exempt from the provisions of a civil service law, the patronage system is still strongly entrenched.

The work which remains to be done, however, is not mainly the broadening of the Civil Service Act, but the broadening of the Civil Service Reform spirit. We have seen that the chief danger to the present law is the hostility aroused by violations of its spirit. To some extent, this hostility has been abated by the widening recognition that the overthrow of the spoils system is essential if the Government is to discharge its legitimate functions in the management of monopolies. Fortunately, this consideration has appeared with especial force to the trades-unions in the cities and the Farmers' Alliance in the country, and these bodies constitute the very backbone of the new party which has considered itself proscribed from the Federal service. If Civil Service Reformers seize their opportunity, they can democratize their movement, and make it as strong among the masses as it now is among the educated classes. But to do this they must recognize that it is a moral and not a scholastic reform. They must not only admit but proclaim the fact that scholastic examinations do not furnish the best test of the ability of public employees, any more than the best test of the ability of private employees. They must make it clear to themselves and to the public that competitive examinations are not Civil Service Re-

form, but merely the temporary scaffolding by means of which the Civil Service Reform structure may be erected. The reform itself is the requirement of the public conscience that men shall be selected solely for their ability to do their work. When this result is attained—when the official who pays party or personal debts out of the public treasury is condemned for breach of trust by members of his own party—then competitive examinations in the public service can be relegated to the same place they hold in the selection of employees in private life. To secure such a public conscience is the real work that lies before the advocates of Civil Service Reform, and in securing it the currents of National feeling will run in their favor if, instead of holding up as their ideal the English system of competitive examinations, they appeal for a return to the spirit of the American gentleman who wrote: "My private feelings have nothing to do with the case. . . . As George Washington I would do this man any kindness—as President of the United States I can do nothing."



Dr. Martineau on Marriage

Dr. Martineau, now in his ninety-third year, was the officiating minister at a recent wedding, and delivered the following beautiful address: "As Christians, you, my brother and sister, enter upon your new duties with a cheerful faith and hope. You have learnt that the pure affections given to earth and home are not on that account withdrawn from heaven and God, that the hearth where household sympathies have brightly burned is the best altar of the fires of our diviner aspirations, and that in wedded life duty is never the foe of love, but rather its unrestrained child. You will therefore walk this your life with that perfect kind of mutual consideration that will prevent all occasion for forbearance; you will endeavor to glow with the spirit of joy for the blessings it brings upon you. May you toil with unwearied feet up the perpetual ascent of duty, and out of your happiness and peace may there come a new pity for all who suffer, and the desire to succor those who have none to help them. Before the ample view of faith these solitary years, if such there shall be, sink into a brief exile, not uncheered while it endures, and giving an intenser transport to the embrace of the everlasting restoration. Our affections, depend upon it, are then alone fit for the seasons of this life when they are regarded by us as the best treasures of another."

Idyls of the Queen



WILLIAM CANTON

iam Canton, and his face and name deserve to be known in every home whose despotic but adorable Queen is a baby girl. For both in the prose and in the verse of these unpretentious volumes he succeeds, with what seems to us to be remarkable skill, in interpreting the simplicity and mystery, the innocence and intelligence, the fascination and exasperation, the gayety and grief, the dependance and despotism of childhood—that indescribable fabric woven of extraordinarily tangled threads.

It is singular that while Mr. Canton's pen touches the purest and most delicate side of domesticity, he should have been himself something of a wanderer. He was born in 1845 on an island off the east coast of China, spent his boyhood on the other side of the world in the West Indies, received some of his education in France, and is now engaged in editorial work in London. He must be a happy father and a devoted believer in the mysteries as well as the beauties of childhood, for he says, as a preface to some of his verses which he calls "Rhymes about a Little Woman:"

She is my pride; my plague: my rest; my rack: my bliss; my bane:

She brings me sunshine of the heart, and soft'ning of the brain.

—a far truer, far sincerer, and far nobler expression of the mixture of feelings in

Two little books¹ by an Englishman have recently been brought out on this side of the Atlantic and may fairly be called *Idyls of the Queen*—to paraphrase the famous title of the great Laureate's poems of King Arthur and his Court. The author of these little books is Will-

the often confused and battered paternal heart than Tom Hood's famous ode to his infant son.

Each of Mr. Canton's volumes is a collection of prose sketches and miscellaneous poems; the prose we leave our readers to discover for themselves, if they have not already done so; of the poems we give below some examples, simply adding that, in our opinion, "*W. V.: Her Book*," the first to be published in this country, but the last to be written, possesses the greater charm both in point of style and point of matter.

"Crying Abba, Father"

From "*W. V., Her Book*," by William Canton

Abba, in Thine eternal years

Bethink Thee of our fleeting day;

We are but clay;

Bear with our foolish joys, our foolish tears,

And all the willfulness with which we pray.

I have a little maid who, when she leaves
Her father and her father's threshold, grieves,
But being gone, and life all holiday,
Forgets my love and me straightway;
Yet, when I write,
Kisses my letters, dancing with delight,
Cries "Dearest Father!" and in all her glee
For one brief livelong hour remembers me.
Shall I in anger punish or reprove?
Nay, this is natural; she cannot guess
How one forgotten feels forgetfulness;
And I am glad thinking of her glad face,
And send her little tokens of my love.

And Thou—wouldst Thou be wroth in such
a case?

And, crying Abba, I am fain

To think no human father's heart

Can be so tender as Thou art,

So quick to feel our love, to feel our
pain.

When she is froward, querulous, or wild,
Thou knowest, Abba, how in each offense
I stint not patience, lest I wrong the child,
Mistaking for revolt defect of sense,
For willfulness mere spriteliness of mind;
Thou know'st how often, seeing, I am blind;
How when I turn her face against the wall
And leave her in disgrace,
And will not look at her or speak at all,

¹ *The Invisible Playmate* and *W. V.: Her Book*, both by William Canton and both published by Messrs. Stone & Kimball, 139 Fifth Avenue, New York, by whose courtesy we are permitted to reprint the poems given herewith.

I long to speak and long to see her face;
 And how, when twice, for something grievous
 done,
 I could but smite, and though I lightly smote,
 I felt my heart rise strangling in my throat;
 And when she wept I kissed the poor red
 hands.

All these things, Father, a father understands;
 And am not I Thy son?

Abba, in Thine eternal years
 Bethink Thee of our fleeting day;
 From all the rapture of our eyes and ears
 How shall we tear ourselves away?
 At night my little one says nay,
 With prayers implores, entreats with tears
 For ten more flying minutes' play;
 How shall we tear ourselves away?
 Yet call, and I'll surrender
 The flower of soul and sense,
 Life's passion and its splendor,
 In quick obedience,

If not without the blameless human tears
 By eyes which slowly glaze and darken shed,
 Yet without questionings or fears
 For those I leave behind when I am dead.
 Thou, Abba, know'st how dear
 My little child's poor playthings are to her;
 What love and joy
 She has in every darling doll and precious
 toy;
 Yet when she stands between my knees
 To kiss good-night, she does not sob in sor-
 row,
 "Oh, father, do not break or injure these!"
 She knows that I shall fondly lay them by
 For happiness to-morrow;
 So leaves them trustfully. And shall not I?

Whatever darkness gather
 O'er coverlet or pall,
 Since Thou art Abba, Father,
 Why should I fear at all?

Thou'st seen how closely, Abba, when at
 rest
 My child's head nestles to my breast;
 And how my arm her little form enfolds,
 Lest in the darkness she should feel alone;
 And how she holds
 My hands, my hands, my two hands in her
 own?

A little easeful sighing
 And restful turning round,
 And I too, on Thy love relying,
 Shall slumber sound.

Naturula Naturans

From "W. V., Her Book," by William
 Canton

Beside the water and the crumbs
 She laid her little birds of clay,
 For—"When some other sparrow comes,
 Perhaps they'll fly away."

Ah, golden dream, to clothe with wings
 A heart of springing joy; to know
 Two lives i' the happy sum of things
 To her their bliss will owe!

Day dawned; they had not taken flight,
 Tho' playmates called from bush and tree.
 She sighed: "I hardly thought they might.
 Well,—God's more clever'n me!"

The Divine Idol

From "The Invisible Playmate," by
 William Canton

Take the idol to her shrine;
 In her cradle lay her!
 Worship her—she is divine;
 Offer up your prayer!
 She will bless you, bed and board,
 If befittingly adored.

About a Little Woman

From "The Invisible Playmate," by
 William Canton

She was a treasure; she was a sweet;
 She was the darling of the Army and the
 Fleet!

When—she—smiled—
 The crews of the line-of-battle ships went
 wild!

When—she—cried—
 Whole regiments reversed their arms and
 sighed.

When she was sick, for her sake
 The Queen took off her crown, and sobbed
 as if her heart would break.



Books and Authors

Mr. Burroughs's "Whitman"¹

Mr. Burroughs's study of Whitman is much the most thoroughgoing and able interpretation of Whitman which has yet been made; and it is, moreover, one of the strongest pieces of literary criticism which we have had. Entirely apart from its relation to Whitman, it is an extremely valuable elucidation of literary principles. It has a tonic quality for young writers especially; so truthful, vital, and human is it, and so entirely free from secondary, derivative views of art. Mr. Burroughs has set us on the soil in a long series of bracing and liberating books about Nature; in this volume he takes us straight to Nature in his interpretation of the place and function of poetry, and in his illustration of poetic aims and practice from the work of Whitman. The book is full of illuminating sentences for those who will take the trouble to think about them. Such phrases as these are worth pondering:

There is one important quality that enters into all first-class literary production and into all art, which is taken little account of in current criticism: I mean the quality of the manly—the pulse and pressure of manly virility and strength. Goethe spoke of it to Eckermann as a certain urgent power in which the art of his time was lacking. The producers had taste and skill, but were not so masterful as men. Goethe always looked through the work to the man behind it; in art and poetry the personality was everything. The special talent of one kind and another was quite secondary. The greatest works are least literary. To speak in literature as a man, and not merely as a scholar or professional littérateur, is always the crying need.

And again:

The decadence of literature sets in when there is more talent than character in current production; when rare literary and artistic gifts no longer come wedded to large human and manly gifts.

To these significant words one other passage may be added for the sake of getting Mr. Burroughs's point of view:

For present purposes, we may say there are two phases of art—formal art and creative art. By formal art I mean that which makes a direct appeal to our sense of form—our sense of the finely carved, the highly wrought, the deftly planned; and by creative art I mean that quickening, fructifying power of the masters, that heat and passion that make the world plastic and submissive to their hands, teeming with new meanings and thrilling with new life.

It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Burroughs writes from the standpoint of one who believes profoundly in the necessity of emphasizing the creative rather than the formal element in literature; one who believes, indeed, that purely formal literature is of very slight account. This is sound doctrine at all times, but its clear and forcible statement was never more needed than at this moment, when skill, dexterity, scholarship, are so often substituted for force, freshness, and

insight; when talent is so often substituted for character.

So far the vast majority of Mr. Burroughs's readers will be with him, and will thank him for more of that large, wise utterance to which he has accustomed them; when it comes to the estimate of Whitman, however, there will be a sharp difference of opinion. There will be those who will think that Whitman's claims have not been overstated; there will be those who will agree with Mr. Burroughs's treatment of the positive side of Whitman, but who will dissent from his treatment of the negative side; and there will be a third class who will regard the book as extravagant, unbalanced, and entirely uncritical. For those who find all the highest qualities harmoniously combined and nobly expressed in Whitman's poetry, and for those who see nothing in Whitman but extravagance, egotism, and intolerable wordiness, this particular reviewer has nothing to say; he finds himself sympathizing with the middle class. He finds Mr. Burroughs's study distinctly the most adequate and able study of Whitman which has been made; he agrees with Mr. Burroughs's statement of Whitman's fundamental qualities and character; he differs from Mr. Burroughs's final estimate of Whitman's genius and place.

It is entirely true, as Mr. Burroughs says, that Whitman's point of view is not easily found; one must get accustomed to his atmosphere, one must surrender himself to new methods and lay aside prejudices, in order to catch the elusive but dominant note of this poetry. It is idle to deny that there is imagination of a very high order in it, and beauty of a very compelling kind. No one with any sensitiveness to natural rhythm can hear "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking," or "When Lilies Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd," read aloud without feeling a kind of elemental movement of thought, feeling, and speech; something real, deep, and very near to Nature. Here are the poetic qualities on a very large scale; so large a scale that many who have fed upon the prettiness and neat orderliness of a good deal of contemporary verse fail to discern them.

Mr. Burroughs strikes the keynote of his interpretation when he says: "Whitman does not suggest to me the wild and unkempt, as he seems to do to many; he suggests the cosmic and the elemental." There is Whitman's essential quality in a sentence. Add to this another passage descriptive in an extraordinarily vital and complete way of Whitman's method, and the thoughtful reader of this book will hold the key to the poet's power, and to his limitations as well: "Whitman was not a builder. If he had the architectural power which the great poets have shown, he gave little proof of it. It was

¹ *Whitman: A Study*. By John Burroughs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

not required by the task he set before himself. His book is not a temple: it is a wood, a field, a highway; vista, vista, everywhere—vanishing lights and shades, truths half-disclosed, successions of objects, hints, suggestions, brief pictures, groups, voices, contrasts, blendings, and, above all, the tonic quality of the open air." This is charming, and it is true; it explains the liberating, bracing, exhilarating influence which such men as Symonds, Stevenson, Emerson, and many others, known and unknown, have received from the best of Whitman's work.

But there were many times when Whitman was not at his best; when he was wordy, self-conscious, and ineffective. Indeed, no poet loses less and gains more by sympathetic but courageous editing than Whitman. Much that he wrote ought, for his own reputation, to be excluded from his published work; it obscures his genius, perplexes his readers, disheartens his admirers, and gives aid and comfort to those who are looking only for material for ridicule. The little volume which Mr. Arthur Stedman edited several years ago gives us the real Whitman—the Whitman of whom Mr. Burroughs writes. Byron and Wordsworth have already gone through the stage of disinterested selection, and gained by the process; the sooner Whitman goes through it the better. When he has gone through it, his work may be safely committed to the judgment of the future.

That judgment, if we mistake not, will discern in a small group of his poems a depth and force of imagination not elsewhere found in American poetry; a breadth and vitality of movement much more suggestive of continental interest and life than any other verse yet written here; a certain "cosmic and elemental" quality such as few poets have shared. This is giving a large place to Whitman, but it is not putting him in the company of the greatest spiritual interpreters of human life; it is not accepting his view of life and society as adequate and final; it is not accepting him as the supreme interpreter of the democratic spirit. Whitman is cosmic and elemental, and to recognize these qualities in him is to concede his greatness; but the poet of the first rank must be something more than cosmic and elemental; he must represent and interpret that deep, rich, spiritual life which is the highest deposit and result of civilization. We must always be going back to Nature, returning to the cosmic and the elemental; but we must not, therefore, discard and reject the immense gains of civilization. There is no antagonism between Nature and the highest civilization, for the highest culture is only Nature fulfilled in her largest intent in the individual man. Dante was just as genuine and natural a poet as Whitman, besides being very much greater in genius, insight, and character.

We go back to Nature, not to discard our spiritual refinements and reticences, but to rid ourselves of false notions and spurious delicacy.

The suggestion that Whitman treated the sex element in the spirit of the men who invented phallic worship is very interesting, and there is reason to believe that it is true; but phallic worship is some thousands of years behind us, and we can no more return to the point of view which made it possible than we can go back to the period when our forefathers wore no clothes and were not ashamed. We should gain nothing by discarding clothes, for the trouble is not with our clothes, but with our souls. Whitman is sometimes offensive, not merely to the prude and the ascetic, but to the sane, natural man who values the body no less than the soul, but who values it because there is a soul in it. Whitman violated those reticences and privacies which the soul provides in order to keep the body clean and sacred. These are not conventional, they are moral; they are not antagonistic to Nature; they fulfill the higher purposes of Nature. And it is these higher purposes which Whitman so often fails to discern. He expresses with great power elemental and cosmic things; he does not touch the higher reaches of spiritual development, nor does he speak for the greatest personalities.

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending February 19. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

THE DRAMA

Henrik Ibsen's latest play, *John Gabriel Borkman*, is a thoroughly characteristic piece of work, following definitely but not slavishly the lines which this dramatist has so clearly marked out for himself. The chief figure in the story is a defaulter who has served his time in prison, and who, returning to his home, practically makes another prison of the upper floor of his house. His wife, who lives below, is the incarnation of pride without affection. The drama is, like all Ibsen's work, tragic to the very core, without humor and without relief of any kind. No actor in the play seems to discern the higher moral possibilities of the situation, although the one who makes the nearest approach to it is Borkman's sister-in-law, whom he had discarded in order to marry the woman who became his wife. There are strong situations; there is a great deal of vigorous writing; there are home-thrusts at pretension and hypocrisy; there are at intervals fine touches of imaginative insight; but there is also the inevitable limitation of Ibsen's view of life and of the human drama. (Stone & Kimball, New York.)

NOVELS AND TALES

We have received two volumes of the important and beautiful edition of *The Works of Rudyard Kipling* which Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons are publishing. This collection of Mr. Kipling's published writings, which have heretofore

been issued by various publishers, has been made in spite of great obstacles, and to have succeeded in completing the collection is in itself an achievement that reflects great credit on the originators of the plan. For it is not too much to say that in the future, more even than in the present, students and lovers of English literature will prize an edition of one of the strongest writers of modern English fiction and poetry printed with his authority and co-operation. Moreover, to book-lovers the twelve volumes will be especially commended by the fine mechanical skill lavished upon them. The paper, type, printing, and binding are of a very high quality, and a curious and picturesque value is given to them by the illustrations, which consist of photographic reproductions of thirty or forty bas-reliefs modeled in clay for this special edition by Rudyard Kipling's father, Mr. John Lockwood Kipling. We shall later print a more extended review of Rudyard Kipling's place and work in literature.

Wide Asunder as the Poles is the striking title of a story by Mr. Arthur Crump, in which minutely described characters do not at all relieve the reader from the vulgar commonplaceness of the tale. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

The collection of character-sketches by the well-known English poet and journalist, John Davidson, called *Miss Armstrong's and Other Circumstances* is not, to our minds, a forcible book. The stories deal with politics, with club life, and with social questions; one or two of them show acuteness in study of motive, but there is very little of the story-telling art. Oddly enough, this volume ends with a charming fairy story for children, a tale which, in purely imaginative qualities, is one of the best of its kind ever printed. The contrast between this delicate romance of fairyland and the extremely matter-of-fact stories which precede it is remarkable. (Stone & Kimball, New York.)—From the same publishers comes *A Woman's Courier*, by William J. Yeoman, a semi-historical tale dealing with the Jacobite plots against William of Orange. The story is amateurish, Whiggish, and sometimes priggish.—Also from the same publishers comes John Strange Winter's *Grip*, a totally unnatural and impossible story, and one which will not in any way increase the author's reputation.

The experiment of dramatizing a novel is a common one, though it rarely meets with a high degree of success. Mr. Wilson Barrett, the popular actor, has reversed this undertaking by putting forth his successful play, *The Sign of the Cross*, in the form of a novel. It is, of course, a tale of the early Christian life, and its religious sentiment and intention are excellent. It would have been a much better book, however, if it had been written in half the space and had otherwise received closer literary supervision. The style is too high-pitched and the dialogue too unnatural to make the book altogether easy reading. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)—Mrs.

Hungerford, who has lately died, and who is so well known to many thousands of readers as the "Duchess," is the author of *The Coming of Chloë*. Like most of her books, this is in manner patterned after the lively style of the French writer who calls herself "Gyp," but the "Duchess" is a "Gyp" Anglicized and diluted. The book is perfectly harmless, but is filled with almost endless conversations which purport to be amusing but which really are not amusing. (Same publishers.)

POETRY

Mr. Robert W. Chambers, who has become known as a writer of stories, has published through Messrs. Stone & Kimball, New York, a volume of verse entitled *With the Band*. In binding, paper, and typography this little book is all that could be desired, but in point of poetry we find a melancholy difference between these descriptions of the American soldier and those of the British soldier as narrated by Mr. Kipling.—*Ballads of Brave Deeds* is the attractive title of an attractive book of verse by the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, M.A., the well-known Canon of Carlisle. (J. M. Dent & Co., London.) The book is dedicated to the Canon's friends, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Watts, and the beautiful volume is prefaced by a reproduction of one of the great painter's pictures, and also has a preface by Mr. Watts. The notes at the end of the book are ample, and give valuable information regarding the various heroic deeds so ringingly chronicled by Canon Rawnsley.

The initial volume in the new edition of the *Works of Lord Byron*, edited by W. E. Henley, contains the letters written between 1804 and 1813. Byron's prose in this edition is to be divided into three parts: letters; journals and memoranda; and miscellanies. The letters are accompanied by a series of notes which are almost exceptional in the history of editing because they are not only erudite, authoritative, and pertinent, but because they are also brilliant. They have been widely commented upon as examples of thorough and intelligent editorial work; it has even been suggested that they should be published in a book by themselves, so interesting and in a way original are they. This edition is to fill twelve handsome volumes, and will leave nothing to be desired in the way of a permanent form of one of the greatest of English poets. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

RELIGIOUS AND THEOLOGICAL

Professor Moulton's *Iaiah*, which has just been added to the series of the Modern Reader's Bible, is likely to prove one of the most important and interesting in this very interesting and important rearrangement of the Bible from the literary standpoint. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

The Divine Library: Suggestions How to Read the Bible, by J. Paterson Smyth, B.D., LL.D., is

best described by its second title. It is intelligent and suggestive, and eminently reverential; at the same time it is free from literalism and from hard-and-fast dogmatism. Without necessarily agreeing with each and every opinion expressed, we cordially praise the book for its general method and spirit. (James Pott & Co, New York.)

EDUCATIONAL

Mr. Edward H. Cutler, the Principal of the Preparatory School at Newton, Mass., has published through Messrs. Ginn & Co., Boston, *The Ninth Book of Vergil's Æneid*, edited for the use of schools. The little book is a model of its kind.

—Mr. J. L. Montgomery, the instructor in book-keeping in the Columbia Grammar School, New York City, has published through Messrs. Maynard, Merrill & Co, New York, *Modern Book-keeping*, a clearly written treatise which shows us that book-keeping is not such an intricate subject after all.

Volume VI. of the University of Pennsylvania "Series in Philology, Literature, and Archæology" consists of valuable *Researches upon the Antiquity of Man* in the Eastern United States. The volume comprises the investigations made by Mr. Henry C. Mercer, the Curator of the Museum of American and Prehistoric Archæology at the University of Pennsylvania. (Ginn & Co., Boston.)

Part II. of Mr. Ernest Arthur Gardner's *Handbook of Greek Sculpture* has now appeared. (The Macmillan Company, New York.) It is a capital work, and we are glad to note that, among authorities quoted, the author gives special prominence to Professor Furtwängler's "Meisterwerke der griechischen Plastik." The later portion of the history of Greek sculpture is dealt with by Mr. Gardner on the same lines as in the earlier portion.

Literary Notes

—The late Philip Gilbert Hamerton once made a visit to the old town of Mont Beauvraux, near Autun, France, and wrote an account of it, which was never published. It is now to appear under the title of "The Moun."

—The New York "Tribune" informs us that the late Archbishop Benson left a manuscript work which, he said to a friend shortly before his death, was intended to be "a complete 'Corpus Cyprianicum.'" It will be published very soon. Dr. Benson worked on this life of St. Cyprian for many years. He began it as a brief treatise so far back as 1867, but it grew under his hands, and in its completed form it promises to be a bulky volume.

—Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard University, is editing a work in four volumes which will be called "American History as told by Contemporaries." As might be anticipated, the work is made up of extracts from original sources. Volume I. deals with "Discovery and

Colonization, 1492-1689." The succeeding volumes are "Making of the Republic, 1689-1783," "Growth of the Nation, 1783-1845," and "Welding of the Nation, 1846-1896."

—By the advertisement of Mr. Marion Crawford's publisher we learn that upwards of half a million of that novelist's stories have been sold in this country alone. The most popular novel is, as might have been expected, "Saracinesca," which is now in its 110th thousand; "Sant' Ilario" is in its 44th thousand, and "Don Orsino," the sequel to the two foregoing, in its 38th thousand. Mr. Crawford's first novel, "Mr. Isaacs," is in its 55th thousand, and "Dr. Claudius" is in its 37th thousand. "A Tale of a Lonely Parish" is in its 25th thousand, "The Witch of Prague" is in its 21st thousand, "Zoroaster" in its 19th thousand, "Greifenstein" in its 18th thousand, "Children of the King" in its 16th thousand, "Adam Johnstone's Son" in its 15th thousand, and "Taqisara," the latest, is in its 13th thousand.

—Some weeks since the following note was sent to *The Outlook*:

In Mr. McCarthy's "Story of Gladstone," current in *The Outlook*, he makes the statement (page 68, issue of January 2) that Gladstone's successor as President of the Oxford Union Debating Society was Henry E. Manning (later Cardinal). The exact contrary was true. Gladstone succeeded Manning, who succeeded S. Wilberforce. *Vide* E. D. Purcell's "Life of Cardinal Manning" (Macmillan, 1896, pages 34, 35, 36, 37—at bottom of page—etc., Vol. I.).

Mr. McCarthy says in reply:

The writer of the post-card which you kindly inclosed to me is quite right in his criticism. By the merest mistake I made Manning succeed to Gladstone, whereas in fact Gladstone succeeded to Manning, as President of the Oxford Union Debating Society. It is not a matter of any great importance in itself, but still, of course, it is of great importance that we should be right and not wrong in our statements of fact.

Books Received

For week ending February 19

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Vergil's *Æneid* IX. Edited by Edward H. Cutler.
Mercer, Henry C. *Researches upon the Antiquity of Man*.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PHILADELPHIA
Hungerford, Mrs. ("The Duchess"). *The Coming of Chloe*. \$1.25.

Barrett, Wilson. *The Sign of the Cross*. \$1.50.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK
Crump, Arthur. *Wide Asunder as the Poles*. \$2.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK
Gardner, Ernest Arthur. *A Handbook of Greek Sculpture*. Part II. \$1.25.

Byron, Lord. *Works*. Edited by William Ernest Henley. \$1.75.

Isaiah. Edited by Richard G. Moulton. 50 cts.

MAYNARD, MERRILL & CO., NEW YORK
Montgomery, J. L. *Modern Bookkeeping*. 80 cts.

JAMES POTT & CO., NEW YORK
Smyth, J. Paterson. *The Divine Library: Suggestions How to Read the Bible*.

STONE & KIMBALL, NEW YORK
Yeoman, William J. *A Woman's Courier*. \$1.25

Winter, John Strange. *Grip*. \$1.25.

Davidson, John. *Miss Armstrong's and Other Circumstances*. \$1.25.

Ibsen, Henrik. *John Gabriel Borkman*. Translated by William Archer. \$1.50.

Chambers, Robert W. *With the Band*. \$1.25.

The Religious World

Dr. Ward on the Bible

The New York "Herald" of February 21 publishes a long and extremely interesting article by the Rev. William Hayes Ward, D.D., editor of the "Independent," on "The Construction of the Bible and an Analysis of the Testaments." It is well known that Dr. Ward is an expert in Hebrew and Assyriology, an original investigator with few if any superiors in this country. His investigations have been pursued not only at home, but in the lands of the Bible. Unusual interest, therefore, is attached to anything which he may publish on the subject now so generally engrossing attention. Dr. Ward begins by showing that the problem before Biblical students is very different from what it was when all that was necessary was to fit proof-texts into a system of philosophy, and the result was a system of theology. He then shows that the Bible is a library of sixty-six books: that the critical questions concerning the Old Testament for a time were regarded as much simpler than those which related to the New Testament, but that it has now been learned that the text fixed upon by the early Councils is not so reliable as had been supposed, and that now the critical study of the Old Testament is more difficult than that of the New. As illustrations of the problems before the student of the Old Testament, he asks that the different versions of the Ten Commandments as given in Exodus and in Deuteronomy be studied. Without positively saying so, Dr. Ward clearly places himself in line with the newer criticism. He says that most modern scholars agree in regarding Ruth, Jonah, and Daniel as belonging to "the category of religious romance." "No one imagines that there was any deception in the writing of these books." In the same way he says that scholars regard "Job, Ecclesiastes, Song of Solomon, as a sort of poems, or moral lessons, put by legitimate literary convention into the mouth of distinguished men long dead. In none of these cases is any forgery suspected—only the usual literary methods of the day." Regarding the supernatural in the Old Testament, he says that the nature of the book must be decided upon before a specific answer can be given. He shows that if God exists the supernatural must be a possibility—the only question being as to claims that special events indicate such agency. He further shows that recent studies in the East tend to confirm the historicity of those parts of the Old Testament which claim to be historical. Dr. Ward's closing sentence is worthy of being quoted both for what it is and for the source from which it proceeds: "It must be admitted that they [scholars] are not afraid to test all its statements of fact or doctrine by all the light which God has given from the first creation of

man down to the present day, believing that the Spirit of God which first breathed into man is still breathing into his soul."

Theology and Sociology

One often sees comments on the lack of interest in sociological studies in our theological seminaries. Yet some of our best seminaries are devoting much attention to it, and some have endowed chairs of Christian Ethics. Professor William F. Blackman occupies such a chair in Yale Divinity School. The lectures for the past few months have been devoted largely to practical charities, and for illustration of these lectures the students have made special investigations in New Haven and other places. But Professor Blackman conceived the idea of bringing the students into personal, practical touch with the methods of one of our great cities. Under the direction of Professor Blackman, and with the aid of Dr. Tallman, of the Charities Association of New York, on Thursday and Friday of last week the class visited New York for a tour of inspection. The programme for this unique trip was carefully planned beforehand, and, under the guidance of Dr. Tallman and the Rev. Mr. Devins, with the co-operation of the various city officials, was successful and helpful beyond all expectations, and every opportunity was given the young men to see the best men and methods New York affords. The itinerary must be given very briefly, but it is very interesting. The class arrived in New York Thursday morning, and proceeded at once to the Charities Building, where Dr. Tallman explained the plans for the two days. First, the men inspected the Galilee Mission of Calvary Church. Then Superintendent Leet escorted them to Blackwell's Island. A complete tour of the almshouses and hospitals was made under the leadership of Superintendent Terry. At noon he dined the class, and then the tour of the prison and the hospital was made. Returning to the city, Bellevue Hospital was inspected. During the evening detectives were detailed to conduct the class over the Bowery. The men slept in "The Majestic," one of the best-known Bowery lodging-houses. Friday's highly interesting tour was as follows: First, the class visited Mr. Reynolds at the University Settlement on Delancey Street. Then the men called upon Mayor Strong, and were introduced to the Mayor by Mr. Devins, who personally conducted the whole day's tour. Mayor Strong greeted them kindly. Colonel Waring explained his work and methods and expressed his hopes. Then Mr. Roosevelt was visited, and made a rousing speech, and Mr. Jacob Riis met the class in Mr. Roosevelt's office. Then the Young Men's Institute and the public baths were visited. Then, after inspect-

ing the new Mills lodging-house on Bleecker Street, the men were dined by the Industrial Christian Alliance at the Bleecker Street rooms. Here speeches were made by Mr. Milsbury and Mr. W. R. George, of the George Junior Republic. The afternoon was spent in inspecting the new Grace Church parish houses and chapel on Fourteenth Street. At evening the men gathered in the assembly-room of the Charities Society's building, and were addressed by men eminent in work for the uplifting of the city. Dr. Tallman presided. Mr. E. L. Hunt told of the Students' Club of New York; Mr. Charles Loring Brace, of the work of the Children's Aid Society; Dr. E. T. Devine spoke of the Charity Organization Societies; Mr. N. S. Roseman, of the Hebrew Charities; Dr. Schaufler, of City Missionary Work; Mr. Homer Folks, of the State Charities Aid Association; the Rev. Mr. Devins, of the East Side Federations; and Mr. Laidlaw, of the Federation of Churches and Christian Workers.

Bible Study

The revival of interest in Bible study, owing at least in part to the new criticism, has striking illustrations in all parts of the country. Instead of undermining faith in the Bible and producing apathy concerning it, the result is generally exactly the reverse. Illustrations of this have frequently been given in these columns. Another to be added to them is afforded by the experience of the Woodward Avenue Congregational Church of Detroit, the Rev. H. P. De Forest, pastor. Under his personal teaching a congregational Bible class was carried on for four winters. The work is thus described:

For four winters, 1889 to 1892, some thorough Bible-class work had been done; it was followed in the spring of 1893 by six Sunday evening lectures, on the Teaching of Jesus. In the following autumn six lectures on the New Method in Biblical Study were undertaken: (1) The Need of Popular Instruction in the Biblical Sources of Christianity; (2) The Bible to be Studied Historically, as the Story of the Development of Religion; (3) The Personality and Teaching of Jesus the Basis of Christianity, and the Key to the Understanding of the Scriptures; (4) The Revised History of Hebrew Literature; (5) The Apostolic History the Story of Jesus's Idea in the Hands of its Earliest Interpreters; (6) The Essential Difference between Inspiration and Infallibility. Since then for three seasons a systematic study has been pursued in the development of the Old Testament, in three main periods: (1) The History of Ancient Israel, from the Exodus to the Great Prophets; (2) The Prophetic Era, to the Exile; (3) The History of Judaism. Last year there was a special study, in Sunday evening lectures and in the Sunday-school, of the Spirit and Teaching of Jesus, in the light of the new methods. Since January, 1895, as the teachers found themselves unable to use with advantage the current manuals of study, the pastor prepared for them a series of text-books on the Great Prophets; the Spirit and Teaching of Jesus; and the Story of the Jews after the Exile. This has resulted in a great increase of the interest of both teachers and pupils. Of course this has not been done without much labor and a good deal of sacrifice. But it has gone on quietly, without any marked disturbances. The lectures have neither drawn any crowds nor raised any public outcry, but the work has appealed very strongly to those who are interested in the new de-

velopments, and a good many Bibles that had been laid away have come into use again. There have been marked spiritual results, not of the kind which are reported in the papers, but such as issue in clearer thought about essential principles, in deeper life-currents, in emancipation from the bondage of the letter, and a freer consecration to the broad spiritual kingdom of God. Throughout, the results of the most scientific study have been used with entire frankness, in the belief that skepticism flourishes far better on attempts to maintain the untenable than in the honest acceptance of demonstrated fact.

Dr. Crooks and Dr. Beebe

Two of our theological seminaries have recently lost prominent professors by death. The Rev. Dr. Alexander M. Beebe, Professor of Homiletics at Colgate University, died at his home at Hamilton, N. Y., February 20. He had been a member of the Faculty of that institution since 1850, and had occupied a place of large usefulness among the Baptist churches. The Rev. George R. Crooks, D.D., Professor of Historical Theology at Drew Theological Seminary, died at Madison, N. J., February 20. Dr. Crooks was one of the most prominent ministers in the Methodist denomination. His pastorates had been chiefly, if not altogether, in the Philadelphia and New York Conferences. For several years he was Professor of Greek and Latin in Dickinson College. He was widely known as an author and editor as well as a preacher and professor. He was a man of rare earnestness, and at times of real power. He was deservedly honored both for his character and for his services to his Church.

The Bicentenary of Trinity Parish

Arrangements are now being made for the bicentenary celebration of Trinity Parish in New York. It will extend from May 2 to May 9. The anniversary day proper will be May 5, at which time there will be a great gathering in Trinity Church. The services will be partly ecclesiastical and partly civic. It is expected that the Mayor of the city, the Governor of the State, and many others eminent in the Church, the State, and the municipality, will be present. Services will be held not only in Trinity Church but also in the various chapels, most of which, being located in residential districts, are now larger than the mother church. Among those who are expected to deliver addresses are the Rector of the parish, the Rev. Morgan Dix, D.D., Bishop Potter, of New York, the Bishops of Albany, Long Island, Western New York, and the Rev. Drs. W. R. Huntington, D.D., W. S. Rainsford, D.D., E. N. Potter, D.D. The plans for the celebration are in the hands of representative committees, and full details will appear later. Trinity Parish is the wealthiest in America, if not in the world. It has used its wealth for the advancement of the Episcopal Church in New York, and to that fact is to be ascribed a large part of the success which the denomination has had in this city. The common estimate of the wealth of this parish

reaches the remarkable figure of one hundred and fifty millions of dollars. With such an endowment there is hardly any limit to the service which Trinity Church can render to the kingdom of God. The approaching anniversary will fittingly mark an epoch in the history of a great church and parish.

Swedenborgian Suggestions

What seems to have been a rather lively meeting of "The New Jerusalem Association" was held in Brooklyn, February 22, when two radical measures were brought before the Association, one proposing that the "itineracy" should be made a part of the administration of the Church, and the other that the ordained priesthood "give place to preachers suggested by the congregations." In the discussion on the first point the assertion is reported to have been made, on one side, that the strength of Methodism was largely in its itineracy, and, on the other side, that the itineracy was an obstacle to the progress of the Church. It was said that a majority of Methodists are opposed to the system, and that it would be done away with except for the conservatism of the people. The discussion on both points seems to have been precipitated by the feeling that the Church is not as aggressive in its spiritual work as it should be. That feeling in itself is a good sign. Discontent with things as they are is an evidence of life. We cannot do better than to quote here the remarks of the Rev. J. C. Ager, of Brooklyn, on this subject. Mr. Ager is one of the most representative men in the denomination, and has the rare ability of approaching all questions dispassionately. He said (we quote from the report in the New York "Tribune"):

"I suppose we all agree that the Church isn't in a very healthy condition just now, but in trying to find a remedy for the existing state of things it is of the utmost importance that we should consider whether the remedy is a remedy. I don't think we can afford to play fast and loose in administering remedies. The complaint is that the Church is dying of long pastorates. I remember just six men in the Church who have served more than twenty-five years in their pastorates." Mr. Ager added that a prominent Methodist minister had told him that there was an overwhelming sentiment in that Church in favor of destroying the itineracy altogether; that it could not be done owing to the essential conservatism of Methodists, but that the Church was going to do it by lengthening the itineracy gradually until it was practically done away with. "A good deal of this sentiment," he continued, "rests on the pernicious idea that the main use of a minister is to preach sermons. But the older I grow the less I think of sermons and the more it seems to me that the great use of the pastorate consists in other things. The longer the acquaintance is, if people and pastor are growing spiritually together, the greater the usefulness of the relation must be."

Evolution and the Ministry

It is a pleasure to see that men in the ministry are taking up the exposition of modern ideas. Not long ago the Rev. George F. Chipperfield delivered a significant sermon at the First Congregational Church, Malone, N. Y., in which he

says that there are some who are disturbed by evolutionary views, and believe that they savor of irreverence; who regard them as dangerous, as weakening our sense of moral obligation; but there is no better reverence for God than to admit and speak his truth. He is not to be worshiped by a lie. Has the race sunk down into a slough, or, out of an original brutishness, is God making men? Is conscience intended of God to be, not a whip to lash men, but rather a glorious instinct set in their frames, which, like the thread that led Theseus out of the labyrinth and the clutches of the Minotaur, will be a clue to lead God's children out of the seemingly endless maze of the mystery of life into light? The Rev. Mr. Rad r, of the Third Congregational Church, San Francisco, also made a strong appeal for common sense to be applied to theology. Of his sermons and the controversy they have aroused we spoke recently in our editorial pages.

Dr. Barrows in India

Full reports have now reached us concerning the lectures of the Rev. John H. Barrows, D.D., in India, and they all confirm the opinion recently expressed in these columns, that one of the very best ways of promoting missions is by sending out men for occasional service who are especially fitted to deal with the large questions about which the people in all lands are thinking. It has been anticipated by many that Dr. Barrows would compromise Christianity, but, on the other hand, he has contended earnestly for the faith, and in a way which has won the hearty approval of the missionaries, while it has commanded the respect of the leaders among the adherents of other religions. It was to be expected that the President of the Parliament of Religions would be accorded a generous welcome by the natives, and the expectation has not been disappointed. The only disappointment, we judge, is on the part of those who believed that the lecturer would not present the claims of Christianity with sufficient positiveness. The subjects of Dr. Barrows's lectures have been as follows: "The World-wide Aspects of Christianity," "The World-wide Effects of Christianity," "Christian Theism the Basis of a Universal Religion," "The Universal Book," "The Universal Man and Saviour," "The Historical Character of Christianity as Confirming its Claims to World-wide Authority." Dr. Barrows also lectured on the Parliament of Religions, and preached on the following subjects: "Human Restlessness and Christ the Quieter," "The Comfort of Christian Theism," "Final Victories." Reports have reached us only concerning the first delivery of the lectures, but they are also to be given in various other cities.

A School for Oriental Research in Palestine

Our readers are aware that a plan has been on foot for a year or two for the establishment of an American School for Oriental Study and Research

in Palestine. The object of the school is to afford graduates of American theological seminaries and other qualified persons opportunity to prosecute Biblical and linguistic investigations under more favorable conditions than can be secured at a distance from the Holy Land. The school would be entirely undenominational; students would be required to pay no fees, but of course would have to provide for their own necessary expenses. The plan has been warmly commended by the American Oriental Society, which promises, so far as practicable, to co-operate in the movement. The question now is as to who will help to furnish the funds necessary for making this

school an accomplished fact. The committee in charge are Professors J. Henry Thayer, D.D., and Theodore F. Wright, of Cambridge, Mass., and Professor H. G. Mitchell, of Boston. A movement so distinctly in the interests of the highest Christian scholarship ought not to fail for lack of financial co-operation on the part of the Christian public in America.



We have received \$6.50 from Jacob Starleave, of Busti, N. Y., for the sufferers from famine in India, and have forwarded the amount to the Rev. Robert A. Hume, at Amednagar, India.

Money and Missions

By the Rev. Henry A. Stimson, D.D.

The thoughtful man must often have to ask himself if the unusual legacy or gift to our Missionary Boards and churches has not done quite as much harm as good, in the drying up of smaller streams. The Church-Building Society has not yet in hand a dollar of the Stickney money, and there is prospect of further litigation, but when the papers announced, the other day, a decision of the Court in favor of the Society, an officer in one of our large churches said, "How fortunate! We were just going to take our annual collection for the Church-Building Society. We will not do it now."

These large benefactions, much as we want them, hopeless almost as are some of our large enterprises without them, are at least qualified blessings. It is a mistake to wait for them, or, when they come, materially to change the conditions under which our work is done.

I have before me the second volume of the recently issued report of the National Commissioner of Education for 1894-95. It contains a remarkable paper by Dr. Mayo upon the rise and progress of the common-school idea in the United States. At the beginning of the present century every fundamental idea of popular education now in practical operation in the United States had been formulated in a manner sufficiently intelligible, with a hearing sufficiently extensive, to make it the common property of the educational public of the country. But the century that has followed has been one long struggle to get those ideas carried into practice. The truth has been brought out that the power of an idea or the efficiency of a law depends entirely upon the intelligence and good will of the community; and where that does not exist, it is impossible for the State by any agency at its command to do more than put a law upon the statute-book. The remarkable fact in regard to common-school education in the United States is that it is the result of the labors of no coterie or class or group, but of the

whole people. Some States have set a pre-eminent example. The National Government and the State authorities have sought to promote general education by National grants and State aid, but it has flourished just in proportion as the people have been willing to tax themselves daily and yearly for its support. Despite the existence of school funds gotten together by the States, some of them extending back into the last century, and despite the various and extensive grants of land for school purposes by the National Government, of the entire sum yearly appropriated for common-school education in the United States but five and six-tenths per cent. was drawn from the income of invested funds; nearly all the remainder comes from taxation. This is the measure of the interest of the people in education, and the pledge of its diffusion. Of the ten and a half millions of dollars appropriated annually by Massachusetts for the common-schooling of her four hundred thousand children, all but about a quarter of a million is raised by direct taxation. One wonders what would have been the history of education in New England and in the United States if Massachusetts had been relieved from this steady necessity of local taxation, by having had from the beginning such an invested school fund as, for example, Texas has.

Permanent funds have been of incalculable value in establishing and maintaining the higher institutions of learning; indeed, it is difficult to conceive of these as existing without such endowment; but where the life of an organization depends upon its closeness of touch with the people, as is the case with the common schools, it has been clearly proved that that is measured by the contributions of the people.

It seems to me that the lesson is a valuable one for our missionary societies and our churches. Dr. Pearsons, and others like him, are laying foundations for the future in our colleges and seminaries. To endow them is beyond the

power of the common people. Their work must always be with the elect few. Of sixteen millions of pupils in the schools of the land about ninety thousand are in the regular courses of the colleges and universities. They are the flower of the country. The future is in their hands. The whole land is affected by what they think and do. Considerably less than one-half of the cost of their education is provided by their tuition bills. The students in the women's colleges pay a much larger proportion than do the men, as these colleges have smaller endowments and receive almost no State aid. The percentage in the women's colleges is 78.8; in the co-educational and men's colleges, 37.8. The cost of the higher education is necessarily great, and its financial returns in the main small. But, cost what it may, civilization requires it, and it is the privilege of the enlightened few to provide it for the common good.

Akin to this is the endowment and equipment of educational institutions in connection with our missions in heathen lands. They are indispensable there, as at home, if Christianity is to be a permanent factor in civilization, and we cannot hope to provide them either from the current contributions of our churches or from the gifts on the mission fields. To wait for these would be to forget the lessons we have learned at home, and to imperil our entire work. We must look to exceptional gifts for the purpose from large

givers, and these, fortunately, have not been wanting.

I think the same is to be said of certain of our city churches which are planted where they are expected to do a large and varied work among people of moderate and limited means. These cannot provide the plant. Sometimes they cannot even raise the money to run it. The work is necessary. Indeed, we are coming to recognize it as a test of our Christianity. To the poor the Gospel must be preached; and in these times it cannot be preached satisfactorily without the aid of much subsidiary and educational work. The "Institutional Church" has found a field. But only those churches engaged in this work can live that have endowments. Episcopalians have long since discovered this, and by large gifts and legacies are fast endowing all their down-town churches. Other denominations must do the same; and there is no more needed benefaction among our people. Many a will ought to be quickly rewritten if we are not to see ourselves steadily crowded out of the denser sections of our great cities.

But when it comes to the regular work of our missionary societies, the imperative need is of the many gifts of the many givers. Nothing should divert the attention of our executive officers and of our pastors from that, and every agency should be used that will awaken the interest and enlist the contributions of all.

Correspondence

Government by Injunction and Jury Reform

To the Editors of The Outlook:

As a constant reader of your valued paper, and as a lawyer, I have been deeply interested in your editorials responsive to several letters on "Government by Injunction."

Permit me to add my approval of your position on the subject. The issue presented is, indeed, "vital and fundamental." While we have excellent judges in this country, and believe them incorruptible, nevertheless we must not forget that the right to a trial by a jury of one's peers was secured only after years of oppression and suffering. It is too precious a heritage to be lightly cast aside.

Our present jury system, however, is not what it should be nor what it was intended to be. In many States juries are frequently, if not usually, composed of the ignorant and worthless classes, rather than of the educated and respectable. In many places jury service has become the reward of the local politician and of the saloon element. The selection of jurymen is made by members of the County Board of Supervisors in payment for political services and influence. Is it, therefore,

to be wondered at that people condemn the jury system? Can men be blamed for objecting to the submission of their cases, civil or criminal, to men too ignorant to comprehend the questions involved, if not too dishonest to decide fairly the issues presented? Is it not natural that a tendency to increase the power of our judges should result from the degradation of our jury system?

In my opinion, the way to stop government by injunction is to raise the standard of our juries. The laws now in force should be repealed and new ones passed providing for the appointment of jurymen by a competent commission elected by the people. There can be little or no respect for the verdict of a jury whose members are unable to sign their names, or to understand what court and attorneys are trying to make clear to them. The low standard of the jury system, in many States, is fast becoming a menace to our Government. Disrespect for our courts, and, more, for all law, on the part of the masses, is a danger that should be promptly met, and, if possible, averted. All over the country an effort is being made to secure the passage of laws that will result in the elevation of the jury system to a plane where it will command the respect of all fair-

minded people. Public opinion can secure the needed legislation. Press and pulpit should aid in the work. We must have better juries if we would maintain the jury system; if we would avoid government by injunction. Ignorant and dishonest verdicts will not long be tolerated by the people; to many, increased power of the judges is preferable.

B. L. PARKER.

Green Bay, Wis.

[We think our correspondent's contention is sound. The law passed last year in this State providing for a special jury panel is a decided step in jury reform. We commented on this law and its probable effect in *The Outlook* for November 21, 1896.—THE EDITORS.]

The Tax Liar a General Liar

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I should like very much to have you answer a simple question. How many consciences do you allow a single individual to have? I read in *The Outlook* for January 9 with great interest your editorial on "Lying to the Government," in which the assessor of Massachusetts evidently allows more than one conscience. He really believes that a man will lie and steal from the State who is perfectly honest in every other way. And you say, "The political conscience needs quickening," a clear inference that a man has more than one conscience. That is, a good tree can bring forth evil fruit, and a corrupt tree may bear good fruit. Now, I believe you have touched on a most important subject. Lying and covetousness are the two most common sins, and no wonder. Thousands of lies are printed and stare us full in the face in scores and hundreds of shop windows. "Price for this day only" hangs conspicuously for weeks together; "\$— formerly, now \$16;" while millions of newspapers bear the unblushing lie, "5 P.M.," "6 P.M." edition at 2 P.M. and 3 P.M. Your train-boy calls a month-old periodical "just out." You say, nobody is deceived by these. Then what is the use of lying about them? But people are deceived. The man or woman who comes to the city but once in a year or two (and there are hundreds of thousands of such) is fleeced continually by the lying advertisements. So that I don't wonder so much when I see people take a seat in a train, begin to read a paper, and act as if the conductor had already received their ticket. Every day people do cheat the railway company in just this way; for quite often, when a large number get on the train at one station, the conductor has to rely on the involuntary movement of the passenger to get the ticket. Now, I know these people would not cheat in many other ways, but not because they have a railway conscience and a commercial conscience, and not because they are honest in other directions, but because in heart they are not honest. That is all there is to it. Put it down that he or she who will steal taxes and rail-

way rides is a dishonest person, and have done with it.

W. G. PUUDEFOOT.

South Framingham, Mass.

Herbert Spencer's Position

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In *The Outlook* of January 2, 1897, I find the following sentence in allusion to Mr. Herbert Spencer: "One who is an agnostic in religion, and a utilitarian if not a hedonist in ethics, cannot consistently recognize any higher standard of political duty than the greatest happiness of the greatest number, ascertained by their vote." Will you allow me to say that this sentence does not give a correct impression of Mr. Spencer's ethical and political views? It overlooks important and essential distinctions.

It is true that Mr. Spencer is a utilitarian; but he is a "rational" and not an "empirical" utilitarian. One believes "that in future, as now, utility is to be determined only by observation of results;" the other, that there can be deduced "from fundamental principles what conduct *must* be detrimental, and what conduct *must* be beneficial." It is true, also, that Mr. Spencer is a hedonist; but he is an "egoistic" and not a "universalistic" hedonist. The former seeks by a given course of action the greatest happiness of the individual, and, therefore, the greatest happiness of the greatest number of individuals; the latter seeks by a given course of action the greatest happiness of the greatest number of individuals, believing that in this way the greatest happiness of the individual is secured. It is true, furthermore, that Mr. Spencer believes in the principle of the greatest happiness of the greatest number; but he rejects the Bentham form of stating the principle. He rejects also the Bentham method of putting the principle into practice. "Our conclusion must be," he says, in "Principles of Ethics," Vol. I., page 238, after a long and detailed discussion of the subject, "that general happiness is to be achieved mainly through the adequate pursuit of their own happiness by individuals; while, reciprocally, the happinesses of individuals are to be achieved by their pursuit of the general happiness"—which, by the way, shows that his social philosophy is not, as often charged, an apotheosis of selfishness. Again, pointing out that the greatest happiness of the greatest number is to be found by letting each person have the fullest liberty to pursue his own happiness, so long as he does not trench upon the equal liberty of every other person to do the same thing, Mr. Spencer says, on page 170 of the same work; "So that maintenance of equitable relations between men is the condition to the attainment of greatest happiness in all societies, however much the greatest happiness attainable in each may differ in nature or amount, or both." Again, he says, on page 224: "Not general happiness becomes the ethical standard by which legislative action is to be guided, but universal justice."

It must be apparent, therefore, that Mr. Spencer does not hold even by implication that "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" can by any possibility be "ascertained by their vote." Again and again has he exposed the error involved in this principle of political action. Again and again has he denounced it as the source of incalculable evils, political as well as social. All that can be done by the votes of individuals, as he has shown in "Social Statics," and in that section of "Principles of Ethics" devoted to Justice, is to prevent the aggression of one person upon the equal rights of another, or, to use his own phrase, to maintain "universal justice," thus enabling everybody to attain to the highest happiness within their reach.

FRANKLIN SMITH

Rochester, N. Y.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space.*

I would feel obliged to you for your consideration and judgment on the following definition of remission of sin, viz., "The cancellation of the guilt and penalty of sin." Is this a twofold act—(1) the cancellation of the guilt, and (2) the revocation of the penalty, *i.e.*, the consequences? What can the former be aside from the latter? The thought is suggested by the oft-repeated statement that the consequences of a sin in its narrowing effects upon the spiritual life of the sinner are eternal, even though the sin may be forgiven.

H. H. G.

The life of Paul shows the falsity of the statement referred to. We see the consequences of his sin as a persecutor transformed in his abounding labors as an apostle. See 1 Corinthians xv., 9, 10; 1 Timothy i., 12-17. Here we see (1) the indestructibility of past deeds; (2) a conversion of their effect from worse to better. Here the Christian truth of the remission (literally, putting away) of sin is in line with the scientific truth of the conservation of energy with convertibility of force. Remission of sin is the cancellation, not of an effect, but of a cause. Suffering, *i.e.*, penalty in some form, is its effect. Guilt is liability to this penalty. It can be canceled only so far as arresting the cause arrests the effect. When the prodigal in the parable had been forgiven, he still had a debt to pay to the past in working out and off the consequences of wasted years. But repentance had put away his sins, and his father's love inspired him with power to reform his life. In this the effect of his sin still continues, but is transformed into a spur to duty. Thus, though the consequences of sin be eternal, it is not for the narrowing but enlarging of spiritual life in him who has been enabled by divine grace to put his sins away. Thus a miasmatic muck-heap, when once buried, is transformed from a bane of life into a stimulant of life. The Bible speaks of this covering of sins: Psalm xxxii., 1. (See "The

Divine Satisfaction," T. Whittaker, New York; 40 cents.)

1. Kindly explain Leviticus xix., 30, and xxvi., 2: "Ye shall keep my sabbaths, and reverence my sanctuary" (R. V.). What did it mean to the Jews? How does it apply to us to-day? Also Ezekiel xx., 20,

Hallow my sabbaths, and they shall be a *sign* between me and you." What is the significance of the word "sign"? 2. Do these passages refer in any way to the keeping of the Sabbath as we understand it from our Puritan ancestors, or the habit of church attendance that we have inherited from them? 3. How may these customs be considered a sign between us and God?

C.

1. The Jewish Sabbath was primarily a day of rest from labor. In 2 Kings iv., 23, we have a hint that it was early utilized for some religious edification, as by the teaching of a prophet. Later, it was marked by special sacrifices (Numbers xxviii., 9, 10) and solemn assemblies at the same (Isaiah i., 13). The "sanctuary" was, of course, the temple, to which in the later time sacrifice, forbidden at the "high places," came to be restricted. The passages you refer to enjoin cessation from work and sacrifice only at the temple. This would be "a sign" because signifying both the fidelity of the pious and their looking for the divine blessing. 2. We do not understand these precepts as referring forward to us, although we may refer back to them as pointing to a good example. 3. So far as rest and worship are grounded in the needs of man, they are divinely sanctioned. Their due observance, therefore, may be regarded as "a sign between us and God," implying the natural connection between our obedience and his blessing.

I have just finished reading "The Place of Christ in Evolution," and have been greatly pleased with the discussion. Indeed, I have greatly enjoyed the series of articles thus far. It seemed to me, however, that this last article might leave you open to the charge of pantheistic teaching. I refer to that portion of the article in which occur the expressions, "All life is God; all force is God." Indeed, one might make this charge in respect of the general trend of thought in the entire series. What view would the evolutionist hold in regard to pantheism?

A. M. B.

Pantheism is the doctrine that God is the sum of all phenomena. The doctrine of divine immanence, or that the life of God is behind all phenomena, and is manifested in and through them, but transcends them all, is very different. The doctrine of evolution, being simply an account of the process through which things come into existence, is quite independent of opinions concerning the being of God.

1. Please tell me if there is authority in saying the "Songs of Solomon" refer to the Church? If so, where can it be found? 2. What is the difference between remorse and repentance? In our Bible-class we cannot tell to our satisfaction.

H. B.

1. The only authority for it is the antiquity of the opinion, which dates as far back as Origen in the third century. For a history of the various opinions see Encyclopædia Britannica, article "Canticles." 2. They are contrasted in 2 Corinthians vii., 10, as "godly sorrow" and "the sor-

row of the world." Contrast also remorse as seen in Judas, and repentance as seen in Peter. Remorse is unfruitful self-reproach. Repentance is self-reproach fruitful in self-amendment and reparation of wrong done to others.

1. Can you tell me where to get material for a paper on Pantheism? I wish to treat it more particularly as if the subject were particularly "God in Nature," as illustrated by the doings of animals, their instincts, etc., but would like to get some information in that line and on pantheism too. 2. Can you recommend to me a grammar suited to the needs of one who is ordinarily correct, but who wishes to speak and write *good* English; for one who is sometimes puzzled about the choice of a preposition, etc. C. S. M.

1. See Dr. James Martineau's "Study of Religion" (by the Macmillan Company), and Dr. W. L. Lindsay's "Mind in the Lower Animals, in Health and Disease" (Appleton). 2. See "Principles of Rhetoric," by A. S. Hill, edition of 1896 (Harper & Brothers), and W. B. Hodgson's "Errors in the Use of English" (Appleton).

Can you throw any light on the origin of the phrase "The Golden Rule," as applied to the Gospel precept, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you?" W. A. M.

The meaning of "golden" is clear enough, as expressive of the highest worth; but we will ask some reader to tell us, if he can, who first applied the epithet. "Origins are shrouded in mystery."

It is possible that the "Who is My Neighbor?" asked for by "M. T. H." is not the hymn by Mr. Peabody referred to in this column in reply, but a children's poem by Rosalie Vanderwater, originally printed in the "Independent." A copy of this latter poem has been sent us, and will be forwarded to "M. T. H." on receipt of address.

About People

—Captain William J. Clark, who died recently, was believed to be the last survivor of the John Brown raiders in Kansas. When about eighteen years of age he went to Kansas, where he served with John Brown.

—"Pastor 'Tom' Spurgeon, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle," says the London "Daily News," "took his little son to witness the festivities at Spurgeon's Orphanage. No doubt Master Spurgeon has a very happy home, but when he saw the array of toys, Christmas trees, and the general jollity in the institution which his grandfather founded, he looked up into his father's face and made the unfilial remark: "Oh! don't I wish I was an orphan!"

—The late John Randolph Tucker came of one of the oldest and most distinguished families in the South. He served Virginia in many capacities, and was finally elected Professor of Law and Equity in the Washington and Lee University. He remained there four years, and was then elected as a Democratic representative to Congress. His Congressional life extended from

1874 to 1887. For eight years he was a prominent member of the Ways and Means Committee, and was at one time its Chairman. He won great reputation as a debater and orator, particularly by his speeches opposing protective duties, opposing the employment of soldiers at the polls, and opposing the constitutionality of the Presidential count in the election of 1876.

—General John Cleveland Robinson, who has just died, was a remarkable military officer. From 1839, when he obtained a commission as second lieutenant—after having spent several years at West Point—until 1869, when he retired from the Army, General Robinson had risen through the various grades to Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He served throughout the Mexican War, and after that went to Florida with the forces to operate against the Seminole Indians. Throughout the entire period of the Civil War General Robinson served with distinction. He mustered in the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers, in which regiment were Rosecrans, Rutherford Hayes, Stanley Matthews, and William McKinley.

—Of the late Philo McGiffen's adventurous life "Harper's Weekly" informs us that, in 1877, before he went to the Naval Academy, he distinguished himself in the famous Pittsburg railroad strike by running an engine through a mob, after reinforcements, for which exploit he received a medal and a vote of thanks from the Common Council of Pittsburg. While in the Academy he received the thanks of the Secretary of the Navy for rescuing two children from a burning building, and was complimented in a general order for a daring feat aboard ship in a storm at sea. His career in China is more familiar. When the war with Japan broke out, he was in the service of China as the head of the Chinese Naval School and as "fighting commander" of the Chen-yuen. He has himself told of the terrific fight of the Yalu, in which his ship was hit 400 times and set on fire, but survived the battle, and finally limped away uncaptured.

—The New York "Tribune" (Rep.) justly says:

By the death of Chief Justice Mercer Beasley New Jersey loses one of its truly great men—great, not because of his office, but by reason of his character and ability. Thirty-three years ago Governor Joel Parker appointed him Chief Justice, and he was reappointed by Governors Randolph, McClellan, and Abbott. Though a Democrat, the Chief Justice never made partisanship paramount to the interests of justice, and he was honored as an upright Judge. The last great case in which he sat was that concerning the fight over the State Senate, which occurred three years ago. The Democrats, with ten members, tried to control that body in spite of the fact that there were eleven Republican Senators. Public sentiment finally forced the matter into the Supreme Court. Chief Justice Beasley was then on the verge of his eightieth year, but the decision which he wrote, and which pulverized the Democratic conspiracy, was a marvel of lucid reasoning and force.

—The well-known French statesman, M. Philippe Élie Le Royer, who has just died, was a Genevan by birth. He was one of the founders of the party in France known as the Republicans of the Left. After serving both as Deputy and

as Senator, he became Minister of Justice in the Cabinet of Waddington. From 1882 to 1895 he was President of the French Senate, and three times in this capacity he presided over the two chambers in National Assembly which met, first, to revise the Constitution; second, for the election of a President of the Republic (when Grévy was re-elected), and again for the election of a President (when Carnot was chosen). M. Le Royer also presided over the high court which tried General Boulanger. Three years ago M. Le Royer was re-elected for the twelfth time as President of the Senate; later in the same year he resigned, and was succeeded by the late Jules Ferry.

—In spite of his record as a Confederate, the late General Shelby stood up for the rights of the negro on one occasion in a way that entitles him to high praise. A contemporary says that—

When he was appointed a United States marshal, he appointed Lee Jackson, a negro, one of his deputies. He was severely criticised for this by some Southern papers, but he refused to weaken, and justified his act in the following reply: "The young man is competent to render effective service in lines where white men cannot do as well, perhaps, as he will do. I appointed him for efficiency, and have no patience with that sentiment that gropes always among the tombstones, instead of coming out into the bright light of existing life and conditions. The negro was always faithful to his people when a slave: he has been no less faithful to his friends since he has become a freeman. He is becoming useful in ways never dreamed of before the war, and it is unmanly to deny him the right to do for himself everything that will improve and better his condition. I trust that this is the last I shall have to say in defense of my official action. I am right in what I have done, and by the right I propose to stand."

February Necrology

- February 7.—Raffaele Cadorna. Born 1815. Perhaps the best-known General in the Italian Army.
- February 7.—Charles W. Brooke. Born 1836. A prominent criminal lawyer of New York City.
- February 11.—Philo McGiffen. Born 1862. An American naval officer. See page 713.
- February 13.—Joseph Shelby. Born 1831. A General in the late Confederate Army. See above.
- February 13.—John Randolph Tucker, of Virginia. Born 1823. See page 713.
- February 13.—William Kincaid. Secretary of the Congregational Home Missionary Society. See page 565.
- February 14.—William Pope St. John. Born 1849. Formerly President of the Mercantile National Bank, New York City, and Treasurer of the Democratic National Committee. See page 581.
- February 17.—General Alfred Pleasonton. Born 1824. See page 587.
- February 18.—General John Cleveland Robinson. Born 1817. See page 713.
- February 19.—Mercer Beasley. Born 1815.

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey. See page 713.

February 21.—George Richard Crooks. Born 1822. Professor of Historical Theology in Drew Theological Seminary. See page 707.

February 22.—Philippe Élie Le Royer. Born 1816. A well-known French statesman. See page 713.

February 22.—Count Édouard Lefebvre de Be-haine. Born 1829. Late French Ambassador to the Vatican.

February 22.—Jean François Gravelé, better known as "Blondin." Born 1823. The celebrated tight-rope walker.

Bits of Fun

"How came you here?" said the visitor to a prisoner in the penitentiary. "I was brought here by my convictions," was the firmly spoken reply. —*Tit-Bits*.

Somebody sends me the following anagram, as having a curious bearing on our occupation of Egypt, not to mention any other recent territorial acquisitions: "Great Britain: *Grab, retain it.*"—*London Truth*.

Old Gentleman (to railway porter)—Porter, the rain is dripping in from the lamphole all over my trousers. Porter (reassuringly)—No, sir; it's quite water-tight, I assure you. It's only the oil leaking a bit.—*Household Words*.

Johnny—Pa, what is executive ability? Pa—Executive ability, my son, is having somebody else hunt up one's slippers when one is too lazy to hunt for them himself. Now hurry and find them, and bring them to me.—*Cleveland Leader*.

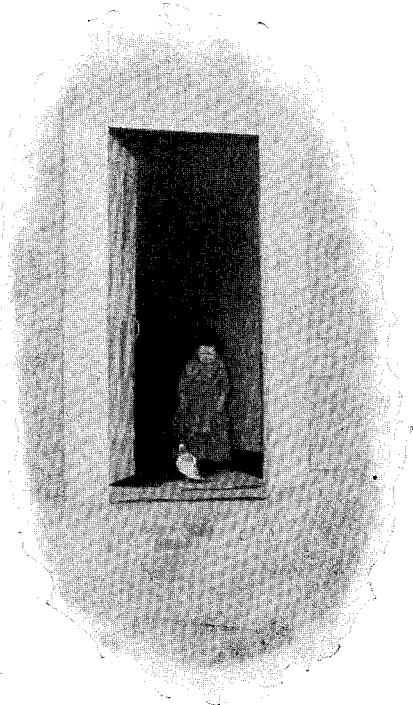
"Did you ever stop to think, dear," said Mr. Crimsonbeak, gazing at his plate of lobster salad, "that the things we love most in this life are the very things that never agree with us?" "Will you be so kind, sir," said Mrs. Crimsonbeak, straightening up, "as to explain whether you are speaking of the salad or me, sir?"—*Exchange*.

"Mister," said the small boy to the druggist, "gimme another bottle o' them patent pills you sold father day before yesterday." "Are they doing him good?" asked the clerk, looking pleased. "I d'no whether they're doin' father good or not, but they're doin' me good. They jis' fit my new slungshot."—*Detroit Free Press*.

The Armenian Fund

Previously acknowledged.....	\$8,088 58
A. D., Urbana, Ill.....	2 00
Bridgehampton.....	1 00
Mrs. J. G., Dwight, Mass.....	1 00
R. S. P., East Orange, N. J.....	3 00
R. K. T., East Orange, N. J.....	10 00
Polly Ann, Perrysburg, O.....	5 00
Cash, Kansas City, Mo.....	2 00
Norwich, Vt.....	1 00
L. F. B., San José, Cal.....	1 50
Friends' Church and W. C. T. U., Canby, Ind.....	10 65
Mrs. J. S., Battle Creek, Neb.....	5 00
Total.....	\$8,130 73

For the Little People



Little Miss Pigeon

By Tudor Jenks

Tap, tap, tap! I heard at the door,
Just like a little fairy knock.
I'd heard it once or twice, before
I went to lift the heavy lock.

Then there came the funniest thing!
I looked right out in the open air—
It really gave me quite a start—
I thought at first there was nothing there.

But I found Miss Pigeon had come to call,
So I said, "Miss Pigeon, how do you do?
I wasn't expecting you at all,
And 'tis really very kind of you!"

But little Miss Pigeon said nothing to me;
She wheeled around and teetered out;
And I often wonder what it could be
That little Miss Pigeon came about!

The Merry War Between Jack Frost and the Sunbeam Fairies

By Mary Helen Fisk

The Sun said, one March morning, "It is time
Jack Frost went home!"

Jack Frost heard, and answered: "The little
boys and girls love me; I think I will stay all

summer. I know they would like to have a sleigh-ride on the Fourth of July." And he was so pleased with the idea that he laughed out loud, and ran after some children that were on their way to school, and pinched their ears. And the children laughed and said, "Ho, ho! I feel Jack Frost! Let's run so fast he can't catch us!" So they ran all the way to school, and he did not have a chance to pinch them again.

And again the Sun said, "It is time Jack Frost went home!"

And Jack Frost began to feel very uncomfortable, for the Sun shone very bright and was very warm. "Dear me!" said he, "I am very uncomfortable. If I can't stop that Sun from shining, I am afraid I shall have to go home or melt. Something will have to be done about it."

And what do you think he did? He went to his friends the Snow Clouds, and said, "Snow Clouds, I want to stay in New York all summer. I know the children miss me when I go away. I don't believe they have a bit good time after I am gone, with nothing but the great hot Sun pouring down upon them."

You see, Jack Frost knew nothing about all the beautiful flowers, and the grass, and the leaves on the trees, and the peaches and the pears and the peas and the beans we have in summer, for just as soon as the sun began to shine more warmly on the earth in the month of March, Jack Frost had to run away—away up north to his own home among the icebergs and snow. If you should show him a peach, he would think perhaps it was just some dear little child's rosy cheek, and give it a pinch and kiss it just for fun.

Jack Frost loved the Snow Clouds, and the Snow Clouds loved Jack Frost, and knew just what he wanted. "All right," said the Snow Clouds; "we won't let the Sun shine on the earth any more." And one fierce-looking Snow Cloud said: "Too bad none of the dear little children in New York have ever seen an iceberg! Let us help make one out in the harbor for them." And all the Snow Clouds were so pleased at the idea that they tumbled over each other and went whirling away toward New York in such a hurry and a flurry that they reached there before the Sun was up. And what do you think the children saw when they woke up the next morning? Clouds of gray up in the sky, and snow everywhere. All day they watched the snow pile up over everything, on the roofs of the houses and on the window-sills, on the lamp-posts and on the telegraph wires, on the fences and on the pavements, and even on the tops of umbrellas that were walking down the street. And snowed, and it snowed, and it snowed; and Jack Frost laughed, and laughed, and laughed. "Ha,

ha!" said he; "isn't this fun? Such a lot of snow will never melt!" And away he flew and nipped the horses' ears to make them prance, and hear the sleigh-bells ring, for that was the music Jack Frost loved best. And the colder it grew the better he liked it, and the beautiful big Sun smiled to see Jack Frost so happy.

"But Jack Frost must go home," said the Sun. And what do you think happened? What do you think the children saw when they woke up the next morning? The beautiful big sun 'way up in the sky, and all the warm March Sunbeam Fairies busy at work getting the world ready for the birds and the flowers that were coming. And Jack Frost had to go to his home away up among the icebergs and the snow, for the Fairies were too much for him. And the last they saw of him he was sitting on the top of an iceberg throwing kisses to them and shouting, "I'll be back next winter! I'll be back next winter! Then you will have to go home!"

Thanks

By Norman Gale

Thank you very much indeed,
River, for your waving reed;
Mr. Sun, for jolly beam;
Mrs. Cow, for milk and cream;
Hollyhocks, for budding knobs;
Foxgloves, for your velvet fobs;
Pansies, for your silky cheeks;
Chaffinches, for singing beaks;
Spring, for wood anemones
Near the mossy toes of trees;
Summer, for the fruited pear,
Yellowing crab and cherry fare;
Autumn, for the bearded load,
Hazelnuts along the road;
Winter, for the fairy tale,
Spitting log and bouncing hail;
Christmas Day, for Mary's Child,
Jesus manifest and mild.

But, blest Father high above,
All these joys are from your love;
And your children everywhere,
Born in palace, lane, or square,
Cry, with voices all agreed,
THANK YOU VERY MUCH INDEED!

—From "*Songs for Little People*."

The Little Rooster's Lesson

He was a tiny rooster, the smallest in the poultry-yard. He was small, but he felt very large. It was perfectly ridiculous to hear him crow, it was such a puny, miserable attempt at crowing, but he felt so proud of it. He strutted about, and stretched his neck, and said as plainly as possible, "Isn't that a fine voice?" He certainly was beautiful. His tail-feathers shimmered in the sun, and the red feathers about his neck were like satin. He had one very disagreeable habit.

He would peck the little chickens. The hen mothers would fly at him, shrieking and acting as if they would take his feathers right off, but they never touched him; I suppose it was because he was so little. But it was very evident that he was warned each time, that the very next time he touched one of the chickens he would be punished severely. Naturally, escaping punishment so often, he grew bolder and bolder. One day he pecked a little chicken so badly that she tumbled over and could not get up again. Her mother flew across the yard, and there was an angry chorus from the other mother hens. Just then the little hurt chicken struggled to its feet, in front of its mother. I do not know what it said, but the mother stopped and spread her wings over it. The little rooster hung his head, and turned away. For several days he felt his disgrace deeply, for he was not allowed to join the other chickens; they drove him away. He lived alone. He had time to think. He had the same beautiful feathers, the same voice, but did not use it. He was too sad. He saw now that he alone was to blame; that he made himself disagreeable, and the other chickens had to protect themselves from him, his conceit, and his cruelty. After a time a kind old mother Dominique hen talked to him about the weather. A day or two after a white Cochin asked him if he had tasted the new grain. This, he knew, was an invitation to join the others at dinner.

He never pecked another chicken again.

Some Indian Ways

Some teachers who are trying to understand history, not by studying battles, but by studying peoples—learning just how people used to build their houses, how they used to cook and eat their food, and what they used to eat—recently went into camp on the Potomac River near the site of a stone quarry used by the Indians long before there were white men in this country. They built for themselves the same kind of houses the Indians lived in, and made the same kind of cooking-vessels. These cooking-vessels were made of soapstone. To make these vessels knives and chisels were necessary, and these the Indians made from the hard stone, or flint, that was in the soapstone. These tools also had a sale among other tribes of Indians, so that the making of them formed a business for the tribes on the Potomac. To make the cooking utensils the stone was shaped on the inside before it was cut from the quarry. The Indian who wanted to make a pot began by making a hole in the stone. This hole he made larger by cutting, gouging, and rubbing until the pot was the size he wanted; then he began cutting out the stone outside of this hole, and when he had cut it out, he rubbed and chiseled it into shape—rude, but wonderful when you remember how rude were his tools. These pots were sold to the tribes who did not live in a region possessing such a valuable stone.

The tools and pots were exchanged for the commodities that other tribes produced. No doubt, then, as now, some of the Indians excelled in the making of these articles, and they doubtless were the prosperous members of the tribe. A teacher, who has studied the habits of the Indians, says that when an Indian wanted to make a tool, he walked along the streams until he found a stone shaped somewhat like the implement he wished to make. Then, by rubbing and picking with other stones, he shaped his tool, polishing it by the aid of sand and water. The Indians made a drill which could bore a hole through flint; this they operated by the use of the hands and teeth. For cooking oysters and clams the Indians used one method that possibly all the boys and girls who go to the seashore have seen used. They heated stones, put the shellfish on these stones, and covered them with damp seaweed. So this method of cooking is truly American. The Indians threw the shells of the oysters about their houses; sometimes they built new houses on top of these piles of shells; and the teachers who are studying this part of history have found, on digging through these piles of shells, cooking utensils, tools, weapons of warfare, and objects the Indians used to decorate their houses.

The Indians on the Potomac were part of the confederation of the Algonquins, governed by Powhatan, whose daughter married a white man

and went to England. Powhatan lived further south, and his immediate tribe were farmers. Their principal food was corn. Outside of the houses of this tribe great log pots or mortars were firmly fastened, in which the corn was pounded and mashed. In Mexico the people use the same method to-day. The women and the children ground the corn. The fish-hooks of the Indians were made of bone, but they knew how to shoot fish. Their nets were made of the fiber or the stalks of certain vegetables. This tribe of Indians used wild rice for food, because it grew in the swamps about their homes.

Wrong Side Out

By Agnes Lewis Mitchell

She didn't like the morning,
And she knew that it would rain.
She didn't like her breakfast,
And pushed it back again.
At noon 'twas worse than ever,
And she cried for cakes and pie.
She wouldn't eat her dinner,
And she would sit still and cry.
She pouted till the evening
Of this very horrid day,
And all because, so early,
She got up the wrong way!

—Selected.

The Home Club

Pay and Skill

Dear Outlook: The letter by "M. E. C." in the Home Club in The Outlook for January 30 impels me to bring before you another aspect of the same subject, in the hope that it may be considered in the discussion which you invite.

To one familiar with the kindergarten outlook it is disheartening to consider the effect of the paltry remuneration that is made to most kindergartners—young women of good education, special training, devotion to their work and to the well-being of the children intrusted to them. While salaries of eight dollars a month are offered and accepted, and a kindergartner of several years' experience thinks herself fortunate to have a position at thirty dollars a month, what must be the consequence to those women who are entirely dependent upon their salary for their support?

A KINDERGARTNER.

The statement that salaries of eight dollars per month are paid to kindergartners is doubtless true in one or two instances, probably not more. That a number of kindergartners receive thirty dollars per month is also true. But it is a question whether there could be found a graduate of a training-school of acknowledged standing working for such a salary. The trouble is that girls who have not the required education to be accepted in the training-schools of acknowledged standing enter schools where one woman assumes to give a kindergarten training, and, given a certi-

cate from such a school, they believe themselves kindergartners. Those who manage the business of our kindergarten associations know better. When they employ kindergartners, they accept only graduates from schools recognized by educators as having the best equipment in trainers and for practice work—schools that demand a certain basis of education before the pupil is accepted.

The underpaid kindergartners are found in churches, because the church committees having the work in charge are usually charitably disposed persons who think the kindergarten is a modern fad, not having any value in itself. Or they may go so far as to believe that it is a part of the modern system of church charities. A large, wealthy church in New York established a mission church in a poor neighborhood; from the beginning of the enterprise it was decided to have a kindergarten. The rector offered a kindergartner from one of the best schools in the country, who, for family reasons, could not accept a position at the beginning of the year, twenty dollars a month. The same rector offered a woman of rare ability the same sum to take charge of the summer work of the parish—a responsibility which involved the care of thousands of dollars' worth of property, and at times the care of two

hundred people. That rector believed that five dollars a week met a woman's necessities.

The kindergarten must suffer from three causes until the world is better educated and the sentimentalists have gained a measure of common sense.

First. The churches take upon themselves the office of educators. It is not their office. In the future they will give the money they raise for educational purposes to those who make a business of conducting education.

Second. Only the recognized schools of training will be supported, and these will all make entrance examinations, or a certificate of a certain grade, necessary for acceptance. New York has fixed a standard for her public-school kindergartners that is a safe, sure protection in the future.

Third. It will be recognized that the kindergarten training does not make any greater demands on mind or body than any other special training undertaken after fit preparation; that the salaries paid kindergartners should be in proportion to the work demanded, and never more than the salaries paid for like service in other departments of teaching. That in some cities kindergartners are paid larger salaries than the character of their work justifies is, without doubt, true. That the kindergarten cause is injured by this is being recognized. To pay the maximum salary to kindergartners who do inferior work calls into the ranks girls of limited ability and education, who see in it a short road to a good income. Pay the best kindergartners the highest salaries paid in the teaching profession; they are worth it. Pay the average kindergartner the average salary. Never employ a poor one. There are kindergartners engaged in the work who would be a gross extravagance at eight dollars a month.

The popular misconception of what the kindergarten is on the one hand, and the over-laudation of its value on the other, are responsible for the economic disturbance to a great degree.

A Mother's Problem

Dear Outlook: One day, a short time ago, my husband, taking up Drummond's little book, "The Greatest Thing in the World," and reading aloud from the design on the cover—"Sincerity, Guilelessness, Generosity, Humility, Unselfishness"—said: "Yes, qualities to be striven for, and yet the possession of them and literal carrying of them into business means—failure."

My husband is a mining engineer, with exceptional knowledge of the earth's crust, but so permeated by sincerity, guilelessness, and generosity that it has been said of him that heaven should have been his field of operations, and not this earth.

With this preface I want to lay before the mothers of the Home Club my problem in the education of my boys.

I see my husband daily misunderstood by business men. Instead of a sharp bargain he always makes a fair one, and is either considered lacking in sense or suspected of some deep design, while the men who profit by his unworldliness despise him because he does not drive so sharp a bargain as themselves.

It is all clear enough that I shall teach my boys to be gentle, loving, forgiving, and generous with their small companions, but kicks and frequent abuse from rough companions fall to the lot of even small children on their way to and from school. Now, how shall I teach my boys to take such incidents of child life, which are quite typical of what will meet them as they go out into the world?

Shall I tell them to literally turn the other cheek, or shall I exhort them to give a little better than they receive, and so end the conflict? I realize so keenly that by my influence I am forming character happily or unhappily.

One of my boys is gentle and pacific by nature, and in various unpleasant encounters I suspect him of either standing and taking more than was conducive to physical comfort, or of discreetly fleeing from the enemy. Unfortunately, this mild course does not seem to have melted the heart of the transgressor, but rather to have inspired him to fresh depredations!

My second boy, while not really aggressive, is full of battle when his rights are endangered. When he considers his wrongs need redressing, he takes no note of the size or age of the adversary, but hies him to the combat without thought of failure, and generally comes off victorious.

I confess for a time I unthinkingly rejoiced in this disposition to stand upon the defensive, and then suddenly I became conscious of how very un-Christlike a spirit I might be encouraging—and now, is there a middle course?

T. P.

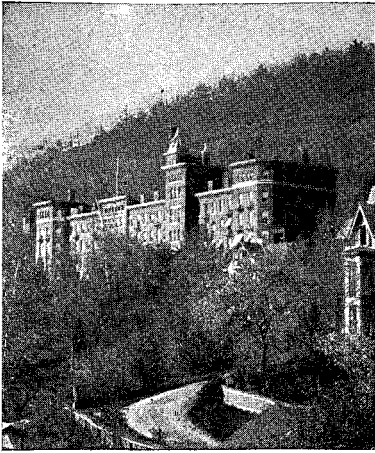
We leave this letter to the mothers for answer and suggestion.

Children's School Rights

A most important decision has just been made by the Superior Court of Barlow County, Ga. A dispute arose between a parent and the School Board of one of the towns in that county. The mother of a pupil attending one of the schools in this town objected to certain rules of the Board. She objected with such vigor as to prove herself an annoyance to the teachers. They ordered the child out of the school, with the mother, and put its name on the suspended list. The mother now entered into a legal battle. She declared that her child had been deprived of its rights; and the judge has decided against the School Board. His decision states that in establishing the public school system the children of school age have a vested right in the school which they can lose only by personal misconduct; that they cannot be held responsible in any case for the faults of those who stand in the relation of guardians. The only remedy, the judge declares, is for the Board to proceed against the mother of the child.

An Unoccupied Field

As association has been started in New York City for the improvement of speech. The conversation clubs that were popular a short time ago had this end in view, but failed to accomplish their purpose, as correction of pronunciation was not an easy office for a critic who was willing to combat others' views. The new movement is practical, as the critic is a teacher, the pupils read aloud, and the teacher corrects while the pupil is reading.



THE MAIN BUILDING

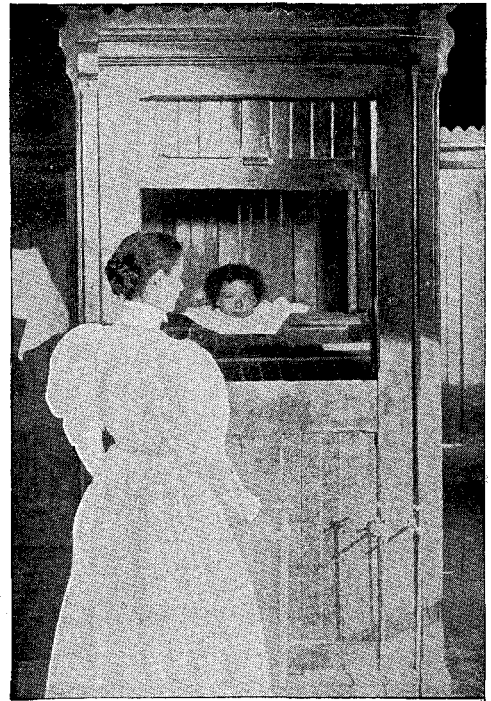
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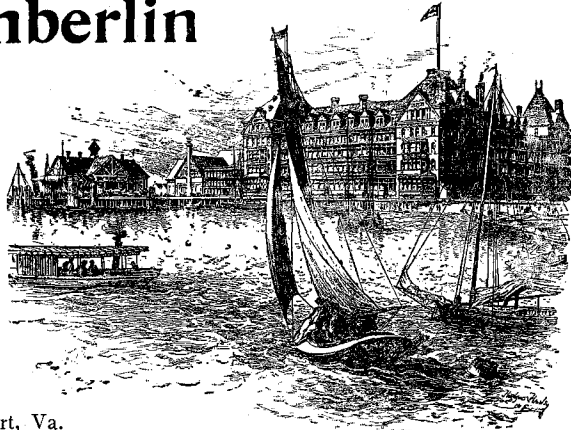
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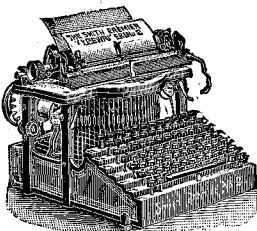
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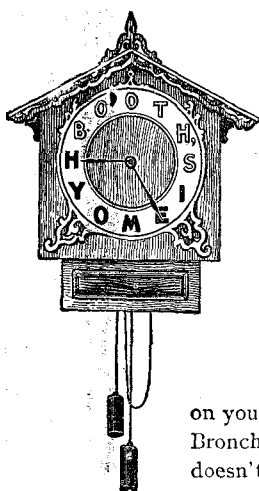
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C. D. LAW, Supt.

FORT WAYNE, IND., Nov. 3, 1896.

DEAR SIR:—In March last I was suffering from a severe catarrhal cold. My right ear was almost totally deaf, and the ringing in it was exceedingly annoying. I purchased an outfit and commenced its use, continuing through the day as I would have opportunity. About 5 p. m. the congestion in the eustachian tube disappeared, my hearing was fully restored, and I have since had no recurrence. Since then I have, on several occasions, checked and cured bronchial colds, and I have no hesitancy in recommending it.

Very truly yours,

C. D. LAW.

Guarantee. *I will refund the money to all persons purchasing Booth's Pocket Inhaler Outfit anywhere in the United States, during 1897, who will say that HYOMEI has done them no good, on condition that they apply direct to the head office, 23 East 20th Street, New York City. (Signed) R. T. Booth*

Hyomei is a purely vegetable antiseptic, and destroys the germs which cause disease in the respiratory organs. The air, charged with **Hyomei**, is inhaled at the mouth, and, after permeating the minutest air-cells, is exhaled slowly through the nose. It is aromatic, delightful to inhale, and gives immediate relief. It is highly recommended by physicians, clergymen, and thousands who have been helped and cured.

Pocket Inhaler Outfit Complete, by Mail, \$1; (for foreign countries add \$1.00 postage); outfit consists of pocket inhaler, a bottle of **Hyomei**, a dropper and directions for using. If you are still skeptical, send your address; my pamphlet shall prove that **Hyomei** cures. Are you open to conviction? Extra bottles of **Hyomei** Inhalant by mail, or at druggists, 50 cents. **Hyomei Balm** for all skin diseases, by mail, 25 cents. Your druggist has **Hyomei** or can get it for you if you insist. Don't accept a substitute. In stock at the leading wholesale drug houses of Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and all leading business centers.

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